VOL · XI JUNE 1927 NO · 42

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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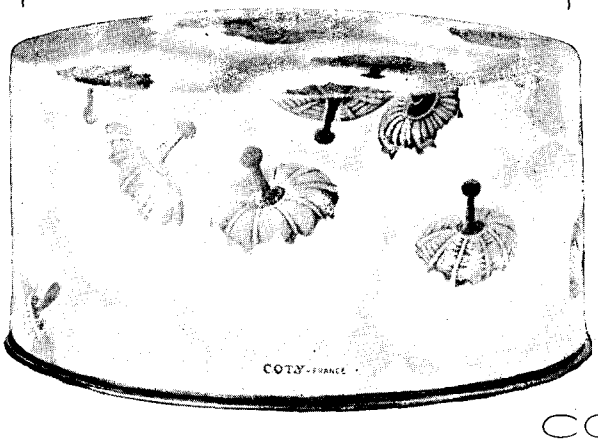

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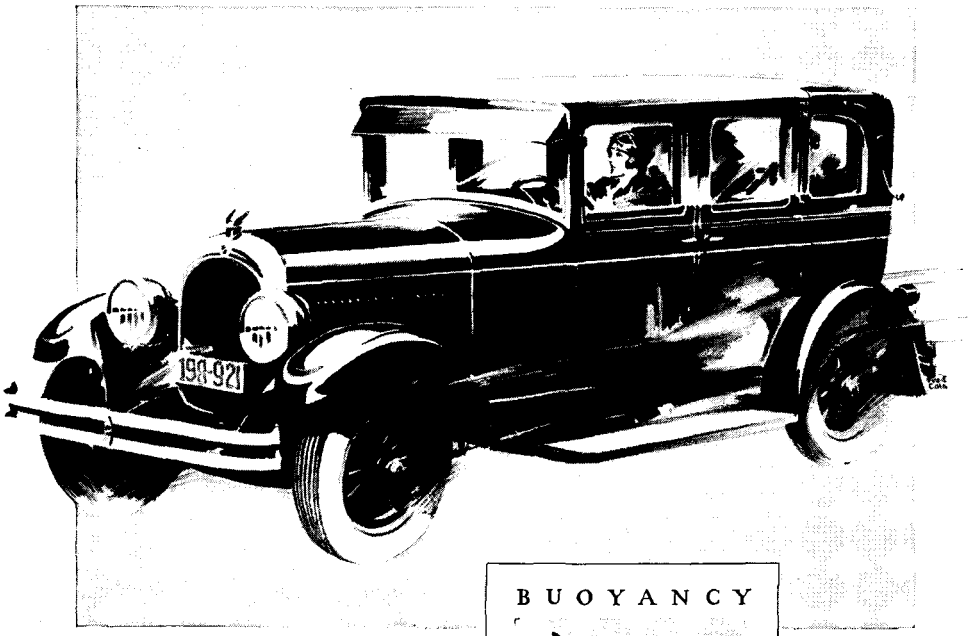

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XI June 1927 NUMBER 42

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Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, $5.00; Canadian subscription, $5.50. . . . The American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publication office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. London office, 38 Bedford Place, Bloomsbury, W.C. 1, London, England. . . . Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1927, by The American Mercury, Inc. . . . Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses.

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

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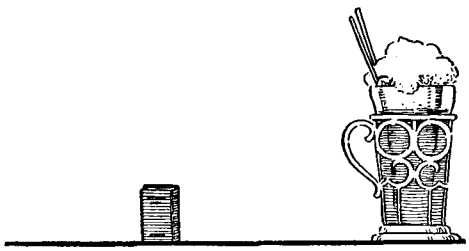
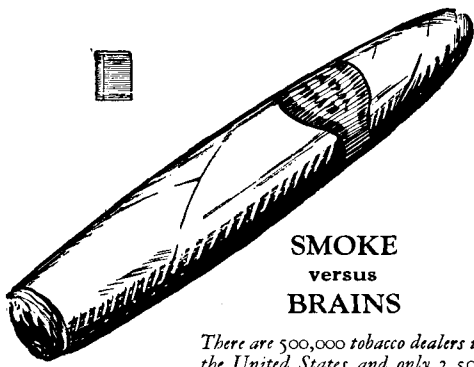
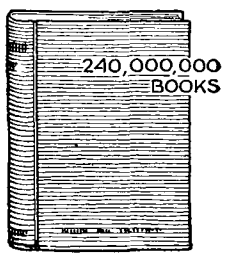


The sweet tooth as opposed to the keen mind, In America per person we spend $18.15 for candy, ice cream and soda to $1.10 for books; or over 16 times as much for sweets as for books.



SMOKE
versus
BRAINS

There are 500,000 tobacco dealers in the United States and only 2,500 bookstores. 200 times as much effort to supply smoke as to supply brains.



50,000,000
Books

In Russia nearly 5 times as many books are sold each year as in the United States. The figures are 240,000,000 to 50,000,000.

A Word About the Editors
—from the St. Paul News

"The European idea of publishing books much in the same fashion as magazines are published has finally reached America.

"Its imposing title is the Literary Guild of America. To belong to an organization bearing such an implication of the intellectual should, in itself, be worth the price of admission to the dwellers in Hawk's Centers. Its list of editors is no less imposing.

"Carl Van Doren—editor-in-chief, who in the sanctums of the Guild offices and mayhap even up in his chair in Columbia University, puffs at one of those cosmopolitan corncob and clay pipes.

"Glenn Frank—late editor of Century, whose eyes, it is said, have not been sullied by reading a novel in these now five years but whose taste in history, philosophy and such cannot be sneezed at without stirring the placid waters of Lake Minnetonka (Wis.).

"Elinor Wylie—perhaps the best of our lady poets, even when writing novels, and of whom James Branch Cabell said that she headed the national parade in feminine erudition.

"Hendrik Willem van Loon—who has reduced mankind, the Bible, et al, to words of one syllable, plus pictures.

"Joseph Wood Krutch—who writes in the Nation the most penetrating of dramatic reviews and who played the 'Liebestraum' from Freud over the memory of the late Mr. Poe."

(**Zona Gale** — is the sixth editor. She is the author of Miss Lulu Bett, Preface to a Life, and other widely read novels.)

St. Paul News goes on to say—

" But seriously—these eminent personages of the literary world are going to select one original manuscript a month and see to its publication and distribution. One may subscribe to it as one would to a magazine and thus cut the cost materially."

Literary Guild of America

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There are thousands of books published each year which are meant to be read in a few minutes and forgotten. As things are organized, these have to be put out in the same form and bought at the same price as really good books. It is the purpose of the Literary Guild of America to have nothing to do with that kind of book.

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To understand exactly what we mean, imagine yourself living in the time of Hawthorne, and imagine that there was such a thing as the Literary Guild in existence then. In that day you would have gone into a bookstore and as the result of much talk bought a book by Mary Jane Holmes. You would have had something printed on paper, something of little real worth, something of no permanent power. But if the Guild had been in existence, you would have received instead a copy of "The Scarlet Letter," which your descendants would have been reading today.

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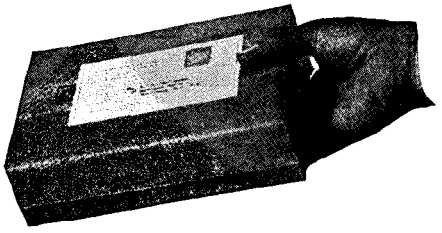
Before this chosen "book-of-the-month" comes to you, you receive a very carefully written report, *describing exactly the kind of book it is.* At the same time you also receive a report, every month, *of from seven to ten other books,* which the Committee considers important and readable, for one reason or another. These are all described carefully, *with the very purpose of helping you in your choice of books.* Incidentally, this keeps you thoroughly informed about all the new books.



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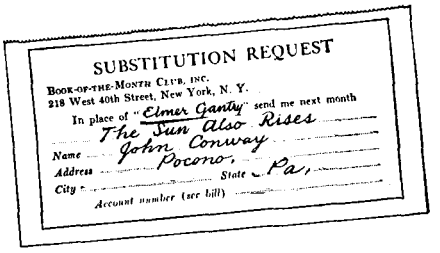
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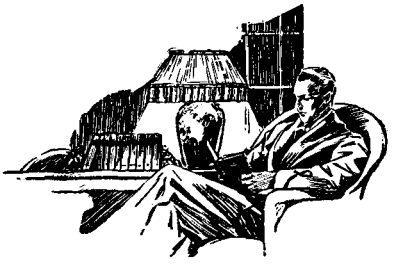

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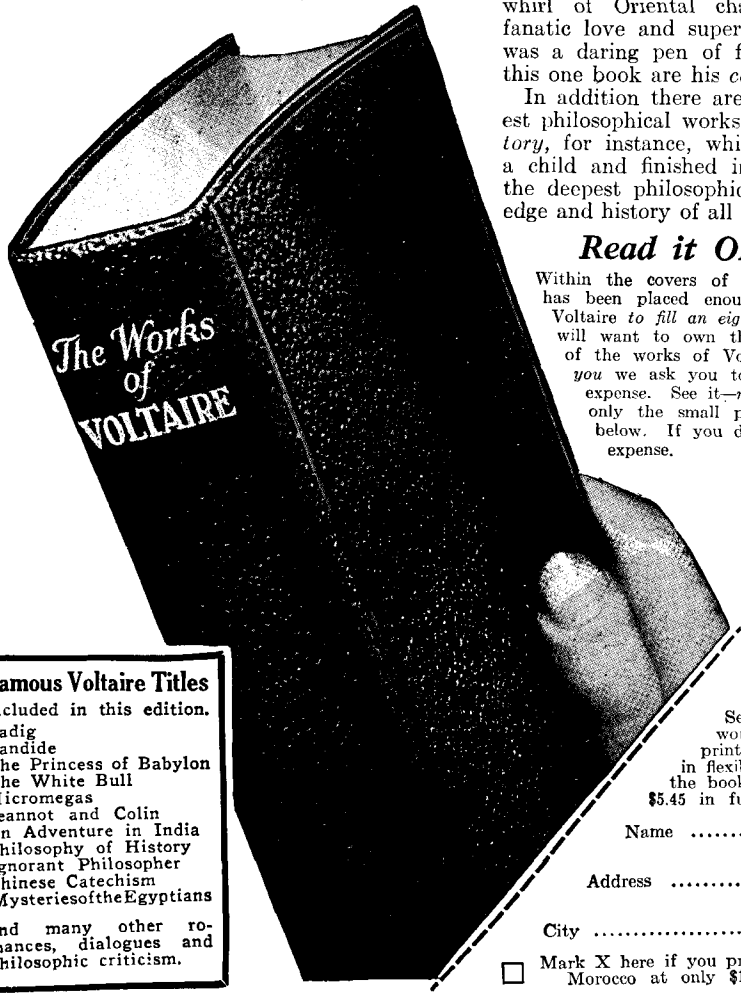

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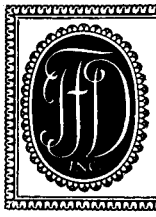

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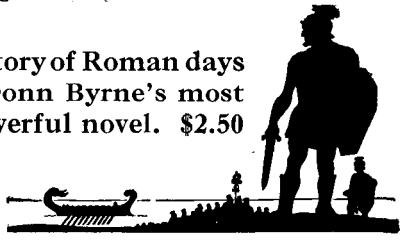

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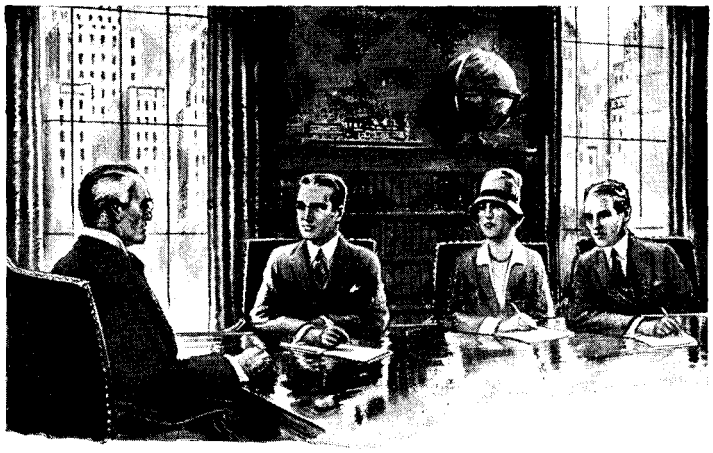

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HISTORY

ANNALS OF THE NEW YORK STAGE.
By George C. D. Odell. *The Columbia University Press*
$17.50 10¼ x 7⅛; 2 vols.; 496+643 pp. *New York*

The first of these huge volumes takes the chronicle down to 1798, and the second to the reopening of the rebuilt Park Theatre in 1821. A third volume will cover the period to the coming of Charles Kean in 1831, and a fourth will run to the end of the 30's. How many more there will be is not stated. Dr. Odell, who is professor of dramatic literature at Columbia, has not attempted an orderly history. He has simply dredged the records, and put down chronologically everything that he has found. The result is an immense dullness, and it is not relieved by the author's frequent preciosities. But the stage historian of the future will probably give him thanks for his indefatigable and humorless spade-work. The book is copiously illustrated, and there is a good index to each volume.

FRENCH SOCIETY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
By Louis Ducros. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$5 9⅛ x 6⅛; 354 pp. *New York*

An entertaining and detailed study of French social life during the period before the Revolution. The book consists of four parts: Versailles, Paris, The Provinces and Public Opinion in the Eighteenth Century, and M. Ducros' treatment is made vivid by his extensive use of contemporary letters and memoirs. There are many charming plates, an index and a full citation of authorities. The translation is by W. de Geijer. J. A. Higgs-Walker, M.A., has contributed a lengthy foreword, but he has nothing of importance to say.

A HISTORY OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.
By Charles E. Chapman. *The Macmillan Company*
$5 8¾ x 5⅝; 685 pp. *New York*

This book is thorough-going and excellent in every respect. Mr. Chapman, one of the foremost authorities on Hispanic-American history, has written an intelligible account of Cuba and its relation to the United States. In doing so he has performed the invaluable work of classifying the vast and unformulated material on the subject: his essay on authorities leaves nothing to be desired in the manner of presentation. The book is further equipped with an index and a map of Cuba. In his preface Mr. Chapman says, "It was bad enough in Cuba under Spain. One may well raise the question whether it has not been yet worse under the republic. Taxes are far higher now with less service rendered—almost to the point of no service at all. . ." An instructive and much-needed volume.

CHINA: *Yesterday and Today.*
By E. T. Williams. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$4.50 8¾ x 5¾; 664 pp. *New York*

This is a revised edition of Professor Williams's compact book on China, first published three years ago. Chapters on the family, marriage and the status of woman, the farmer and early foreign trade are especially informing. The new edition has been brought down to the close of 1926 and a completely new chapter on Chinese art has been added. There are a bibliography, an appendix and an index. Also many illustrations and a map of China and Japan.

A HISTORY OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE.
By Max L. Margolis and Alexander Marx.
The Jewish Publication Society of America
$4 9 x 6; 823 pp. *Philadelphia*

This history leaves much to be desired. First, there is little sign in it of the authors' acquaintance with the Biblical research of the last fifty years. They relate the history of Israel until the second capture of Jerusalem by the Romans in almost precisely the same way in which it is related in the Pentateuch and the historical writings of the later rabbis—without murmur or doubt. Second, the colossal secular culture of the Spanish Jews in the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries is slurred over as if it were of little importance compared to their theological quibblings. Third, the treatment of recent Jewish history is extremely immature. An intelligent newspaper reader writing from memory could have done as well. The whole business in connection with the Balfour Declaration is discussed with stutters of joy—as if the English really meant what they said. Fourth, the book is written in an extremely dull manner.

BESSARABIA.
By Charles Upson Clark *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3.50 8¼ x 5½; 333 pp. *New York*

Apparently the first full-length study of this remote and unfortunate country, which, since its seizure by Russia in 1812, has been the football of the Balkans. Mr. Clark points out that the Soviet government, despite its repeated boast that it has always been in favor of self-determination for smaller nationalities, has failed to respect the wishes of the Bessarabians to unite with Rumania.

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Continued from page xiv

THE WAR MYTH IN UNITED STATES HISTORY.
By C. H. Hamlin. *The Vanguard Press*
50 cents 7 x 4¼; 93 pp. *New York*

Mr. Hamlin is a professor in Atlantic Christian College, at Wilson, N. C. He is a pacifist and reviews the history of American wars with a very jaundiced eye. All of them, he argues, were begun dishonestly, and ended in corruption and oppression. His tract bears the imprimatur of the Association to Abolish War.

CANADA. *The Great River, the Lands and the Men.*
By Marion I. Newbigin. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 308 pp. *New York*

Dr. Newbigin, editor of the *Scottish Geographical Review*, records minutely the history of the Dominion from Jacques Cartier's first voyage in 1534 to the final conquest of Canada, with the passing of French rule, in 1763. There are many illustrations, sketch maps, an appendix and an index.

THE WORLD CRISIS. 1916–1918.
By Winston S. Churchill. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$10 9 x 6⅛; 302 & 325 pp; 2 vols. *New York*

The last two volumes of the war memoirs of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Churchill thinks that "the total defeat of Germany was due to three cardinal mistakes: the decision to march through Belgium regardless of bringing Britain into the war; the decision to begin the unrestricted U-boat war regardless of bringing the United States into the war; and, thirdly, the decision to use the German forces liberated from Russia in 1918 for a final onslaught in France." Of the part played by this country he says: "The war ended long before the material power of the United States could be brought to bear as a decisive or even as a principal factor. . . . If the physical power of the United States was not in fact applied in any serious degree to the beating down of Germany . . . the moral consequence of the United States joining the Allies was indeed the deciding cause in the conflict."

THE LAND OF MAGELLAN.
By W. S. Barclay. *Brentano's*
$4 8½ x 5½; 240 pp. *New York*

The author spent several months in Tierra del Fuego, and became sufficiently interested in the land to write a history of it from the days of Magellan down to the present. Drake's discovery of Cape Horn and the South American expedition of Charles Darwin are dealt with at length. There are three excellent maps and numerous photographs.

THE NARRATIVE OF SAMUEL HANCOCK.
With an introduction by Arthur D. Howden Smith.
Robert M. McBride & Company
$3 8⅛ x 5⅜; 217 pp. *New York*

A description of the overland journey of Samuel Hancock to Oregon in 1845, his subsequent adventures and sufferings, published for the first time from the original manuscript, together with an interesting introduction by Arthur D. Howden Smith and a map of the Oregon Trail. The narrative itself is not only an important addition to the primary source material of the Oregon settlement; it is also an extremely moving and colorful story written in a charming, if often uncouth, style. The book is the first volume in the Argonaut Series, edited by Mr. Smith.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

MAIN STREET AND WALL STREET.
By William Z. Ripley. *Little, Brown & Company*
$2.50 8⅜ x 5⅝; 359 pp. *Boston*

This is an elaboration of the *Atlantic Monthly* articles by Prof. Ripley on the control of railroads and public utilities and the interests of the small investor, which stirred up the financial world so much recently. Dr. Ripley does not speak in generalities; he gives names and figures. With actual cases he proves the dangers of present corporation methods of reporting to the stockholders. As a partial remedy he suggests that "stockholders ought to bring about, and right speedily, too, either on private initiative or by induced legislation, the introduction of shareholders' independent audit or general check-up committees."

IN CHINA. 1920–1921.
By Abel Bonnard. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$5 8¾ x 5½; 361 pp. *New York*

M. Bonnard, winner of the Grand Literary Prize awarded by the French Academy, has a keen critical mind and a sharp eye for the picturesque; his essays on the culture and people of China, collected in this book, are thus highly informing and extremely interesting. The chapters on Chinese art and on Confucius are especially good. In the first he shows that the Chinese are not quite so courteous as legend credits them to be, and in the second he makes this somewhat heretical, though rather plausible, statement: "Confucianism has never inspired the arts, being infinitely less generous than Buddhism, and infinitely less profound than Taoism. It is entirely a social creed, but can wisdom be supreme when it has never been the food of the great solitary souls?"

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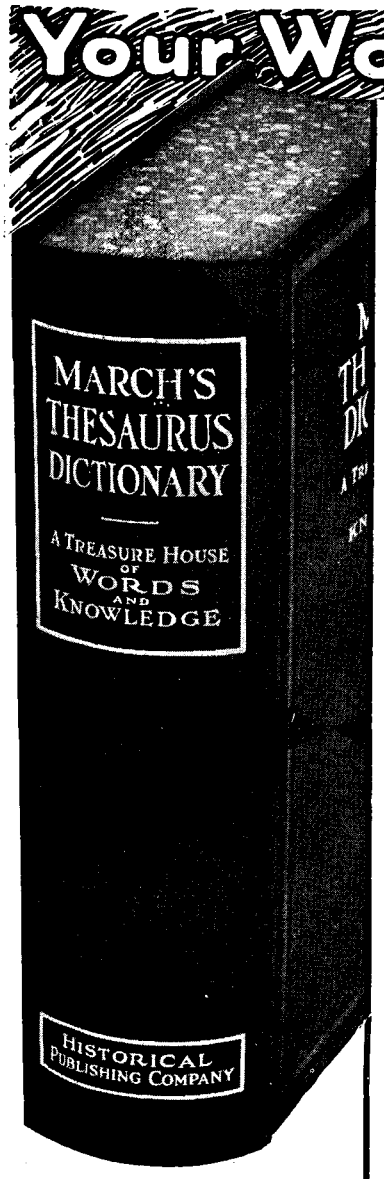

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xvi

ARTIFEX, *or, The Future of Craftsmanship.*
By John Gloag. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6⅛ x 4½; 111 pp. *New York*

The greater part of this book deals with the history of hand craftsmanship in Great Britain, but it also contains many shrewd comments on craftsmanship in general. Mr. Gloag thinks that there really is no antagonism between the craftsman and the manufacturer: "both are equally responsible for craftsmanship, and the fusion of their interests and activities is no Utopian dream . . ., but the most promising road to real progress in the crafts."

FASCISM.
By Giuseppe Prezzolini. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7¼ x 4¾; 201 pp. *New York*

A translation of a work published in Paris in 1925. It is an impartial study of Fascism by a distinguished Italian critic, but it suffers from the fact that it deals with no events of later date than 1924. True enough, there is an additional chapter by the translator, Miss Kathleen Macmillan, covering the events of 1925 and 1926, but it is cursory and on a small scale.

THE CASE OF SACCO AND VANZETTI.
By Felix Frankfurter. *Little, Brown & Company*
$1 7½ x 4⅞; 118 pp. *Boston*

An able analysis and summing-up of this notorious and disgraceful case by the professor of law at Harvard. It presents an appalling indictment of the trial judge, Webster Thayer. A public document of the highest interest and first importance.

ITALY AND FASCISMO.
By Luigi Sturzo. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.75 8¾ x 5½; 305 pp. *New York*

Father Sturzo, a Catholic priest, was the leader of the Popular party in Italy, and is now an exile in England. His view of Fascism is naturally prejudiced, but his narrative has the virtue of embodying much first-hand observation. The hope of Italy, he believes, lies in the rise of a Christian democracy. His book is translated by Barbara Barclay Carter, and there is a preface by Gilbert Murray.

GETTING OUT THE VOTE.
By Harold F. Gosnell.
The University of Chicago Press
$2 8¼ x 5½; 128 pp. *Chicago*

This is an attempt to answer scientifically the question as to why nearly 50% of American citizens do not avail themselves of their voting privilege. In 1924–5 Mr. Gosnell, who is assistant professor of political science at the University of Chicago, picked out some 4,000 Chicagoans, sent them a load of letters, posters, cartoons and what-not, and then came to the Solomonic conclusion that more people would vote if they knew what they were voting on.

LES ÉTATS-UNIS D'AUJOURD'HUI.
By André Siegfried *Armand Colin*
Fr. 28 9 x 5⅝; 362 pp. *Paris*

AMERICA COMES OF AGE.
By André Siegfried. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3 8¾ x 5¾; 358 pp. *New York*

Here at last is a book on the United States by a foreigner that shows sound information, good temper and unfailing sense. Dr. Siegfried is an economist and for years has been a professor in the École Libre des Sciences Politiques at Paris, but his interests run far beyond his speciality. The essential political conflict in the United States, he argues, is one between the original "Anglo-Saxons" and the newer peoples, and in the future, especially on the side of the former, it is to take the form of a genuine *Kulturkampf*. He does not predict its outcome, but he sets forth very clearly the dangers that lie in it. His chapters on the economic situation are excellent indeed, especially those analysing the probable effects of mass production. And he has a great deal that is pertinent and penetrating to say about the relations of the United States to other nations. Altogether, a work of the first merit. The absurdly-named English version is very competently translated by H. H. and Doris Hemming. There are useful maps in both editions.

CRITICISM

THE LATER REALISM.
By Walter L. Myers. *The University of Chicago Press*
$2 7¾ x 5⅛; 173 pp. *Chicago*

Dr. Myers considers the novels of Hardy, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, Dorothy Richardson, James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence and May Sinclair, and comes to the Solomonic conclusion that "in contrast with the late-Victorian novel, recent British realism shows a wider conception of normality and a greater intensity and amplitude of actuality."

ESSAYS ON LIFE AND LITERATURE.
By A. Clutton-Brock. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2 6¾ x 4¼; 216 pp. *New York*

Most of the essays here are on literary matters, and first appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement* and the *London Mercury*. There are chapters on "Pure Literature," "Puritanism and Art," "William Hazlitt," and "Mr. George Moore." The late Mr. Clutton-

Continued on page xx

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This delightful story of a man of God who made one lone convert and lost his God has gained the homage of Christopher Morley, Anne Parrish, David Garnett, Carl Van Vechten, Heywood Broun, Zona Gale, Carl Van Doren, Padraic Colum and Franklin P. Adams. It has been selected by the Judges of The Literary Guild of America. $2.00

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xviii

Brock was not a giant of criticism and everything he says here has been said before, but he was a man of wide learning and had a very readable style.

TWELVE GREAT MODERNISTS.
By Lawrence F. Abbott. *Doubleday, Page & Company*
$3.50 8 x 5¼; 301 pp. *New York*

In the light of his definition—"the modernist believes in life, in progress, in spiritual and intellectual evolution, rather than in tradition and dogma; in the republic of reason rather than the despotism of creeds" —Mr. Abbott proceeds to plaster the lives of his twelve apostles with such righteous and suffocating platitudes as have seldom before got between covers. A dreadful performance.

MODERNA AMERIKANER.
By Ruben G:son Berg. *Hugo Geber*
Kr. 4.75 8⅜ x 5⅜; 186 pp. *Stockholm*

Dr. Berg devotes himself to making current American ideas, especially in the field of literature, known to the Swedes, and his equipment for the task is excellent. He is thoroughly familiar with the writers he discusses and he sets forth their notions with exactness. In this volume, after a preliminary chapter on present-day civilization in the United States, chiefly based on the book edited by Harold E. Stearns, he discusses Edgar Lee Masters, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather and Sherwood Anderson, and then deals with American criticism. A final chapter is devoted to the American books that have become best known in Sweden.

EMERSON AND OTHERS.
By Van Wyck Brooks. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 8⅛ x 5½; 250 pp. *New York*

Essays on Randolph Bourne, John Butler Yeats, Ambrose Bierce, Herman Melville, Upton Sinclair, the literary life in America and Emerson, the latter subject taking up about half the book. The discussion of the Concord sage is less a critique of his works than an appreciative discourse on his life and times. Mr. Brooks has little to say that is new, but at times he is extremely readable—as for example in his chapter on the novels of Upton Sinclair, wherein he contends that the best way of helping the proletariat is not by writing shoddy propaganda novels but by writing honest literature.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S GEISTESWELT.
By Paul Sakmann. *Fr. Frommann*
M. 10 8½ x 5½; 256 pp. *Stuttgart*

Dr. Sakmann teaches in the gymnasium at Stuttgart and is known for previous studies of Voltaire and Rousseau. His discussion of Emerson shows a vast acquaintance with the sources and a great deal of critical shrewdness. "Frisch wie am ersten Tage," he says, "sprudelt der Quell dieser Weisheit des Lebensmuts." The volume is one of the series of Klassiker der Philosophie established by the late Richard Falckenberg, of Erlangen. It sadly lacks an index.

RELIGION

THE LIFE OF PRAYER IN A WORLD OF SCIENCE.
By William Adams Brown. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.25 7¾ x 5¼; 194 pp. *New York*

At last a book on the "theory and practice" of prayer! Some of the section heads of this pioneer work are "The Loss Of The Habit Of Prayer," "What Theory Can Contribute To Practice," "Consequences For Technique," and "What Practice Can Contribute To Theory." The last chapter, dealing with prayer as discipline, is the most brilliant in the book. "Most of us," says the author, who is a Ph.D. and D.D., "try to pray for too many things at a time. We do not linger long enough on any of them to make our prayer really profitable." There are many more such helpful suggestions throughout the book, which will undoubtedly go down into history as one of the glories of American theological scholarship.

WAS JESUS AN HISTORICAL PERSON?
By Elwood Worcester. *The Oxford University Press*
$1.25 7½ x 5⅛; 79 pp. *New York*

As a contribution to the problem the value of this book is precisely nothing. Dr. Worcester, who administers spiritual comfort to the Boston élite, says that "the real proof of Jesus' existence is to be found in the Gospels, in St. Paul, in the Church, in the creation of a new world out of nothing." But what of the authenticity of the Gospels, which has been assailed so much of late? This question Dr. Worcester slurs over as if it were of little moment. He confesses to "believing in the reality of most of the miracles ascribed to Jesus."

THE KINGDOM OF HAPPINESS.
By Jeddu Krishnamurti. *Boni & Liveright*
$1.75 7½ x 5⅛; 112 pp. *New York*

The sort of blowsy, highfalutin, muddled tosh that Christian Scientists, theosophists and other such fanciers consume and relish. Krishnamurti says that once, at the rising town of Ooty in India, he got outside his own body and then walked around and contemplated it.

Continued on page xxii

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

THE TRIAL OF JESUS.
By George W. Thompson. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$1.50 7½ x 5; 176 pp. *Indianapolis*

Mr. Thompson, who is a professor of law in the University of Florida, writes from the standpoint of a convinced Christian. He argues that the proceedings against Jesus violated the settled practises of both the Roman law and the Judean law of the time.

ESSAYS

THE GOLDEN COMPLEX.
By Lee Wilson Dodd. *The John Day Company*
$1.75 7¾ x 5¼; 171 pp. *New York*

The golden complex of the title is the famous inferiority complex, and it is Mr. Dodd's contention that we are making a big mistake by attempting to sneer it out of existence, for it has been the motive force in many of our greatest men.

A CALL TO ORDER.
By Jean Cocteau. *Henry Holt & Company*
$2 7⅝ x 5⅛; 247 pp. *New York*

A series of reverent sighs over the gods of the modern French *intelligentsia*, by one who is about to enter Olympus himself. Exactly what M. Cocteau is trying to say it is difficult to make out; he is so profound. But every now and then one catches a glimpse of his Great Vision, particularly when he is so overwhelmed by his insight that he is moved to engrave it in capitals. At such inspired moments he utters such weighty thoughts as these: "One must sit down first; one thinks afterward;" "The speed of a runaway horse counts for nothing;" and "The extreme limit of wisdom is what the public calls madness." But the best comes on page 121: "Writing, especially writing poetry, is like perspiring. The poem, or book, is a kind of sweat. . . . Both the masses and the fastidious like nothing better than to intoxicate themselves with sweat; but they take no interest in the exercise or sport itself."

SIBYLLA, *or, The Revival of Prophecy.*
By C. A. Mace. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6¼ x 4⅜; 91 pp. *New York*

THE FUTURE OF FUTURISM.
By John Rodker. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6¼ x 4⅜; 79 pp. *New York*

Both of these are trivial books. The burden of Mr. Mace's argument is that momentous developments are taking place in the management of industry and in the sciences, and that only time will tell whether they will add to or subtract from our happiness. Mr. Rodker's book is, in large part, quite unintelligible. He is apparently talking about the future of literature. He seems to think that the Russian influence in the field of the novel will become more and more powerful, and that the "soul" will become the main object of interest in all imaginative writing. He also dares the opinion that human nature a thousand years hence will be essentially the same as now.

IRONICAL TALES.
By Laurence Housman. *The George H. Doran Company*
$2.50 7⅝ x 5⅛; 266 pp. *New York*

Thirty essays in irony: a few exquisite, some only fair, some rather tedious. A book with its moments, and with at least one virtue; whether the author has much of originality to say or not, he says it charmingly.

ESSAYS IN MEMORY OF BARRETT WENDELL.
By William R. Castle, Jr., and others.
The Harvard University Press
$5 9½ x 6; 329 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

There is little here. The late Mr. Wendell's former assistants at Harvard, seeking to do honor to his memory, managed to produce only the usual professorial fluff. Even Mr. Castle, in the introductory essay on Wendell as a teacher, says little that is not familiar.

TRAVEL

A VOYAGE TO THE SOUTH SEAS.
By John Bulkeley and John Cummins.
Robert M. McBride & Company
$3 8⅛ x 5⅜; 212 pp. *New York*

The second volume of the Argonaut Series, edited by Arthur D. Howden Smith. A vigorous and stirring narrative of the loss of his Majesty's ship, the *Wager*, on a desolate island in 1741; the hardships endured by the officers and crew; their daring attempt for liberty in coasting the southern part of Patagonia; the loss of the cutter and their passage through the Straits of Magellan. A thrilling tale, and full of shrewd observations on contemporary social conditions. Mr. Smith has contributed an interesting introduction, and there are many illustrations reproduced from old prints and maps.

BRIMSTONE AND CHILI.
By Carleton Beals. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 8⅞ x 6; 333 pp. *New York*

Ten years ago Mr. Beals, now a recognized authority on Mexican affairs, took a trip along the border and into Mexico. This is a record of his experiences at the time, told graphically and with relish. There are numerous reproductions of photographs.

Continued on page xxiv

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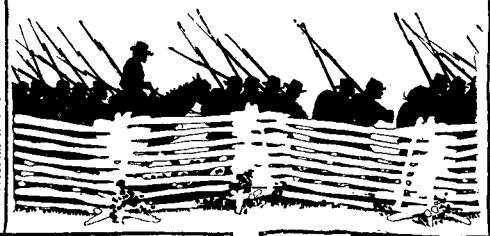

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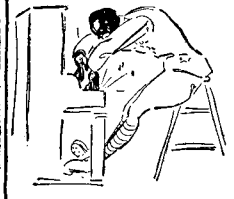

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IN BORNEO JUNGLES.
By William O. Krohn. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$5 8¾ x 5½; 327 pp. *Indianapolis*

Dr. Krohn, a Chicago alienist, went to Borneo mainly on a holiday, but he also had a commission from the Field Museum of Natural History. Though he penetrated to no region not hitherto explored and well known, he at least went far from the beaten path of travel, and his observations are fresh and interesting. Of special interest are his chapters on the arts and crafts of the Dyaks.

MALLORCA THE MAGNIFICENT.
By Nina Larrey Duryea. *The Century Company*
$3 8¼ x 5⅛; 280 pp. *New York*

Mallorca (sometimes known as Majorca) is the largest of the Balearic Islands, and lies in the Mediterranean about half-way between Marseilles and Barcelona. For nearly eight hundred years it was the home of a most beautiful civilization. Garages and gaudy hotels are gradually making a waste of the land, but there is beauty enough left. Mrs. Duryea knows and loves the country—and she can write. Her book is thus very charming reading. There are thirty-one illustrations, and an introduction by Ralph Adams Cram.

THE THEATRE

THE FIELD GOD *and* IN ABRAHAM'S BOSOM.
By Paul Green. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$2 7½ x 5⅛; 317 pp. *New York*

Two full-length plays by the author of "The Lonesome Road": "In Abraham's Bosom," (awarded the Pulitzer Prize last month), the tragedy of Abraham McCranie, an intelligent Negro striving toward the leadership of his race, and "The Field God," a moving drama of the poor white farmers of the South Carolina coastal plain. Both are not only excellent dramas, but also social documents of considerable importance.

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES.
By Iris Barry. *Payson & Clarke*
$3 7⅞ x 5; 278 pp. *New York*

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Continued on page xxvi

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LITERATURE

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In this highly unconventional and amusing little book Dr. Pearl, director of the Institute for Biological Research at the Johns Hopkins, seeks to interest students of the sciences in general literature. In form, it is a list of seventy works recommended for their reading, with shrewd and unhackneyed comments. But Dr. Pearl by no means limits his recommendations to his list. The biologist, he argues, must be a man of culture to be worth his salt as a scientist, and to that end he must read Lucretius, Rabelais, Anatole France and Balzac, not to say Saintsbury, Bernard Shaw and Buckle, as well as Huxley, Darwin and Weismann.

A HISTORY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE.
By Prince D. S. Mirsky. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$4 8½ x 5⅝; 388 pp. *New York*

The period covered here is from the Eleventh Century to the last quarter of the Nineteenth. This book is intended as a forerunner to the same author's "Contemporary Russian Literature." There is a short but useful bibliography. Prince Mirsky is lecturer in Russian literature at King's College, London.

THE FINE ARTS

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By A. E. Gallatin. *William Edward Rudge*
$8.50 11 x 7¾; 10 pp. *New York*

The text of this book is beautifully printed, but the aquatone reproductions of Mr. Demuth's paintings are far from satisfactory. Mr. Gallatin's essay upon him says little that is not obvious. The edition of the book is limited to 450 copies.

ART EPOCHS AND THEIR LEADERS.
By Oscar Hagen. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$3 9 x 6; 322 pp. *New York*

A very good survey of the genesis of modern art by the professor of history and criticism of art in the

Continued on page xxviii

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By Vera Figner. *The International Publishers*
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By G. H. Johnstone. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
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Continued in back advertising section, page xl

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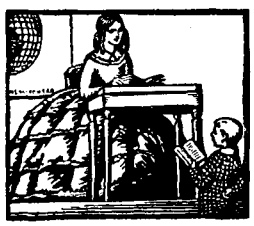

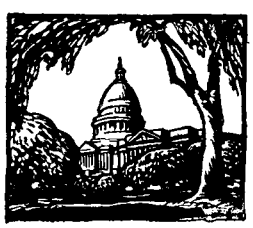

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VOLUME XI NUMBER 42

The American MERCURY

June 1927

J. P. THE YOUNGER

BY W. M. WALKER

THE witness was the same son of an incomparable father of whom that eminent 100% American, Jacob H. Schiff, of Kühn, Loeb & Company, was later to say that his banking house had "done more than any other in this country to make the world safe for democracy."

"I am a proud man," blazed J. P. Morgan *fils* at the Gaynor Committee, "and I will tolerate no further heckling!"

He eased his bulk back in his chair and glared at the examiner with his italic eyes. The younger J. P. is a tall, heavily built man of the superior Wall Street type, with a fine Old English head, a bold face, condensed Gothic nose, a hair-line scrip moustache, and firm double pica jaws. When he speaks angrily it is with the coolness of a man to whom rage is a luxury.

So the heckling ceased, and those who had been pleasantly lathered by the chance to grill a Morgan became rather frightened. Apologies were offered and young J. P. continued to tell what he knew about the New York subway contracts. He told how he had received $250,000 "just for talking" to certain officials of the transit company. "And it was well worth it," he snapped—as it probably was.

It was typical of this very sniffish savior of democracy that he make his arrogant gesture in the full blaze of the limelight, with reporters and court stenographers in attendance. "The most undiplomatic man in America" seems never to miss an opportunity, intentionally or not, of impressing people with the idea that he is a three-tailed bashaw, and full of acid. He cares not a whit if his countrymen consider him supercilious. He is intensely concerned only lest they think him a rogue, for all his vanity is vested in the reputation of J. P. Morgan & Company. What the people think of the Morgan manner is immaterial, he believes, so long as the virtue of his house is not impugned.

Even that assiduous Boswell of Big Business, Bertie Charles Forbes, of *Forbes' Magazine*, is forced to admit reluctantly that Mr. Morgan's perspective derives from high up yonder and away back. "He is the product of his heredity," this Scotch disciple of Bruce Barton laments, "and a veritable Bourbon. He would consider it beneath his dignity, he would regard it as weak, contemptible, mugwumpish to go out of his way one inch to placate the public or enable it to understand his motives —or even to remove a single false conception that any of his acts may have created."

True words, and somehow sad. Mr. Morgan's almost Asiatic indifference to the "sovereignty of public opinion" makes even the more conservative members of the Wall Street hierarchy shudder. They know

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that in the eyes of the people the name of Morgan typifies High Finance, and so his lofty disregard for criticism disquiets and annoys them. Apparently he has never learned, as they have, that the fear of other people is the beginning of wisdom, at least in the United States. He disturbs the placidity of the Best Minds with outbursts in the most public places. For example, there were the shocking statements he made before the Walsh Commission and the interview he gave out in Boston during the New Haven Railroad investigation.

"I have lost all hope," he said in Boston, "of receiving fair consideration from the people of Massachusetts. . . . Don't talk to me about appealing to the public. I am done with the public, for the present anyway. The public reads the headlines and that is all. The story itself is fair and shows the facts. That would be all right if the public read the facts. But it does not. It reads the headlines and listens to the demagogues, and that's the stuff public opinion is made of."

This unpadded estimate of the Massachusetts mind naturally dismayed the highly respectable readers of the *Transcript*, as well as the lesser fauna of the Bay State. It only served to confirm the general opinion that the man who had done perhaps more than any other to make the world safe for democracy was the least democratic American of his time.

Much of the Morgan hauteur is probably the acquired indifference to attack of a man who has been shot at too often from fence corners. But whatever the cause, he no longer flinches as he used to at the crackle of a philippic against capital, nor winces at the prospect of a new official probe. These have become such familiar annoyances that he has come to ignore them completely. He has, indeed, little cause to love his fellow Americans and he esteems them just so much. Unhappily, he probably has only a cartoonist's conception of the public he disdains, for, like many other rich men, he is quite ignorant of all save the New York front of this sprawling Republic. Groton, Harvard, London and the narrow walls of his counting-house have left him without the faintest idea of his own people. He does not know what men say in barber-shops or smoking-rooms, or what their women chatter over bridge tables or in beauty parlors; he has never sampled corn whiskey or speak-easy alcohol, pot licker or sorghum; the stench of the subway is alien to his nostrils, nor would he recognize the effluvia of ecstasy arising from a Methodist revival. Moreover, he has no curiosity about these things. He is content to let his associates—many of them excellent mixers!—act as his interpreters of America and the Americans.

This gulf between him and his less fortunate countrymen is not entirely of his own creation. People in general have made little effort to understand him as a human being, but have been content to accept the portraits of him once evoked by Pulitzer and Hearst. They have translated this proud and handsome man into a caricature of the Interests, into a veritable Hell-hound of Plutocracy, with bloated belly, rapacious hands and glittering eyes. Morgan, although bitterly resenting the conception, has availed himself of none of the contraceptives of publicity. He has had no voluptuous press-agent to perfume him and popularize him, as John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has had. Martin Egan, his representative in such matters, fulfills none of the functions of a space-grabber or molder of public opinion.

II

Mr. Morgan lives quietly within the narrow confines of his family, to which he is deeply devoted, and his acquaintance, even among business men, is not extensive. He is a member of several of the best clubs, but they claim only a small portion of his time, most of which is spent in business and in reading. He is one of the most aloof men in Wall Street and to the greater portion of the financial community, as to the people at large, he is mainly a myth.

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Everyone talks about him, but few know him. He is the Man Nobody Knows, and yet, because of his vast financial powers, he is the one that everyone owes.

His congenital lack of diplomatic oiliness is responsible for a great deal of the evil report that plays about him. In 1913, shortly after his father's death, he was forced to sell an important portion of the Morgan art collection in order to raise cash for the highly expensive liquidation of the estate. The Metropolitan Museum, expecting a bequest of the pictures, had already erected a special Morgan Wing, and its officials were astounded when they learned, first through the newspapers, that the pictures had been sold. Yet in all the storm of dispraise following this incident, the inflexible Morgan never stooped to explain that necessity rather than choice had dictated the sale.

In 1924 he more than atoned for it by opening to the scholars of the country his library, valued at $8,500,000, and by setting up a maintenance fund of $1,500,000. The library building, a memorial to J. P., Sr., contains rare Americana, a Gutenberg Bible, manuscripts of Keats, Stevenson, Dickens, Milton, Byron, Cellini and Zola, and rich carvings, marbles and bronzes. Its ceiling is a priceless work from the Aldobrandi Palace in Venice. It is here that the elder Mr. Morgan had a habit of spending an hour or so each morning before going to his office. Every Christmas Eve, enthroned in it, he heard his librarian read "A Christmas Carol" from the original manuscript. Other than this benefaction, the charities of J. P. Jr., have not been spectacular nor widely scattered. They have been confined to causes in which the donor has been personally interested, and they have never been flung as sops to the Cerberus of public hostility.

One of the most famous instances of the Morgan superciliousness was exhibited before the Walsh Industrial Relations Commission. The investigation was accompanied by reams of publicity and millionaires were summoned by the score to make a Roman holiday. Mr. Morgan reluctantly gave up affairs demanding his attention, and went on the stand, believing all the time that he had been hauled in merely for the sake of the sensation. As soon as he was seated a half-dozen motion-picture cameras were leveled at him. One of the celluloid go-getters aimed the muzzle of his machine squarely at the capitalist, only a few feet from his face. Every time Mr. Morgan opened his mouth to speak the camera clicked and buzzed in his ears and its single eye glared at him. He bore this undignified and unnecessary exhibition as long as he could without show of anger. But at last, when some attorney with a flair for irrelevancies demanded to know if he considered $10 a week a proper wage for a longshoreman, his wrath broke out. "If that's all he can get and he takes it," he roared, "I should say that it is enough."

It had been a dull session, and the harried reporters, weary of concocting new leads from the dreary drivel, seized upon Mr. Morgan's answer with heaving thanks to God. A single sentence, spoken in impatience about a class of men he vaguely knew existed as profit-making units, was broadcast to the country as a measure of the character and opinions of a great whale of finance. The outburst of an indignant private citizen at being forced into a low street parade was taken as an expression of savage indifference to Social Justice and all other lovely things. In a thousand cheap flats that night sweaty freight handlers cursed the man who had said that $10 a week was enough for them.

Of course, a man with the suavity of the Hon. Charlie Schwab, John D. Ryan or the late James J. Hill would have turned the question aside with a less committal answer. But Mr. Morgan is not of that type. He says precisely what he thinks, without picking phrases that will mitigate the blunt meaning he intends to convey. That is why Tom Lamont, chairman of the Happy Observance of Commencement at Harvard Committee, is usually spokes-

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man for the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company. J. P. himself is not safe.

This "veritable Bourbon" was born at Irvington, N. Y., on September 7, 1867, in pleasant accord with the wishes of his celebrated father, who was a staunch believer in the influence of the stars over human destiny. It has been said that the elder Morgan went through life gazing fixedly at them. It was this habit, perhaps, which made him so stiff-necked, as his son was later to become from looking up to him. At any rate, when the new House of Morgan was built in Wall Street the signs of the zodiac were handsomely embossed in English tile in a circle five feet in diameter in the floor, thus affording the detectives and door-openers in the lobby something to contemplate during the long hours of the day.

Mr. Morgan was born with the elaborate selfishness that passes for good manners, and he grew up to be a pleasantly brusque lad who always asked for a thing before he took it and was careful later to say "thank you" in a tone implying no obligation. He learned to speak in the charmingly precise manner peculiar to children of the rich whose governesses are selected by intelligent mothers. It was his father, of course, who chose the boy's profession and there was never any doubt in that direction. Young Morgan had been born to be a big man, a great man, he knew —and the impetus of his manifest destiny is yet carrying him along the path plotted by his far-sighted papa.

The boy's certainty of his future was not conducive to the cultivation of a flexible or romantic mind. He moved through the fashionable groves of Groton and Harvard in an inoffensively aloof manner, with the preoccupation of a young man who is presently going somewhere where it is extremely unlikely that he will see any of his classmates. In 1889 he emerged from Harvard, where he had learned to smoke a pipe and to enjoy reading Shakespeare, the Bible and other works as standard as gold, and a year later married Miss Jane Norton Grew, who died in 1925 of that strange malady, the sleeping sickness. After an apprenticeship in the New York office of Drexel, Morgan & Company he was sent to London. Here he remained until 1905, adopting entirely the English mode of living but becoming only a bit more distant than in his early days.

Returning to America, he arrived in time to learn from his Berserker father in 1907 how a great panic is properly conducted. He brought to Wall Street the custom of having afternoon tea during banking hours and his precise English manners, both of which indicated that he knew the value of novelty. He worked the nets of finance with the elder J. P. until he grew so adept at wrestling with a series of interrelated gravities that he was able to handle the boat alone. It was well, for his father left him in 1913, on the brink of the House of Morgan's great test during the war years.

If "an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man," there was a perceptible but by no means alarming shortening of the Morgan adumbration as young J. P. came to stand in his father's place. But the new chief was safe, for he was surrounded by such shrewd advisers as George F. Baker, Edward R. Stettinius, Henry P. Davison and the ex-reporter, Tom Lamont. And the partners, human-like, were perhaps pleased that they were not quite so badly overshadowed as they had been under the Himalayan heights of the elder Morgan. Mr. Morgan took up his position with a great deal of reverence for his predecessor. His regard for his parent and the institution bequeathed to him constitutes one of the first instances in America of the purely aristocratic attitude toward finance, which is perhaps why it has been so difficult for the House of Morgan to avoid public hostility. Yet the Morgans, to a greater degree than any other of the money barons, have felt the responsibility that their overlordship entails. Dominion over steel, iron, copper, automobiles, public utilities, railroads and a dozen other in-

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dustries has vested in them a sense of possessiveness that is essentially feudal in character, and obviously distinct from the desire merely to achieve great wealth.

Despite his succession to full command, Jack Morgan is admittedly no second J. P. He has neither the ambition nor the ability to become single-handed the financial dictator of the world. A hundred legal and ethical restraints sprang up between the father and the son who loved each other so well. Things that the elder Morgan could and would do the younger man cannot and will not. But notwithstanding these prohibitions, Mr. Morgan has carried many large undertakings through to success, though with far greater aid from his lieutenants than his father would have required or permitted. Morgan the Elder was a real Titan; his son is only a very capable business and financial executive—a man of far less originality, daring and resourcefulness.

But while he does not domineer so much as his sire it cannot be said that he does not dominate the family firm. In the affairs of companies controlled by the Morgans the phrase "J. P. Morgan suggests" has come to have a regnant significance. Mr. Morgan, in spite of his reserve, is a magnetic man, and one to inspire awe in those who realize what vast panoramas of money and men move through his mind at command. The secret of his character is in his eyes, which are deep set and sharply inquisitive. They are honest eyes, although there is a slight droop in the left lid that might be taken as a sign of either cynicism or neuralgia. When he looks upon an interviewer there is a feeling in the interviewer that Mr. Morgan is at the big end of the binoculars, and when he talks his words have the quality of coming through a speaking-tube.

Yet in the presence of reporters he seems nervous, and ill at ease. Consequently, his rare audiences are usually as noncommittal and unsatisfactory as his firm's stationery, which bears only the deeply engraved legend, "23 Wall Street." It is only rarely that he cuts loose. "I don't like being interviewed," he once said. "I hate publicity of any sort, and I have done nothing to warrant my name appearing in type. The fact that I have been chosen a director in several banks does not induce me to rescind an ironbound rule that I laid down several years ago—to keep out of the newspapers."

During recent years the Morgan firm has come to be known as the House of the Thirteen Partners, although at times death has depleted the number to eleven. Mr. Morgan and his associates have also been dubbed, by the infidels of Wall Street, "Jesus Christ and the Twelve Apostles," but since the number was recently increased to fourteen the joke will have to be changed for one in better taste. The true situation of "our partners" is that of assistant directors, paid, it is reputed, in the neighborhood of $1,000,000 each a year. But they have to work like sand-hogs for it, in airtight compartments of concentration and under a pressure that often shortens their lives. For Mr. Morgan deals primarily in panoramics, in "pictures," a term that is rapidly supplanting "situation" in the vocabulary of Wall Street. Like D. W. Griffith, he is a master of masses, without considering them as anything more than parts of the scene. Again like Griffith, he is something of a sentimental realist, who has never been quite able to reconcile what is with what might have been.

III

"I would trust Jack Morgan behind my back as far as I would any man living," a banker not of the Morgan group once asserted. "I don't think that any amount of money, which would be a small consideration, or any amount of prestige, which would be a strong consideration, would for one moment tempt him to do what he knew would be unfair or unjust. He may not always analyze things exactly right. In the very nature of things he could not be expected to have a broad social

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view, for his environment has always been that of powerful financiers, friends of his own and his father. He is inexperienced in many matters. But he lives up to the highest standards he knows."

This, of course, was the appraisal of a New York banker, a member of a class of men with whom the House of Morgan's relations have always been beyond question fair and honorable. In fact, the Morgans have been considered in times of stress the most trustworthy of all the men in that brief street with a river at one end and a graveyard at the other. In instances of specific trust, where large interests or governments have placed implicit faith in them, it has always been justified. Where the Morgans appear to have lowered their scrupulosity has been in their relation to the investing public—in their duty to the thousands of small business men and women throughout the nation. The firm's treatment of these people has not always been beyond cavil, and some of the punctiliousness notable in its transactions involving more significant parties has seemed lacking.

Mr. Morgan is not given to bleating about ethics like his Christian hired man, Judge Elbert H. Gary. His only known venture into business platitude was made at a dinner in honor of George F. Baker in 1925, when he said:

> In every profession there is and must be a code of ethics, the result of years of experience. I take it that the newer the profession the more difficult it is to formulate its ethical code, for the experience has not been sufficient. Were I required to state an ethical code for our profession I think I would say that the first rule should be: Never do something you do not approve of in order more quickly to accomplish something you do approve of.

This, it is obvious, smacks of empiricism and bosh. With an elastic conscience, which is not rare among capitalists, a man under this authority might do as he willed provided his experience had never showed him that such action as he planned was dangerous. Such a code is as neat a Magna Charta of premeditated irresponsibility as though Judge Gary himself had designed it on special order. It sanctions anything that anyone may approve. It is the fruit of the logic of an intensely practical business man who, it is more than likely, is "deluded by no generous error, instigated by no thirst for doubtful knowledge, duped by no illustrious superstition." This scientific dubiousness of the Morgan ethics may perhaps explain some of the actions for which the firm has been arraigned.

It is notable, however, that the House of Morgan under the son has been involved in fewer affairs of bad odor than it was under the father. But if "seldom sons succeed their fathers' praise" they are more often heirs of their odium, so that much of the current dispraise of the Morgans lingers from an earlier day. The evolution of an empirical code is slow, but its tenets are apt to be sound and abiding. It is a far cry from the elder Morgan bristling at Gary, then a young Illinois lawyer: "I don't hire lawyers to tell me what I can't do. I hire them to tell me how to do what I want to do!"

But the latter years have not been entirely free from suspicion and obloquy. It was the alert political and financial writers in the hire of the now safe and sane Mr. Hearst who discovered the beaten path between the Corner House and the gilded cage of Mr. Coolidge. There is, of course, nothing unusual or necessarily sinister about this relation between the Administration and the men who actually run the country, but so many efforts have been made to give it an air of casualness and insignificance that even the gullible Washington correspondents probably have their doubts. It was, to be sure, only a coincidence that Harding and Coolidge were nominated at Chicago in 1920 under the sponsorship of Col. George Harvey and Judge Gary. Certainly Mr. Lamont was not acting in an official capacity for the Morgans when he rented the hotel suite in which the eminent Marion editor was chosen as a compromise candidate after General Wood and Governor Lowden had been played off against each other until both were stalled. Nor is it believed in

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Wall Street that the martyred Ohioan's frank promise of allegiance to his sponsors —"Anyone could have beaten the Democrats; I owe everything to the men who nominated me"—referred to the Morgans. The only bias in favor of international bankers that Mr. Harding was ever accused of showing was in his stand on the League of Nations. He was elected on a platform embodying hot opposition to the League, but an international lawyer whose ornate whiskers had pointed a jest in schoolrooms six years before became his Secretary of State, and so pushed America—though in vain!—toward the Court of Justice, controlled by the League.

Without doubt it was a pure coincidence that Harding was butchered by the Bolsheviki, and a singed cat with whom Dwight Morrow, a Morgan partner, had played at Amherst was yanked unhappily into the presidency. When Calvin came up for election in 1924 it was again remarked that coincidence was still upon the side of the bankers, for his running-mate, Charles G. Dawes, was one of the Morgan agents in Chicago. Another evidence of the fact that this is a small world after all was unearthed in 1924 by a Senate committee which found that 75% of the Republican campaign fund of that year came from sources easily connected with the Morgans. Senator LaFollette even charged that much of the money was contributed by "individuals directly interested as defendants in anti-trust suits and prosecutions for fraud upon the government and from persons directly interested in tax refund cases, oil leases, flexible tariff adjustments and other proceedings now pending either in the courts or in the executive departments in Washington." He made himself ridiculous, however, by asserting that J. P. Morgan & Company had underwritten the entire fund, for the name of Morgan did not appear as contributing a single dollar to the pot.

It was, however, almost too much to believe, in 1925, that the passage of Tom Lamont and Frank Stearns, secret councillor to Calvin, to Naples on the same boat was only a coincidence. They left on April 6 and told the trusting ship-news men that they were only tourists. Less than two months later the Morgans announced the flotation of a $50,000,000 loan to Italy —a loan, by the way, which turned out to be a very sour piece of financing.

The lively paper that Joseph Pulitzer founded has laid the riddled corpse of more than one scandalous deal at the threshold of the House of Morgan, causing Mr. Morgan in 1917 to bar its reporters from the customary informal interviews with his partners. The rule of exclusion was not abrogated until the pugnacity of the *World* was somewhat abated. With the other New York great journals, and notably with the *Times*, J. P. Morgan & Company enjoy something of the sacred immunity of the Catholic Church, and all accusations against the firm are hedged about with the quotation points of skepticism. But not so with the *World*. Since the second Cleveland administration this paper has hounded Morgan *père et fils*, and applied the lash to their Bourbon backs at every chance. Few of the firm's major transactions have escaped impeachment. At the slightest stir of activity in the vicinity of 23 Wall street the falcon of virtue has darted down from the gilded dome in Park Row, returning always with some shred of the Morgan hide.

IV

Such assaults upon the honor of the house have been among the few aggressions that have aroused Mr. Morgan, ordinarily too proud to fight, to a great roaring. When he is heated up he is utterly without fear. Often in those solemn councils wherein millions are raised or distributed, he has told the officers of great New York banks how petty and mean he thought their methods of dealing. Ordinarily he has not had to enforce his reproofs with action, but it is known that he knows how to slug as well as how to talk.

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He is a big man physically. Almost six feet in height, he weighs nearly 200 pounds. He keeps in good physical condition, and has never abused the rugged constitution he built up during an athletic youth. When the Wall Street explosion, on September 16, 1920, rocked the whole financial district there was none braver than Mr. Morgan. As the wagon-load of high explosives ripped the iron grills from the windows of his banking-house, shivering every pane of glass and killing one of its employés, he was among the first to recover from the shock. He ventured boldly to the shattered doorway while many other captains of finance dived under their directors' mahogany, exclaiming: "My God, Henry Clews has failed again!"

The greatest test of his physical courage was in July, 1915, when a madman, Frank Holt, forced his way into the Morgan home at Glen Cove, L. I., and faced the financier, an automatic pistol shaking insanely in his hand. The man muttered crazily to himself as he stared at Mr. Morgan across the library. There was a door nearby, but Mr. Morgan did not run. Instead he advanced upon the intruder, who fired at once, the bullet entering his victim's abdomen. Mr. Morgan staggered, then braced himself and lunged across the room, throwing his assailant to the floor. Although badly wounded, he held the man until help came.

Mr. Morgan was severely injured but his unusual vitality, and the high-pressure prayers of all the Episcopal clergy in the New York diocese, pulled him through. Holt never lived to stand trial amid the hysteria of patriotic indignation following his attack on a man suddenly grown popular. He was confined in a Long Island jail and "fell or jumped" to his death from an upper tier of cells a few days later. At any rate, he was found with a crushed skull one morning, sprawled in a wide pool of blood on the concrete floor.

In such fashion end the lives, oftener economic than physical, of those who dare flout a Bourbon.

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THE PROBLEM OF MEDICAL SERVICE

BY WM. ALLEN PUSEY

It will probably be a surprise to most Americans to learn that there are difficulties in the supply of physicians. It will not be a surprise to most of them that there are difficulties in the high cost of medical service.

In the cities the matter chiefly concerns the future family doctor. The new generation of American doctors are specialists. There is a smaller and smaller supply of the old style general practitioners who looked after most of the ills of the family and were often friends and counsellors in other affairs as well. It is generally recognized that the competent practitioner of this type is one of the most useful men that medicine can furnish to society, and all sorts of efforts are being made to get young men to take up this career. Unfortunately, these efforts are proving a failure.

With the predominant tendency towards specialism, the expense of medical service is becoming more and more burdensome. The specialist is a high-priced necessity, although one who, judging from the way he is used, is evidently thought to be worth his cost. It is estimated, however, that he is needed in only about 10% of cases of illness, and that in the other 90% the general practitioner should do the work. But only about 20% of our present medical graduates are going into general practice to take care of this 90% of the sick; the other 80% are going into the specialties, whose province should be to treat only about 10%. For the cities, this means that in the next generation the general practitioner will become rare, and will be correspondingly high-priced. Urban medical service will then be a specialist's service. The plan will have some advantages, but they will not compensate for the loss of the family medical adviser.

This, in broad outline, is the urban medical problem. Except for the rising cost of medical service, it is not now serious, because the older generation of family doctors is still on the ground in the cities in sufficient numbers to meet the needs of the public. In the rural districts the situation is different; they are faced now with a rapidly decreasing supply of physicians. Some studies that I have made, covering the entire country, indicate not only the seriousness of this problem, but its universal extent. Because of their bearing upon many aspects of the problem, I undertook a study of the following items:

1. The age of rural physicians, and the number of years elapsed since their graduation.
2. The number of recent graduates going into rural practice.
3. The number of irregulars going into rural practice.
4. The maintenance of the supply of physicians in towns of 1,000 or less.

These questions were studied in average rural counties throughout the United States. For the study of the first three the counties were picked for me by the secretaries of the State medical societies, and enough counties were studied in each State to give a fair representation. The results of these investigations were as follows:

The average age of the rural physicians throughout the country was, in 1925, 52 years. The average time in practice was 26 years—just half the average age.

The number of graduates of the last ten years in 283 rural counties, with a total number of 4,410 physicians in 41 States,

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was 398; that is, 1.4 graduates for each county.

In 172 counties in which there were 270 graduates of the last 10 years, there were 470 irregulars who had gone into these counties in the same time.

Of 940 towns of 1,000 or less in 47 States —20 average towns in each State—which had physicians in 1914, only 630 of them had physicians in 1925; 310 of these towns are now without physicians. Thus, almost one-third of the small towns of the country have lost their physicians in the last eleven years.

These findings are ominous; they indicate a rapid and dangerous disappearance of country doctors. The most significant fact is the high average age of these doctors—52 years. The average age at death of American physicians now is 62 years, the highest it has ever been. An average age of 52 years and an average age at death of 62 years means that if the present situation is not remedied there will be a breakdown of the rural medical service by 1935. The doctors upon whom the rural districts are chiefly dependent for medical service are a group of old men who are getting toward their end, with nobody in sight to take their places.

The rapidly increasing age of physicians in general is indicated by the findings of Emerson and Hughes, which show that the percentage of male physicians over 45 years, in 1890, was 42.2%, while in 1925 it was 64.4%. More impressive even than this is their table showing the relative percentage of physicians in different age groups compared with other professional groups and with men in other occupations:

Age	*Physicians*	*Other Professions*	*Non-professional Occupations*
Under 45	52.2%	68.2%	69.5%
45 to 64	41.7	27.0	26.0
Over 64	8.1	4.8	4.5

The average age of the medical profession is thus seen to be much higher than that of men in the other professions, and this average age has increased enormously in the last twenty-five years.

II

It is equally disconcerting to consider the significance of the fact that only an average of 1.4 % of the doctors graduated during the last ten years have gone into the rural sections of the United States. If this same rate should continue for the next ten years, and if none of the young doctors who are in the country now should die, quit or remove, the total number of graduates since 1915, in these counties, in 1935, will be 2.8 a county, and there will be practically none of the older generation left.

There are now 15.5 doctors a county in these rural counties. Two and eight-tenths doctors a county cannot furnish adequate medical service. As a matter of fact, in my investigation of 283 counties there were 100 counties (39%) which did not have a single physician who had taken his degree during the last ten years. These counties are now face to face with a complete breakdown of medical service.

As Dr. John M. Gile, dean of Dartmouth Medical College, who several years ago called attention to the alarming high age of the rural doctors in New England, has said: "What would a manufacturer do if he found that his workmen showed an average age of 50 years and that no new men were going into his employment, especially if to develop his employés it required a high-school education and seven years of technical training?"

A study of the distribution of irregulars was made in order to see if these irregulars, whose training is very much shorter and less expensive than that of genuine physicians, will go into the country to practice where men of more expensive training will not go. It has been asserted that they will not. But my findings showed that in 172 counties, into which only 207 graduates in medicine had gone in the last ten years, 470 irregulars had gone in the same time.

In 64 of these counties, in which there was not a single medical graduate of

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the last ten years, there were 121 irregulars; that is, a score of 121 to 0 for the irregulars. Remembering their relatively small number in comparison with the number of physicians in the United States, these findings indicate that the irregulars probably go into these rural districts now in as large proportion, compared with their entire number, as physicians have ever gone into them.

A study of the distribution of physicians in towns of 1,000 or less in 1914 and in 1925 was made because, in order to minimize the significance of the high average age of rural physicians, it has been said: "Yes, rural physicians now average 52 years of age, but even so, they are still there and meeting the needs of their counties for medical service; when they disappear and the need for new doctors develops, new doctors will go in." An actual study of the situation throughout the United States leaves no ground for this contention as far as towns of 1,000 or less are concerned. As the old doctors disappear large numbers of these towns are left without any doctors at all.

These findings confirm those of numerous other investigations, covering the entire country. As Samuel Hopkins Adams has said:

> For the first time in the history of American vital statistics, the country, with every advantage over the city for the rearing of babies except reliability of medical attendance, showed in 1921 a higher death-rate for babies under one year of age. The shift appears sudden. In 1920 every rural State except two—New York and Oregon—had a lower rural than urban infant mortality rate. . . . Continental custom though it is, alien to our American habits of thought, the practice of substituting for the medical expert a local practical woman is spreading rapidly in the rural districts, whereas it used to be confined to the slums of large cities.

To have a baby *secundum artem* is now a hospital matter that costs the well-to-do from $500 to $1,000 and is putting a heavy penalty upon parenthood. But in many rural places, North, South, East and West, even this expensive service is unobtainable, and the majority of the childbirths are thus being left to midwives.

III

What are the causes of this situation and what can be done about it?

Undoubtedly many factors have had more or less effect in diminishing the number of rural physicians. But in the opinion of most of those who think upon the subject the chief cause is the increase in the requirements for the license to practice medicine. Speaking generally, previous to thirty years ago the minimum requirement in education was two short annual courses of instruction. Twenty years ago it came to graduation from high-school and a three years medical course. In 1915 it reached a high-school graduation, two years of college and four years of medical school. Now it is six years after leaving high-school and one year of hospital internship—in all, seven years after leaving high-school—, a greater minimum than is demanded in any other profession. There was undoubtedly need for an increase, but in the opinion of many men the pendulum has swung too far.

Some of those who are responsible for our present policies in medical education, and are determined to maintain them, deny the effect of these policies upon the present difficulties. But few others hold that view; it ignores fundamental economic principles. The cost of medical service and the distribution of physicians are controlled by simple economic principles which apply to all commodities, namely: as you increase the cost of anything you restrict its distribution. This applies in medical education as follows: as you increase its cost you rapidly limit the number who are able to purchase it. In medical service the principle acts as follows: as you increase the amount of time and money which a man must spend in order to get the equipment to furnish medical service, you increase the price at which the medical service will be sold, and you correspondingly limit the number of people who can afford to buy it. You can no more get away from these principles in the dis-

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tribution of physicians and in the cost of their service than you can in the distribution of automobiles or the cost of hotel service.

The high cost of medical education peculiarly influences the distribution of rural doctors. In the first place, it bars out the rural medical students to whom the rural districts must look for their physicians, because the country boys have not the money of their corresponding brothers in the city, and cannot afford the present cost of medical education. Almost no country boys are going to medical school today. In the second place, the rural districts cannot pay the price in money that present medical service demands, but especially they cannot pay the price in cultural advantages that our present graduates demand—city conveniences and accessories and things of that sort. We are turning out now what President Butler of Columbia has called "the country club type," and the actual country has nothing to offer them.

Another serious factor in the situation is the reduction in the number of medical schools. There has been an increase in the cost of medical education to the medical schools corresponding with that to the students, and this has resulted in reducing the medical schools to less than half their number of twenty years ago—from 169 schools, graduating physicians, in 1904 to 69 in 1926—, and in the reduction of the number of graduates from 5747 in 1904 to 3962 in 1926—a reduction of almost 60% in the number of schools and one of 30% in the number of graduates. In the meantime the country has gone on increasing in population, from about 85,000,000 in 1904 to 115,000,000 in 1925. Thus we face a 30% reduction in medical graduates and a 35% increase in population.

The sixty-nine surviving schools have a capacity of 4,000 graduates a year, and they are graduating their men at an average age of 27 years, which means beginning practice at twenty-eight. There are 130,000 practicing physicians in the United States now. Upon these data the Commission on Medical Education has estimated the future supply of physicians if the output is maintained and the age remains the same, and has also estimated the population on Pearl's formula. These estimates indicate that the supply of physicians and the population will be as follows:

	Number of Physicians	*Population*
1925	129,000	115,000,000
1935	122,000	129,000,000
1945	114,000	142,000,000
1955	118,000	154,000,000
1965	130,000	164,000,000

In short, physicians are disappearing so much faster now than they are being produced that it will take forty years—until 1965—for the supply of them to catch up with its present number and to stabilize itself at 130,000. In the meantime the population will be 164,000,000.

IV

The obvious way out of the difficulty is, of course, to establish more medical schools. That seems easy and an increase must come about in some way, but it is not so easy as it seems. It is now costing the medical schools from $250 to $2,000 a year a student, or from $1,000 to $8,000 to produce a graduate. Probably it is within the facts to say that the average graduate we are now producing costs his school more than $2,000 above what he pays to it. The modern school thinks it needs from eight to twenty million dollars in plant and equipment before it can do adequate work. This great increase in the cost of medical education has driven out of existence many old schools of high reputation that have served well their sections of the country. It has driven out almost all of the small schools, except a few that are parts of State institutions. And all this has happened in spite of the fact that most men recognize the truth of what President Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation said as recently as 1921, that "it is clearly impossible to solve the prob-

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lems of medical education in the United States by building up a small number of richly endowed and equipped schools."

How has this increase in the cost of medical education come about? It has come about in the first place because we have got the money. Utterly neglected by philanthropy forty years ago, medical education is now its favorite. It is even overshadowing the older favorite: college education in general. For example, the University of Chicago is in every way a sizeable institution, but the new medical school it is building threatens to be disproportionately large in size and expense. Medical education in the last twenty years has got unlimited amounts of money; and is cutting its garment according to its cloth. It is the old story: as wealth increases, wants increase and demands become larger. Of course, it is desirable that medicine should have plenty of money, but it may be questioned if it needs two or three times as much as any other form of education. The point I am making is this: like other people, we have learned to spend money freely when we find we have it.

There might be no objection to this if it did not lead us into difficulties, but it has been doing so. With something of an inferiority complex about our scientific standing, we have become very highbrow. The ideal of the medical school is no longer the useful function of producing work-a-day doctors for common service, but to be what the Harvard Committee to Visit the Medical School in 1925 called, a "university of applied biology." Research has become the engrossing pursuit. No one, of course, can object to research, but it is only the rare man who should be prepared for and nurtured in it, whereas there are a hundred useful men who can be profitably educated for practical service. Our present plan is giving us neither the teachers we need nor the graduates.

As Haldane says: "A great discoverer can generally expound his own work, but he may be a thoroughly bad elementary lecturer and extremely incompetent administrator of a laboratory. It would be an advantage to education as well as to research if these duties could be more often separated." And as James Harvey Robinson says: "In the enterprise of rehumanizing knowledge it is necessary to recognize that specialism, so essential in research, is putting us on the wrong track in education."

One manifestation of this spirit is the insistence upon full-time teachers in all of the major departments of medical schools; that is, teachers who give all their time to teaching and research, with the emphasis on the latter, and no time to practice outside of the teaching hospitals, and who have often had no experience in it. The typical teacher in the modern medical school is a youngish man; sometimes of extraordinary ability, often not, but nearly always of the greatest refinement in training. Having graduated from one or another of a few schools—most frequently from the Johns Hopkins, only 2.45% of whose graduates are now practicing in towns of 5,000 or less, but whose policies have dominated American medical education for the last twenty years—he goes into the university hospital or the laboratory, and stays there for several years, until some institution looks for a full-time professor of medicine or of surgery or of some other branch, and he is recommended for the job and gets it.

Men of this type have spent all of their professional days in a protected life of scientific refinement. They have had no experience of the practical conditions under which medicine is ordinarily practiced and under which medicine must be practiced, if 90% of the population is going to be able to pay for it. They have learned to work only with the elaborate facilities of great hospitals and laboratories. As teachers, they produce graduates of their own kind, trained to practice under conditions that only metropolitan hospitals provide—notwithstanding the fact that, fortunately, only 10% of the illnesses of mankind require such conditions for their adequate care. Men of this training are needed—in

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relatively small numbers—but for the every-day practice of medicine, particularly in the country, they are as much out of place as doctors of philosophy in district schools.

Worse still, in the opinion of many men, this type does not make the most skillful physician for practice anywhere. Trained to depend upon laboratory tests and instruments, it fails to develop clinical skill —the training of the hand, of the senses, of observation—and with it the judgment that is so necessary for the finished and resourceful practitioner. It is still true that the best doctors have their equipment under their hats and in their hands. Doctors need for part of their work the things that laboratories and hospitals can give them, but they need personal judgment and personal skill very much more. Our present product is not only excessively expensive; it does not meet practical needs.

What are we going to do then, for doctors for ordinary illnesses and for that 90% of the population that constitutes the ordinary people, especially for that part of them in the country? The standpatters, who will listen to no proposition to reduce the time and cost of medical education, make various suggestions, the substance of which is that the country should change itself to meet the requirements of the new medical men. State medicine in some form, medical Socialism, is the essence of most of these suggestions. Some see in good roads and the automobile a solution of the question. I recently heard a full-time professor of surgery, whose professional life has been spent in metropolitan schools and hospitals, in a serious formal discussion, suggest as a remedy that the man who was fifty miles away from his doctor now could be reached by automobile as easily as a man who was five miles away could be reached formerly with a horse, forgetting wholly the $50 the doctor's trip will cost, surely an important detail for the man he must go fifty miles to see. One of the favorite arguments is that the country should make itself so attractive that our present graduates will be willing to live in it. Indeed, a good many of the remedies offered suggest Marie Antoinette's query why the peasants didn't eat cake if they had no bread, and indicate no more practical realization of rural problems than she had of the economic condition of the French people.

In the opinion of a very large part of the medical profession—including many men whose standing and whose experience in teaching entitle their judgment to the highest consideration—, the needed remedy lies in abridging very considerably the length of our medical course, so that we can produce physicians that are, to use Abraham Flexner's word, "distributable."

They believe this could be done without damaging the education of the physician. The best ground for believing this is that we have done it. Our experience has abundantly shown that an adequate preliminary training for the practice of medicine can be got from a high-school education, three years of college work and a year in a hospital or some other form of good apprenticeship. A large proportion of the leaders and useful men in the profession today had only this preparation, or less, on which to build their careers. Many of the very men who insist that an adequate training cannot be given in less than seven years had not anything like such a training themselves.

As Dr. William J. Mayo said at the Conference on Medical Education this Winter:

> In 1880 after high-school, two years in Niles Academy, and one year in a private school for languages and sciences, I entered the medical department of the University of Michigan. I graduated in 1883 when I was twenty-one. . . . One fact stands out with startling clearness: every teacher was a practitioner of medicine and every student was taught to practice medicine.

We may not get back to this four year education; we may not get the small medical schools that we need. But there is one thing that seems certain, and that is, if we do not, we are headed for dangerous difficulties for which we have now in sight no satisfactory means of relief.

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THE BIG SHOPS OF THE LAW

BY JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON

THE big law shop of Pryde, Doer, Learned, Young, Mixer and Robotson, in the great city of New York, occupies quarters for which it pays a rental of $30,000 a year. Even so, it is a bit crowded, for it does a business of nearly $750,000 annually, and its budget of expenses runs to $244,000. All its members are men of great skill and large reputation. Pryde, of course, is the most eminent of them: he is heard of whenever grave public affairs are discussed, and makes at least twenty set public addresses a year. His name on the firm's letter-head thus stands for prestige. Doer, the next in seniority, is the strategist and daring planner of the combination—what, on a lower plane of human endeavor, would be called the go-getter. Learned is the specialist in legal profundity: he knows the books. Young is the trainer of young cubs from the law-schools—the father of the working staff. Mixer is the publicity expert and trial-lawyer: he knows how to handle newspapers, legislatures, and judges and juries. Robotson, finally, is the business man: it is his job to run the works, and hold down the overhead.

There are plenty of big law shops in New York which occupy quarters even more expansive and expensive than those of Pryde, Doer, Learned, Young, Mixer and Robotson. Some pay rentals of $40,000, or even $50,000 a year, and occupy suites of fifteen or even twenty rooms. Although it is no longer necessary for eminent jurisconsults, at least in the large cities, to have offices near the courts (for taxicabs are now cheap and such whales of the law, as everyone knows, sue only as a last resort) it is still essential that they should be close to their principal clients. To maintain their locations, therefore, the big shops are sometimes forced to cut holes in floors and ceilings and connect their original suites, alow and aloft, by circular staircases. Wandering around some of these establishments one feels as if one had stumbled into a bombarded rabbit-warren. Very often a law firm is housed in the same office building with the trust corporation or international banking house or insurance company from which it derives the main part of its income. Naturally it wants to stay there, for there are its basic fees, so needful in meeting the cruel overhead.

One noted firm which specializes in real estate and corporation law bought a five-story building in the heart of the Wall Street section for its exclusive occupancy. The structure has a frontage of fifty feet and a depth of one hundred, and it is none too large. Every spare foot is now in use, and the basement serves as a catacomb for dead files. At the entrance sits a clerk who is also the telephone operator. When a visitor arrives, she sends him down the corridor on the first floor to see the firm's Mr. Robotson, if he is a stranger, or directs him to the elevator, if she knows him. The lift is in charge of a highly discreet operator, who sees that all clients get off at the right divisions. As business increases, he will be able to call the stops something like this: "Second floor—mortgages, leases and liens! Third floor—wills and real estate!" And so on—to the injunction bureau under the roof.

A lady barrister from England, who was lately taken through several of the metro-

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politan abodes of big law, said that she had never seen such luxurious appointments. She certainly never had at home, for the Temple is dingy enough, and the quarters of the typical English lawyer are as shabby as the den of Mr. Tulkinghorn described by Dickens, in which that eminent family solicitor followed out whatever "trains of indecision" happened to engage his mind. Many of the show places of the big law in New York are inexpressively ornate. In some there are Fourteenth Century tapestries, refectory tables, and rare paintings and engravings. One of the leading advocates of the town, who specializes in bankruptcy and is an artist and an art amateur as well, has in his consultation-room a precious collection of Japanese prints. Another has fitted his audience chamber with wooden paneling of a creamy tone, and priceless Jacobean furniture. Most of these reception rooms in the big shops are furnished by interior decorators instructed to spare no expense. The period tables are solid mahogany or walnut, there are throne chairs enough to seat a dynasty, and on the walls are prints of all the big-wigs of the bench: chancellors, constitution makers and Supreme Court justices. Even the telephone booths, installed for the convenience of waiting clients, are especially designed to harmonize with the surroundings. It is not hard for a firm to spend $100,000 on such adornments.

But the sheepskin-bound books on the shelves, rather than the fine furniture, are really the costliest physical symbols of metropolitan law. In several first-rate shops the library is carried on the books as worth $30,000, although its actual first cost was nearer $50,000. An insurance company in Kansas City, which provided a reference library for lawyer tenants of its office building, spent $100,000 for that purpose. Law books depreciate rapidly and are soon out of date, and every well-equipped office must spend at least $5,000 a year for new ones, and charge off as large a sum for depreciation.

The principal items of expense to a big law firm, however, are brains—legal, executive and clerical. When the salaried lawyers on the staff number thirty or forty the intellectual overhead is terrific. Here is the budget of a big law shop which gives an idea of the problem confronting "Our Mr. Robotson":

Rent of offices	$ 30,000
5 lawyers—Grade A @ $10,000	50,000
10 lawyers—Grade B @ $ 6,000	60,000
10 lawyers—Grade C @ $ 2,000	20,000
1 managing clerk	5,000
1 cashier or head bookkeeper	4,000
5 secretaries @ $3,000	15,000
1 file executive	3,000
1 librarian	2,000
10 stenographers @ $1,500	15,000
10 clerks, assistants, etc. @ $1,200	12,000
8 office boys @ $1,000	8,000
Supplies, stationery, law books, printing	20,000
	$244,000

It is the custom in the larger law establishments to figure the cost of doing business at 30% of the fees received. That is, a firm taking in from $900,000 to $1,000,000 a year will spend about $300,000. A considerable reserve fund must be maintained in order to meet disbursements and to provide against a dull year, or the sudden withdrawal of important basic accounts. Partners have monthly drawing accounts which vary in accordance with their seniority, ability and influence. At the end of the year a division of profits is made among them.

Every day Robotson is face to face with his problem of keeping the firm a going concern, so that it may feed all the waiting mouths and purses. He must see backward and forward and be ready to sound the alarm whenever the outgo begins to exceed the intake. He must operate, too, under numerous limitations, for go-getting devices that are entirely legitimate in commercial circles are taboo in the practice of the law, even in New York. He cannot advertise his firm as a commercial concern might do, and keep within the legal code of ethics. He may keep an approving eye on the young attorneys of the house who play polo down on Long Island, but they

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cannot go to even their best friends and say, "Want any lawing done?" Ambulance chasing is beyond the pale, whether applied to hurt persons or crippled railroads. Again, his is a firm, not a corporation, for corporations cannot practice law, and many professional handicaps arise out of that fact. There can be no "prospects" as business knows them; no runners, no drummers, no outside men. Moreover, it is against all the statutes made and provided to incite litigation, and every attorney is supposed to prevent his clients from going into the courts, if it is possible. Thus, though the big shop always needs business, those who are likely to give must be considered as applicants, not as prospects.

II

Whatever its source, offered business first goes to the managing attorney of the big law shop. Many a case is never accepted. It may interfere with the interests of a client already on the books, or it may be brought in by an undesirable person. The head of the firm, or a committee constituted for the purpose, must O. K. it before it is undertaken. Once a case is accepted, however, the whole machinery of the shop is at its service. "Central Desk," that is Mr. Robotson, first classifies it, so it will get the attention of the proper department. The office specializing in financial and corporation law is organized into such divisions as these:

Litigation and Briefing
Wills and Real Estate
Corporation and Securities
Corporate Trusts
Taxes
Miscellaneous or General
Managing Clerk
Business Management

A partner is usually in charge of each department and takes responsibility for every case assigned to him. It gets a file number and its yellow jacket and then things begin to happen. Every client, of course, thinks that his own case is the only one in the office of his counsel. The big shop acts accordingly. For instance, an enormous automobile concern changed hands not long ago, and the brokers who had charge of the $146,000,000 deal sent in a hurry call to their attorneys. The Corporations and Securities branch was on the job at once, and remained there night and day. Some of the staff went to Detroit, where the manufactory was, and kept the main office informed of every step by long-distance telephone and lengthy telegrams. Papers were feverishly drawn up and filed. The gallant boys of the division in charge never slept until the complicated details were adjusted and all was ready for the transfer of the largest check ever drawn on an American bank.

This speed urge usually comes from the clients themselves, but inside the big law shop there is also an internal drive. From Robotson go out constant reminders and instructions. If the matter is in the courts, the managing clerk and his assistants give due notice to all concerned as to when to appear and what to prepare. Every two months a progress report is made on every case, whether the client is quiescent or not. On his desk every operator in the plant finds a slip, ruled off into spaces, on which he accounts for his time in periods of ten minutes during his working hours. From such a slip it will appear, for instance, that young Coke worked two hours writing the draft of a brief, that he was away for one and three-sixths hours at the office of an up-town contractor, and that for one-sixth of an hour he talked to somebody on the telephone, say, to Mr. Smithers about his income tax.

Essential as these records are for the smoothly running practice of big law, they are even more so for the guidance of the accountancy division. There comes a day when bills must be rendered for services. The first step is to study the time entries to find out how many hours or days have been spent on the matter, and by whom. The value of every man's hour is appraised. But these time-sheets are only general guides, for other factors must be con-

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sidered in determining the charges, such as the importance of the case itself and the amount of money involved. Bills are finally passed upon either by the head of the firm, or by a committee of the principal partners, who meet at luncheon once a week for a business conference. It sometimes happens that a big law shop will bill certain services at less than the production costs. For example, a wealthy client, who turns in a large volume of business in the course of a year, may want some minor personal matter adjusted. His regular lawyers cannot tell him that their time and overhead do not permit such activities, so they do the work and send him a nominal bill.

Just what service is worth to a client is a point on which every big law shop has its private rules. It could not do like a certain attorney, who, after having collected a claim for a client, slapped him on the back and said, "My good man, do you realize what I have done for you? It was a wonderful victory! And now I am going to do the right thing by you. I won't charge you a cent more than the amount we have collected. Not a cent, my dear fellow, not a cent! I couldn't think of accepting more!" Although this is not generally known, a lawyer may be sued for malpractice, just as physicians occasionally are. When something has gone wrong the big shop usually not only charges no fee, but holds itself liable for any damage its client may have sustained, and sends its check to make good.

Before up-to-date bookkeeping methods were introduced, even the ablest lawyers had little realization of the work they did and how long it took them to do it. An eminent Jewish advisor of corporations, consulting with representatives of other firms associated with him as to what their bills for their several services should be, shrugged his shoulders when one of the conferees named his probable fee. "Paul, Paul,",was his now classic remark, "almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!" And yet, brilliant as that lawyer was, he never had a proper grasp of his own value, nor did he take into the account his expenses and the firm overhead. He seldom charged enough.

Although a case may be in charge of one partner and his assistants, it often requires the attention of several other divisions of the big shop before it reaches the assembly floor, inspected and tested and ready for delivery as a finished product. "Our Mr. Doer" gives an hour, or perhaps a day to organize it; an abstruse question of law comes up on which Mr. Learned has to pass, and something in the way of negotiation by the affable Mr. Mixer may be required. All that means time and money. To put such things down on even the best devised time sheets is really impossible, for two or three partners, putting their heads together in the corridor, may have added an immense value to the firm's services.

There is often a prodigious amount of work done, in order to cover all points and meet every emergency, that is not used at all. For example, a lawyer from one of the big firms appeared in court recently to defend a company against which many suits had been brought following a fire in its premises. The principal witness, a young girl, told a story intended to fix carelessness upon the concern.

"Won't you please tell us that again?" asked the lawyer. "I'm not quite sure that I got all the points."

The witness complied. But instead of cross-examining her, the counsel for the defense simply got her to relate her story for a third time.

"That will be all; thank you very much indeed. And now, Your Honor," he said, addressing Court, "I move that this case be dismissed on the ground that this witness was coached to tell this remarkable yarn. As you and the jury have observed, it was exactly repeated all three times, and in fact began with the same word and ended with the same word."

He won the case, but all the same he had prepared an enormous amount of testimony,

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and his assistants were at hand with a great mass of legal ammunition—all of which, of course, had to be paid for, although not required.

In rendering its bills, the big law firm must look well to all kinds of leaks. This especially applies to the expenses it pays out in the preparation of a case. It has to meet, for example, very considerable telephone charges; they often include long-distance conversations with places hundreds of miles away. The expenses of those who look up witnesses and conduct investigations; the incidentals of bright young assistants into whose hands bunches of money and a railroad ticket are placed as they are sent across the continent—all these things must be remembered. It is against the traditions of the law for attorneys to advance any considerable sums for clients, for such a procedure might be considered as tending to incite or encourage litigation. But since the bulk of the business of the big shops is not litigation, considerable sums are often advanced. To cover these sums bills are sent out at the first of every month, irrespective of whether the matters in hand are finished or not. But it is not until a case has been completed that the charge for the professional services is made. The principal regular clients, however, receive statements twice a year—usually on the first days of January and July, or as near those dates as the cashier can send them.

III

How much do the owners of the big shops receive for their own services? It is hard to differentiate between their personal earnings and those of their firms, because, as we have seen, every large fee includes the labor of many others besides that of the man in charge. When seemingly fabulous fees are paid, it should be remembered that they probably represent several years of activity by the head of the firm and many assistants. A charge of $100,000 for reconstructing an ailing corporation is not unusual. For putting a well-known Western cereal concern on its feet, a distinguished corporation lawyer got $260,000 for two years' work, and he was practically the manager of the plant. Such was likewise the case in a celebrated copper merger, in which a $775,000 fee was given for activities running through six or seven years.

One of the most profitable branches of large-scale jurisprudence is the settlement of estates. The fees of the lawyers who closed up the $100,000,000 estate of a Chicago millionaire department-store owner ran to $1,041,000. Lately there was an acrimonious dispute among the heirs of a Wall Street capitalist long since dead over a certain $80,000,000 trust fund, and the proceedings before a referee are costing $10,000 a day in fees to the attorneys that gather about the long table. All of them have a high standing in the profession and are getting a *per diem* rate. The referee himself gets $500 for his eight hours' work, a little more than a dollar a minute. A widely known New York lawyer, who practices mostly in the criminal courts, receives $2,000 for his work from sun to sun.

"That's my lowest price," says he. "Why, I couldn't afford to work for less than $2,000 a day for anybody. Suppose I get to court, and find an adjournment? There is a whole day gone. If the public is willing to pay $2,000 or $3,000 a night to a man just to hear him sing, should lawyers not have $2,000 a day for helping people out of a hole, and maybe from getting into an electric chair? Besides, look at the years I worked hard, and yet would have considered myself lucky to be getting 2,000 cents a day!"

Once a group of coal-mining and carrying railroads got into a jam with the government, which prosecuted them for restraining trade. They went with their troubles to a brilliant corporation counselor, head of a big shop. The delicate matter of "How much?" was broached.

"Well," he told them, "suppose we make it on the basis of your output. Prorate it among yourselves at so many cents

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a ton on the coal you produce in the average year. That will be quite all right."

He adjusted their difficulties and got a fee running into the hundreds of thousands for his firm and himself.

There was once a notable controversy over the $750,000 fee charged jointly by two of the largest law firms in this country for the re-organization of an important railroad. It seemed, at the time, like tapping a gold mine, but when the items are analyzed one sees at once that it was not nearly so large as it sounded. For eight years the two legal plants worked on the job, using from 250 to 300 persons in all—and never a cent was paid in that time—not even for disbursements. In general charge of the mighty task was one of the ablest railroad lawyers in the United States, and back of him was an array of counsel of all sorts and conditions. Young and hustling members of the staffs of the two big shops were sent to every State in the Union to get depositions, adjust claims and conciliate warring elements. Thousands and thousands of pages of typewriting accumulated; cords of records filled the bins of the two big mills of the law. The indexing of the material collected alone made the two cashiers howl. The services of the principal expert in charge were put in at $500 a day, an amount which many eminent counsel, summoned before the Interstate Commerce Commission when the bill was challenged, said was very moderate. The majority of the stockholders and the officials of the company seemed entirely satisfied with the charge. The entire bill of the re-organization committee, including the lawyers' fees, was a trifle over two millions of dollars, but inasmuch as the railroad had been lifted out of the total-loss class and converted into a profitable property, and the handling of $365,000,000 worth of securities was involved, perhaps the lawyers' honorarium was not nearly so big as it seemed.

The Blackstones of the big shops do not care so very much for large fees like that, they say. Such fees usually represent the work of years, and the multitudinous details of the cases they cover swarm all over the office and absorb eons of time. A nice, quick re-organization, or the rapid stroke that goes with the flotation of a bond issue, is much to the liking of the profession. Such bond jobs bring fees both from the corporation and the bankers who are parties to the project, and the pay is prompt, sure and moderately monumental.

Just how much the individual members of a large law firm get for themselves is usually a deep secret. What a lawyer may return as income tax is not a safe guide, for he may have large revenues from investments. The head of one widely-known law organization paid $767,924 to Uncle Sam two years ago. Another guide and friend of Big Business, a brother of a former President of the United States, paid $87,524. A whilom Governor of New York, now busy at the law and the flag officer of a brand new firm, turned in $22,000. The second in command in another large law house contributed $87,000; a tried counselor of the very rich paid $61,000; and another lawyer, now dead, yielded in the last year of his life more than $141,000. The attorney paying $750,000 in income tax must have made about $1,750,000 during the preceding twelve months. There are many lawyers in New York whose shares from the profits of their firms enable them to spend from $200,000 to $300,000 a year.

IV

But what of the lesser Blackstones of the big shop? How do the young lawyers make out? What becomes of them? Many and many is the youthful barrister I have known and still do know. I have seen hundreds come out of the law-schools and plunge into the hoppers of the mills of *Lex*. There is Van Bibber, once a reporter, then a clerk in the District Attorney's office, then a junior in a big firm, and now second on the flag of one of the largest firms in Wall Street. The other day he showed me, in a little frame near his desk, a cancelled

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check for a million dollars, one of those souvenirs which lawyers like to keep of cases won against heavy odds.

Then there is Caleb Young himself, of the eminent firm of Pryde, Doer, Learned, Young, Mixer and Robotson, a real person here disguised. Out of Harvard a few years ago, debating with himself whether or not he should hang out his shingle and display his sheepskin in his own home town, he decided to try his luck in New York. Without friends and without brief or scrip or purse, he got a start in a big firm—and that was all he needed.

Who of us does not remember Day No. 1 on his first job? That day had a brilliant red letter on the calendar of Caleb Young. He had expected to breathe an atmosphere of Senatorial calm and fruitful contemplation. Even as you and I might have done, he gleaned his ideas of what a law-office should be from the pages of Thackeray and Dickens. He envisioned musty nooks and parchment books. But instead of being slipped into a restful niche, he was hurled bodily into the hurly-burly. His sextuple employer had twenty rooms at the top of a skyscraper, scattered over several floors. Caleb saw doors and doors, and long corridors, veritable Brain Alleys through which men hurried all day long, saying they would be back, or would not be, or they didn't know whether they would or not.

Caleb was sent to the Litigation Department, the least important, but it must be maintained, as some clients still like to sue and be sued. For weeks thereafter, he made the rounds of the courts, saying to black-robed and miserable judges that Mr. Pryde or Mr. Doer was out of town and requesting that the case be postponed. Then he was sent to the Corporation Department, where he read copies of copper-plate bonds, oblivious to the fact that twenty times before he had ever seen them they had passed the cynosure of twenty other pairs of searching eyes.

Thus it was that he was case-hardened. He grew deaf to the drone of dictation, to the tattle of telautographs, to the eternal cheep-cheeping of typing, the shuffling of the files, and the ceaseless click of conversational cams. He became a unit in a bright company of affidavit drafters, charter creators, tort twisters, brief builders and petition polishers, a desk-holder in the tabernacles of the statutes, a junior partner in the mighty firm of Pryde, Doer, Learned, Young, Mixer and Robotson.

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DANCE OF MASKS

BY RUTH LECHLITNER

WHAT is your mask, O dancer?
Bark-cloth and mud,
Or blackened buffalo-skin,
Grave-skull and bone,
Or fluted plumes of gold,
Or dragon's head, or turquoise silver-bound,—
It is all one:
Put on your mask, and dance!
Swing out mad arms,
Shake hard your evil head;
Shout at the stars,
Defy the demon's grip;
Make pale death fear you,
Dance the sick child well.
Hide in your mask, O savage, hide and dance!
Your soul is hunger,
And your feet are dust.

Justice shall render justice, eye for eye:
Tigers shall drive out devils,
Red leather bring down rain.
The sterile shall bear, touched with the phallic staff,
And the totem rise a god.

Go then, weak soul,
Naked and fearful thing,—
Go make yourself a mask of bulbous leather,
Make it of gnarled and thick gorilla skin;
A tuft of hair, a third wild eye for wisdom;
Let it have teeth:
Fangs over ragged lips, and on the chin
Three monstrous, horny ulcers. . .

Dance out your bluff:
What spirit now can find you?
Where is your fear of men?
Take this man's meat,
Take that man's wife, and let your painted mouth
Smile over sin.
License and life are one—

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Take all you can, O lustful soul, take all—
Put on your mask, and dance!

What is your mask, O dancer?
Years are behind it,
Flying years before it.
And while these eyes of granite stare ahead,
And while death stalks about your wooden lips,
What birth plays out its deathless game in darkness?
Put on your mask, O dancer:
There is a dream behind it,
There is magic.
And from the dream your children's children walk
To light beyond the shadow.
Dance out your dream:
Behind this face of evil there is beauty,
Within this demon lies a lovely thing.
Beauty is here, and tenderness, and mercy;
In the white skull a moral,
In the boar's head, a law.

Turn all to frenzy,
Hurl your savage cry
Against the sun!
Make faces at the moon!
Leap over fire, laugh loud at puny gods,—
O human soul, O stark and pitiful,
Put on your mask, and dance!

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LaGUARDIA OF HARLEM

BY DUFF GILFOND

The Hon. Fiorello H. LaGuardia, LL.B., the peppery gentleman from the twentieth New York district, is a splotch of color on a gray scene. After a day in the stuffy chamber of the House of Representatives, with the members' favorite adjective, "great," ringing in my ears, I find refreshment in LaGuardia's untidy office, Room 150 of the House Office Building, where "great" is deposed and "lousy," the Harlem member's pet, is unloosed.

"Lousy" may not be a pretty word, but it is so rare on the panegyric tongue of a Congressman that, when it is heard, it somehow pleases. To the blunt, skeptical New Yorker it is indispensable. It serves to describe agricultural year-books, Prohibition, censorship, the immigration law, caucuses, military appropriations, White House invitations, and the Congressional Directory. Mr. LaGuardia or "the Major," as he is known in Washington, has flouted all these great American institutions. White House invitations he gives away as souvenirs to children, and the Congressional Directory, wherein the other Honorables tell the world their children's names and by how many votes they beat their opponents (if they beat them badly), he dismisses with a mere insertion of his name. In revenge the Directory blazes him forth, in the list of Representatives, with the denunciatory italic capitals accorded Socialists: a kind of scarlet letter.

But LaGuardia is not a Socialist, except congressionally: the Socialists wouldn't have him as their candidate in the last election. But to the Babbitts in Congress Socialist is an evil word that designates any man who has laughed at them. On the floor LaGuardia is chided as the man with two parties or with no parties, and as the one-man party (this from the gabby Mr. Blanton of Texas). He has come to Congress as a Republican, on a Fusion ticket, and as a Progressive indorsed by the Socialists. In the last election no party would lend itself to such a fickle son, and so he decided to run as an Independent. But the Republican candidate gave up before the fight, and the Grand Old Party reconciled itself to accepting him. Interested in the end rather than the means, LaGuardia acquiesced, was elected—and, as usual, his election is now being contested.

It is well that he has been returned to Congress. Not that he will ever be a momentous legislator. His interests are entirely too diverse. He refuses to specialize in any one subject, insisting that everything concerns Harlem. He will never become chairman of an important committee. Every time he misbehaves and defies his party he loses his rank in the seniority system and the chance of a higher place on a more important committee. In December he returns, not, to be sure, as a helpless congressional fledgling, but nevertheless with less influence than a second-term regular Republican.

LaGuardia, however, has his function in the House. "Keep me off any committee you wish," he told the party leaders when, as a Progressive, he was ousted by the Republican party in 1924, "but you can't keep me out of the Committee on the Whole." Nor can they keep him quiet. He is irrepressible in the face of what he thinks is bad legislation—and most of it seems to him to be bad. Short, spry and

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round, he bounces in and out of his seat, waking the somnolent gentlemen about him in his efforts to catch the Speaker's eye. His arm waving frantically for recognition, he seems like a grown-up schoolboy trying to answer teacher's question. He offers as many, if not more, amendments to pending legislation than any member of the House. He has an astounding acquaintance with a great variety of legislation, and a way of seeing points that most men miss.

But what LaGuardia really contributes to the dull scene more than any other man is dash, color, temperament. It is something the rest of them lack, even the few rebels. With Italian æstheticism, he hangs a portrait of the immortal Valentino on his office wall, where everybody else, even Democrats, features scowling Calvin. In contrast to the surrounding offices, in which droning legislators dictate long and ingratiating letters to their constituents, his is ever in a hubbub. He is excitedly explaining something in Yiddish or Italian, to the accompaniment of his hands, to a constituent; posing for the perspiring photographers who try to attenuate him in the lens; rattling off an article for a bad newspaper or reviewing the day's events for the radio; mimicking his colleagues to his secretary or anybody who happens to drift in. Even his secretary differs from the other girls in the building: she works.

Most Congressmen love the errands their constituents give them, and prefer their offices to the reverberating chamber to which they go only for roll-call. But it is almost as hard to find LaGuardia in his office as the Congressmen who week-end at home. He hates errands, and rushes through his mail, flipping half of it into the basket, with such laconic comments as "Bunk!", "We appreciate his respect", and "Something for Jesus? Nice boy, Jesus!" Impatiently he awaits the peal of the convening gong which to him means that the fight is on. Delayed on the way over, he tears down the House corridors on his short convex legs like a student late for class. He remains in the chamber or within earshot until adjournment, eating peanuts, audibly, when he might miss an opportunity for objection if he went out to lunch. His *sotto voce* comments can be heard in the gallery and are inordinately shocking to Congressmen who believe that visiting constituents should be impressed with their dignity. In the first session of the last Congress he publicly made beer with a kick, and in the recess joined the striking garment-workers in picketing.

Whatever may be said about him he is never dull. When the price of meat took a forbidding jump in New York last year, he wrote to Secretary of Agriculture Jardine for assistance. Mr. Jardine responded with a bulletin which, to LaGuardia's indignation, was entitled: "The Economical Use of Meat in the Home." Exhibiting the bulletin in the House, he drew from his vest pocket a diminutive lamb chop selling for thirty cents in New York. From other pockets he extricated a roast and a steak, tempting enough, but so prohibitive in price that Jardine's bulletin would have been as useful to a Harlem housewife as a belt to the President.

II

Next to the garrulous Blanton of Texas, LaGuardia probably talks more than any other man in the House. The congressional Babbitts who despise him always flaunt that fact with satisfaction. Nobody condemns talk more—or indulges in it more—than Congressmen. But the erasure of LaGuardia's speeches and witticisms from the *Record* would deprive it of much of its sparkle. The Babbitts also find consolation in the character of his constituency. "After all," a Maine colleague once said, "he's from New York, where there are few real Americans. He has the commonest of all foreigners for his constituents—Italian wine-bibbers who have sent him to Congress to recover for them their lost beverage." One Dr. James Empringham once announced, to the horror of the righteous,

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that the Episcopal Temperance Society favored the modification of the Volstead Act. The blasphemy reached the ears of Representative Browne of Wisconsin and set them burning. Running to Congress with this slander, he found sympathy in the protecting Blanton.

"A number of our colleagues here in the House are Episcopalians," said the gentleman from Texas. "Does the gentleman from Wisconsin know of a single one of them who indorses the sentiment of the defunct secretary in New York?" [The unfortunate Dr. Empringham.]

"No," replied Mr. Browne, comforted.

But the you-see pause was broken by an unexpected "I can name one" from the effervescent LaGuardia.

"Which one?" [Blanton, incredulously]

"Myself!" [LaGuardia, simply]

"The gentleman from New York is the only one I have ever heard of, and coming from New York, I am not surprised."

LaGuardia, alas, gets little encouragement from the clerical profession. One of the letters he received following his attack on Federal Judge Cooper of New York, whom he charged with conspiracy in entrapping Prohibition violators, came from the Rev. Willis R. Ryder, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Ellenburg Center, N. Y. It ran:

> *LaGuardia:*
> You ought to be ashamed of yourself, persecuting a man a thousand times your superior. Your wet propaganda must be a losing card or you would not stoop to such mean, despicable business. You'll only be a laughing stock for your friends in the end. Call it off and be a *man.*

But at retaliation the Major is expert: he gets such good practice in the House. He wrote:

> I have received your most unkind letter. Had it come from any other source I surely would have believed that Prohibition is not being enforced in your part of the country. Coming from you, though, I know that is not the case. I have never claimed to be anyone's superior. My Christian bringing-up has taught me humility. I am sure that if you knew all the facts you would not write such an abusive letter. Of course I forgive you. In your spare moments do read St. Luke's gospel. I am sure you will get a lot of comfort from it.

LaGuardia is so short, little if any over five feet, and his face is so big and fat in proportion, that he reminds one of a nice, harmless baby. Sometimes the big boys in the House, tired of ragging him, resort to bullying, but it never works. He can hold his own with them. He once told a boy constituent who was undecided whether to be a Congressman or a prize-fighter that it was best to combine the two.

In the first session of the last Congress he nearly came to blows with one of the big, handsome boys. Mr. Wingo, of Arkansas, whose physique deserves the pride he takes in it, tried to intimidate the little Major. He was denouncing a public buildings bill, recently passed, as pork-barrel legislation, and, opposed by LaGuardia, he recalled another bill making a $385,000 appropriation for the façade of a building in New York.

"Does the gentleman from New York know what a façade is?" he asked scornfully.

"Of course he does. Does the gentleman from Arkansas?"

"Yes; it is the same thing to a building that a snout is to a hog; it is the front part of it, and a pork-eater ought to know what a façade is."

This was tart. Every eye in the House rolled round to LaGuardia and every ear was pricked up for his reply. It came:

"If the gentleman from Arkansas was less interested in his façade and more in the inside of his head he'd be a better legislator."

Nothing could have stung the Congressional Adonis more. In his rage he accused LaGuardia of parading around Italy in uniform during the war. LaGuardia reminded him that he was, nevertheless, 3000 miles nearer the front. Blanton interposed, in the way of all pugnacious people, to admonish the wranglers. "It will take more than the ingenious gentleman from Texas," roared Wingo, "to quiet me when a thing like that——"

This was too much, even for the House. One may accuse a colleague of anything

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so long as one refers to him as a gentleman from somewhere. But when he is called a thing the dignity of the members is touched. So the beautiful Wingo was ordered to withdraw his remarks, and the whole exchange has been denied to posterity by its expunction from the censored *Record*.

On another occasion Mr. Begg of Ohio, one of the other big boys, attempted to squelch Harlem's hero. LaGuardia was at issue with his own party in favoring a modification of the rules. His election was being contested then, too, and taking advantage of this fact, Begg threatened him with expulsion if he persisted in his course. Nobody would vote for him, he warned, when his contest came before the members, neither the men of his own party nor the Democrats.

"I expect my contest to be decided upon its merits," LaGuardia flashed back, "and whether it is or not, I shall act in this House as long as I am a member according to my conscience and judgment, and you can put me out if you want to."

Like Mrs. Gummidge he repeatedly refers to his lone position, but he is never lorn. Reveling in his ostracism, he probably would be distressed by any offer of aid. "It does seem strange," he said, in opposing the naval appropriation for additional cruisers, "that when an occasion presents itself that I can support the Republican President and the Republican administration I find the Republican party not back of him. So I guess I am doomed to live in a hopeless minority for most of my legislative days."

III

When things are not made hot enough for him LaGuardia forestalls boredom by making them hot himself. He is always brewing something. Last June he brewed beer. Placed on the Alcoholic Liquor Traffic Committee because it was so dead, he forced a meeting after four years of inactivity by producing a man who testified that the bankers were aiding the bootleggers. Representative Hudson of Michigan, chairman of the committee, was incensed thereby, and alleged loudly that he had no personal knowledge that the dry law was being violated. LaGuardia caused an uproar by volunteering to show how easily it could be done. Two days later he appeared before the committee to keep his promise, but the other members all ran away. The event had been advertised in the newspapers, however, and an eager public and press were on hand. LaGuardia did not disappoint these seekers after light. Leading them to his office, he produced several bottles of a malt extract, containing 3.76% of alcohol, sold for medicinal purposes, and added to it lesser quantities of near beer. Thus he produced the various flavors of Pilsener, Würzburger and stout. "You needn't feel anxious, gentlemen," he assured the crowd. "There will be at least a little for all of us." A former brewer had been invited to pass on the palatableness of the beverage.

The Anti-Saloon League, with headquarters only a few blocks away, at once denounced him for violating the sacred Volstead Act, but Brigadier-General Lincoln C. Andrews, the chief Prohibition enforcement officer, refused to have him arrested. It was not good beer, he said, and the public wouldn't like it. But the chief of the Prohibition Unit in Albany announced that anybody caught making it would be arrested. LaGuardia took his word for it and promised to make more in New York as soon as Congress adjourned. "Of course," he said, "certain officials and the Anti-Saloon League are always seemingly irritated when the public can obtain anything legally, which naturally hurts the bootleg trade—if you get what I mean."

Reminding Prohibition Director Mills of New York just before the event, he selected a drug-store at Lenox avenue and 115th street, in the heart of his district, as the scene of his crime. The crowd all drank while a policeman sauntered by. A

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few weeks later LaGuardia, thwarted also in this second effort to be arrested, joined a picketing party of garment workers, against whose picketing a temporary injunction had been issued. Unfortunately, as he was huddled into the patrol-wagon, he was recognized and, despite his protest, released by the *Polizei*. The poor man had to summon a taxi to take him to the police-court.

His disclosures in the *Record* of the undercover system, by which blacklegs in the employ of the government operate saloons to entrap violators of the Volstead Act, read like chapters out of a dime-novel. LaGuardia plays that game with the gusto of a boy in the rôle of detective. One of his unholy revelations was that one of the government's ace investigators, who had helped run down the Remus ring, was now bootlegging the whiskey he had confiscated. The Department of Justice and the Treasury had prided themselves on this seizure and LaGuardia's exposure was like telling a mother her favorite child was a thief.

He plays only a few of his cards at once, keeping a reserve for the next propitious occasion. It may not come for a long time, and the fearful drys sigh with relief so long as he holds his peace. But other opponents, emboldened by his silence, sometimes venture to make a counter-move. Zip! LaGuardia explodes again, to the dismay of all his enemies. He did not reveal that 350 cases of confiscated whiskey were removed from the Federal Building in Indianapolis and bootlegged, although he knew it for months, until the drys of Indianapolis went after him. He has the dramatic sense and makes the most of every situation.

How he obtains his information has often puzzled the Dr. Watsons of Washington. After the Indianapolis disclosure a colleague argued that he ought to reveal the source of his facts. LaGuardia obediently produced a clipping from an Indianapolis newspaper, several months old, giving them. They had been hushed up, and all LaGuardia had to do was to check them up and get the details.

His purpose, of course, is to show the impossibility of Prohibition enforcement. He has incensed all the Congressional drys by his dauntless attacks on public officials connected with the farce. In his attack on Federal Judge Cooper of New York points of order were made and distracting remarks thrust at him to take him off his feet. "Some gentlemen," he said, "seem to be very much and unduly exercised as to the facts I am about to bring out. Now, gentlemen, interrupt me as much as you please, I am not going to stop. I am a member of this House just as much as any other member is." Secretary Mellon received his exposures with the following characteristic warmth: "This announces the receipt of your communication of the fifteenth." But LaGuardia will not ingratiate anybody, if he has to suffer defeat by it. In the following discussion on Prohibition between him and Blanton—the *Congressional Record* is sprinkled with their testy dialogues—he refused, as usual, to make the orthodox concession to congressional "greatness."

LaGuardia: Who is the member who is guilty of evasion, the outstanding wet who seeks to modify the law or the advocate of the drys who violates the law every day of his life here and in his own community?

Blanton: I think we ought to run that kind of dry out of the public service of the United States. No Senator or Congressman should violate the fundamental law of his country which he is under oath to uphold and obey, and when they break the law we ought to put them out of the service.

LaGuardia: Then we would not have a quorum here.

Blanton: I think that is an unfair accusation against the gentleman's colleagues. I have been here nearly ten years. I can count on the fingers of my two hands the colleagues during that time upon whose breath I have smelled liquor.

LaGuardia: That is not the only test, I will say to the gentleman.

Blanton: Oh, it is the acid test. When you see smoke there is always some fire. And when there is whiskey around the tell-tale fumes are easily detected.

LaGuardia: Does the gentleman go around every morning after a call for a quorum has been made and smell every member's breath as he comes into the Chamber?

Blanton: You cannot find 435 men in any other group in the whole United States who are as sober and free from liquor drinking as are the 435 mem-

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bers of this House [*applause, of course*] and you know it. There is much wet talk around here, but most of it is influenced by politics and comes from a very small gang.

LaGuardia: I will concede that, and I will say that there is the same percentage of drinking men in any other group of 435 gentlemen in the United States. We are no different in this House from any other group of 435 men, whether they be judges, district attorneys, or anything else. [*No applause.*]

IV

LaGuardia spent his boyhood in the army barracks at Prescott, Arizona, where his father was leader of the band. In 1902, at the age of twenty, he entered the government service as clerk to the consul-general at Budapest. Made consular agent at Fiume in 1904, he quickly succeeded in offending both one of the big English steamship companies and Archduchess Marie Josepha of Austria. The company reported him to the State Department because he insisted on a medical examination of immigrants prior to their sailing for this country. It was better business to convey unexamined immigrants here and then transport the deported sick ones back home. The government agreed with the company until 1924, when the present system of preëxamination was adopted.

The Archduchess requested LaGuardia's removal because he refused to have immigrants cooped up several days before sailing, so that her Royal Highness might see them on the day she was visiting Fiume. Realizing that he was out of place, LaGuardia then left the consular service. But his aversion to titled personages remained, and has been recently aggravated by the American prostration before them. He saw the Grand Duchess Victoria Feodorovna dined and wined by Washington society and the Archduchess Cyril acclaimed with curtseys and hand-kissing. So when the arrival of Grand Duke Boris was announced, in January, 1925, he wrote to Secretary of Labor Davis as follows:

I believe that the same rigid application of the Immigration Law that is generally applied to arriving aliens should be applied to these repudiated, unemployed and shiftless Dukes and Archdukes, who come here to collect funds to destroy organized governments and to prey upon the credulity of social climbing dupes.

When the 106th Infantry made Queen Marie its honorary colonel he filed a protest with Secretary of War Davis. It was bad enough to take Mitchell out of the army without putting Marie in!

But to return to LaGuardia out of work twenty years ago. He became an interpreter at Ellis Island and so paid his way through New York University Law School. In 1916 he came to Congress; but carried away by the glamor of the war to end war he soon left Washington to join the Aviation Corps. His disillusionment has flavored all his subsequent public speeches. As president of the New York City Board of Aldermen and an ex-major in the Aviation Corps, he was invited to address the New York County Republican Committee on the first anniversary of the signing of the Armistice. To make war unpopular, he said wealth ought to be conscripted as well as men. He then proceeded to expatiate upon the futility of war, but the secretary of the committee handed him a note reading "Drop this and tell of your experiences abroad." LaGuardia might have told how a contract for structurally weak planes was not canceled until he had threatened to come home and report it to Congress, but he probably didn't think of it at the moment.

As president of the Board of Aldermen of New York he denounced the State Legislature for expelling the Socialists and offended the law-makers so deeply that they passed an act raising every alderman's salary but his. The borough presidents were raised to $10,000, but his $7500 remained the same until he went out of office, when it was doubled. In protest against the high cost of living he presided over the Board of Estimate and Apportionment in a khaki shirt, thus offending many members of the board.

Recently he also offended that apostle of refinement: the Western Union Telegraph Company. Indignant because he had

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not received tickets for the Army-Navy football game after sending a check for them, he telegraphed to some one that the "lousy" speculators in New York got all the tickets, while he, a member of Congress, was neglected. Soon after the message was filed, his telephone rang.

"Would the gentleman take a word out of the telegram?"

"What word?" snapped LaGuardia.

"The word that describes the New York speculators."

"No, damn it, it's the right word!"

The Western Union was blushingly obliged to comply.

Two New York stenographers once took offense at LaGuardia's answer to a letter they had sent him and were gallantly defended by the New York *Evening Mail*. The girls, who wrote that they were stenographers for the New York Child Labor Committee, requested him to withdraw his strenuous opposition to the Mellon tax reduction bill in the Sixty-eighth Congress. LaGuardia replied that he was once a stenographer himself and remembered how worried he was about incomes over $200,000 a year, and that they might show his letter to the gentleman who asked them to sign the other. In an editorial the sympathetic *Evening Mail* joined in their protest. It said:

> Is a stenographer to take no interest in the fundamental business of government because she does not enjoy a rich man's income? Does Mr. LaGuardia deny to her the right to form her opinion on tax measures, especially when, as in this case, her opinions happen to coincide with those of the ablest fiscal experts?
>
> A stenographer employed by a great welfare organization is in a position of special vantage to have an opinion on the Mellon plan. She knows that unnecessary taxes have eaten up much of the money which philanthropists would have given for the uplift of their less favored fellow men and women. It is a healthy and praiseworthy desire on her part to see more money available for an agency so worthy of support as the Child Labor Committee, which lives by the generosity of those who are anathema to persons like Mr. LaGuardia. His battle cry seems to be "Hit the rich, no matter whom you may hurt."

But despite the diffusion of his attacks LaGuardia still has some friends. Of course they don't belong to Washington society, but its glitter never attracted him. Only once, when he first came to Washington, did he accept an invitation to a White House reception. Wretched in his frock coat, he arrived at the Pennsylvania avenue entrance, and there caught himself. "What the hell am I doing here?" he demanded. Then he hid in a nearby movie-parlor.

He enjoys the movies and at a public hearing on the Upshaw-Swope bill providing for a Federal censorship he defended them. Mr. Upshaw had denounced them as unclean, what with their incessant kissing. "There is nothing unnatural about kissing," said LaGuardia. "If some husbands would learn from the stage and the pictures just how to kiss, and then go home and practice on their wives, there would be happier homes and fewer divorces."

Cooking is another of his hobbies. Breezing into his boarding-house in Q street with his friends, he puts on a baker's cap and apron (much better suited to his round figure than a frock coat!) and prepares the spaghetti of his ancestors. He plays the trombone, and uses his landlady's novels to put him to sleep. "The House of the Seven Gables" served him throughout the Sixty-ninth Congress. His landlady likes him, though he lately abandoned his sleeping-porch and put a bed in her living-room. "Some people think he's noisy," she said (probably the neighbors), "but I think he's just hearty."

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EDITORIAL

HAVING lost, in the October of my days, my old gift for prophecy, I decline formally to name the next President of the United States, but on one prediction, at least, I feel it safe to venture: that the neck and knees of the distinguished and fortunate gentleman will be well limbered before he lands the job. All the fates, indeed, conspire to make the contest one between another Harding and another Cox (or, if you choose, between another Davis and another Coolidge), which is to say, between a hero with a rubber backbone and one with a rubber soul. In the two fields of candidates, to be sure, there are several men who are not thus of caoutchouc all compact, but they must either learn how to bend and snap their vertebræ before the battle is joined, or resign themselves to being elbowed out by men who have the art by nature. It is, indeed, an instructive and exhilarating fact that in precise proportion as a statesman is seen to be strong as a man he is felt to be weak as a candidate. If he has friends skilled in the political mystery, they are all urging him, in these days of preliminary skirmishing, to be careful. The main thing is to offend no one. He must raise no antagonisms, and those that exist he must try to allay. His business, if he would remain in the running, is to keep himself resilient and well-greased, that he may slip through when the time comes without scratching anyone.

There is surely no lack of men among us who would make intelligent, conscientious and even brilliant Presidents. I heave a brick at random, and after hitting Glenn Frank, Litt.D., president of the University of Wisconsin, it bounces from him to kiss Daniel Willard, LL.D., president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. I heave it again and it strikes James Branch Cabell, A.B., of Virginia, and then caroms upon Captain William G. Stayton, LL.M., U.S.N., ret., founder and president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. (In the case of Cabell, perhaps I should omit the word conscientious from the service, but let it go.) I give the brick another swing and it knocks off Justice Louis D. Brandeis, of the Supreme Court, and J. McKeen Cattell, Ph.D., LL.D., editor of *Science*.

Here are six highly intelligent and industrious men, each of them adept at some difficult art, science or craft, and all of them beyond the slightest whisper of corruption. They have dignity, sense, information, courage. They are all what, for want of a better word, is called gentlemen. It would be as impossible to imagine them concealing their views of this or that public matter, in order to avoid any private disadvantage, as it would be to imagine a Coolidge or a Harding stating his. They are everything that Dr. Coolidge is not. They even differ from him anatomically, for they are all singularly handsome dogs, and would be wows in the films. But in exact ratio as they differ from him they are hopeless as candidates for the Presidency. The specifications for the post, in terms of practical politics, make sins of all their virtues. Save by some fantastic and improbable act of God, comparable almost to the refusal of a bribe by a Prohibition agent, it cannot go next year to any man who is intelligent, courageous, unpurchasable and his own man. It must go to some trimmer who knows how to duck and dissemble, to some evasive, disingenuous and unconscionable fellow. It must go to a Coolidge, either under that name or another.

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II

The professionals in the ring face the same dismal necessity that confronts the amateurs I have here dragged upon the scene, perhaps to their dismay, but certainly not to that of their charming wives. The chief weakness of Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri, lies in the fact that, of all the candidates so far heard of, he is incomparably the most independent, vigorous and courageous man. It is hard to imagine Senator Reed deliberately concealing his opinion about any considerable public question, however inconvenient its discussion. If he is silent at times about this or that, it is because he is, after all, but one man, and must take the time, now and then, for communion with himself and the loading of ammunition. Whenever any struggle of genuine importance begins in the Senate, he is quickly in the thick of it, and after that no one is in any doubt as to how he stands. More, he is almost always on the side of common sense and common decency, and against the obscurantists, sentimentalists and professional politicians, whether of his own party or of the other.

Well, it is precisely this combination of senatorial diligence and forthright honesty that now chiefly handicaps him as a candidate. He has made enemies among all the classes of frauds that rage in our public life, from the Woodrovian idealists to the Anti-Saloon League witch-burners. His services against them have been of the utmost value, and no fair man, even among his enemies, questions his *bona fides*, but such useful offices, under our system, do not bring any reward. Rather, they bring a burden. The man who has served his country vigorously and honorably gradually takes on political undesirability. The massed frauds and fanatics of the land are against him, and the professional politicians fear to have any traffic with him. It is by that process that the Judson Harmons and Oscar Underwoods are gradually forced out of public life, and the Hardings, Coxes, Davises, Coolidges and other such shameless trimmers are dragged in. It was surely no mere coincidence that the same Democratic National Convention which nominated the preposterous Cox, with his limber jockeying on both sides of the Prohibition question, also denied Senator Reed a seat on the floor. His eminent public services, since that memorable day in 1920, have forced the politicians to consider him as a candidate, but it must be plain that his habits of plain speech make them very uneasy, and that they will not go into the campaign with him if they can find any more complaisant standard-bearer.

Governor Ritchie, of the Maryland Free State, labors under much the same handicap. The Maryland Free State programme is not palatable to the politicians, even in Maryland: it is stated in propositions that are too plain to be evaded. Governor Ritchie is one of the most competent public servants now in harness in the United States, but his belief in the Bill of Rights has offended the Methodist parsons who try to run the country through the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and so the leaders of his party are afraid of him, and unless normalcy is grossly upset in 1928 he will be launched upon a glorious but unstimulating career as Underwood's successor. Even the revolting McAdoo, it is probable, is injured by his merits far more than he is by his palpable defects. It is not the smear of oil upon him that makes the Northern politicians dislike him, but his apparently sincere belief, as a Georgia hillman, that the ideals of the Ku Klux Klan are sound. McAdoo, if he would trim on the Prohibition question, could probably get the nomination of his party. But he sticks to the Baptist programme, and so he is in for a third and no doubt final beating.

No one knows what will be going on by the time these lines get into the mails —if, indeed, the Coolidge Postoffice can be induced to haul them at all—, but as I write there is a great up-washing of Al Smith sentiment, and his reply to the chal-

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lenge of the Hon. Charles C. Marshall is copiously discussed. But it must be plain that that reply deals only with non-essentials, of interest chiefly to Ku Kluxers. On nine national questions out of ten, at the moment, Dr. Smith's views are quite unknown. On many questions, and some of them important, it seems probable that he has no views to state—that he is quite as magnificently neutral as the limber-necked Dr. Coolidge. Even on Prohibition he has been silent for a year or more—and the Southern politicians quite naturally accept the fact as an indication that, when the time comes, he will speak very cautiously and reassuringly. He may blast that expectation at any moment, but he had certainly not done so at the time his agents began their carpet-bagging in the South.

Do his advisers urge him to make his position plain? The answer, perhaps, is to be found in the common belief below the Potomac, no doubt set afloat from authoritative quarters, that they plan, if they can nominate him next year, to give him a Southern dry as a running-mate—say the Hon. Dan Moody, of Texas, a Shriner and a Baptist. Thus black and white will neutralize each other, and the politicians' ideal, as usual, will visualize itself in the voters' despair.

III

On the other side there is the same heavy pressure against frank utterance and an honest trial of the issues. I pass over the case of Dr. Coolidge himself, as too obvious to need laboring, and point to that of the Hon. Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois. Mr. Lowden is unquestionably an able and a courageous man, but he faces a situation in which courage will plainly cost him dear. The problem before him is to hold his Middle Western rustics in line, and at the same time curry favor with the bosses of the big cities. If he declares against Prohibition—probably his honest sentiment—the Methodist manure-heavers will desert him *en masse*, for they are in favor of harassing and rowelling the city man even more than they are in favor of robbing him. And if he announces that he is dry, then he must say good-bye to New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, St. Louis, Baltimore, Milwaukee and Boston, and without them it will be impossible to bring down good Cal.

The others are all in the same boat. For two decades past the tide has been running in favor of reducing the President of the United States from his old estate of a national leader to the new estate of a mere moderator. If this movement were rational, there might be something to say for it, but it is nothing of the sort, for it has arisen out of the vicissitudes of party politics, and has no plausible ideology behind it. The head of the state tends to become a vacuum simply because, with both parties split into irreconcilable factions, especially over Prohibition, it is impossible for a man of any force and independence of character to get the nomination. It must go either to a Coolidge, who has no definite ideas on any subject, or to an adept trimmer, skilled at empty rhetoric. One may argue, *post hoc*, that such blobs are safer than the Harmons and Reeds, but it must be plain that that proposition is by no means self-evident. They are safer so long as running the state is a simple routine matter, comparable to operating a lime and cement business in a country town, but they are certainly not safer in the emergencies that demand resolution, intelligence and rapid action.

One would not like to think of a Coolidge at the tiller in the midst of a first-rate war. It would be better, almost, to do without the joys of war than to take any such chance. The last great moral combat tried even the talents of the gifted Wilson, and he found himself so oppressed by the job of reconstructing Europe that he had to turn the government of the actual American people over to A. Mitchell Palmer. That necessity was surely unfortunate. But imagine another war, with John Garibaldi Sargent in the saddle!

H. L. M.

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A MAN IS HANGED

BY ROBERT JOYCE TASKER

During my first day in prison I learned the whereabouts of the condemned men. It had not been necessary to ask questions about them: it was understood that I would want to know. My own straits were dire, but no matter how bleak or dismal my future might seem, the insurmountable doom of those five men was enough to force my thoughts away from myself, and out toward them. Not, of course, that I could in any measure experience, even vicariously, their misery. But I knew what portion of the Old Spanish Prison secreted them. That was all.

Time passed. Soon I was no longer self-conscious about my new apparel. Friendships grew out of casual conversations. Small tempests of doubt and dejection were weathered. There came in an active interest in things. Everything was seen, perhaps, in a stagey light, but at least my mind was reaching out and seeking of its own accord in curious corners. There came now a swift-moving drama, with vicious fights, insincere scuffles playing to audiences; fierce faces, funny faces, false faces. My tongue played with the prison jargon. My brain, bubbling, toyed with elaborate escapes and colorful crimes. Drama . . . melodrama.

One day, when I had been confined for nearly three months, I was talking to Dutch, a youth of about my own age. His face was emotionless, like a wooden paving-block.

"You really were in a death-cell!" I exclaimed.

"Sure. Up until two weeks ago Friday I was going to top. I was commuted then because I was only seventeen."

"Christ! It must have been awful!"

"Well . . ." He shrugged, depreciated my outburst with a gesture of his hands.

I was silent for a time. I could not decide whether he answered so briefly because the subject was distasteful to him, or because he felt little concern, as his gesture conveyed. However, I was keenly curious and at last I pressed him further.

"What do they talk about—those fellows?"

"Oh, most anything. About some book they're reading. . . . Say, do you like James Oliver Curwood?"

"Not very much," I confessed. "But what else do they talk about?"

"Well, about what kind of cigars they like. And they lie a lot about the swell cars they used to have on the outside. Once in a while some fellow who really did have a good car will come up to be topped, but as a rule I've noticed that kind never have much to say about their heaps. It's the gees out of the gutter that do the most bragging."

"Is top the word for hanging?"

"Uh-huh. Unless you say 'blew his top' or 'blew his topper.' Then it means to go crazy."

I was interested in prison slang, and I made a mental resolve to sound him further sometime, but now I wanted to hear about the men in the death-cells. There was a gruesome fascination in discussing them with a man who had been in their company. His thoughts drifted away. I asked, timidly, "Do they ever talk about It?"

His brows came together as he strove to remember his last words.

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"Blowing their tops? Sure. Some of them talk about it, and some of them do it."

I tried again. "No, I mean—do they talk about topping?"

"Naturally."

"What do they say?"

"Well, one fellow will holler at the dummy in the next cell, and say, 'I'll bet they'll stretch your neck two feet long.' And the other guy will come back, 'If I had feet like yours, my button would come off.'"

I was working in the furniture factory, although I had not yet become aware of it. The day after my conversation with the youth who had been commuted, I stared out of the shop window, down at the court where the condemned men were taking their daily exercise. I wondered whether I had been paid for my curiosity by a flood of bunk—or if they actually *did* talk that way. Two of the men were playing catch, and three walked rapidly back and forth in the court—the man in the center gesticulating wildly; all three laughing at some elaborate joke he was telling. . . . Maybe they did. Maybe they didn't. I could not tell.

II

Beginning with Monday of a certain week, I was unable to more than lie upon my cot, my eyes hot and filmy, my face drawn down in flabby lines of despair. On Thursday night I removed all my clothing excepting my underwear an hour after entering my cell. I peered for a moment out of the tiny wicket. A faint strip of sky shone murkily over the next cell-block. I turned away wearily, unscrewed the light-bulb, then dragged into bed. For an endless length of time I lay there. Twice I thought I had gone to sleep and had dreamed through till morning. The second time I screwed back the bulb, but it did not light. Before I fell asleep again the guards sent out the hourly call, "One o'clock and all's well!"

The lights flashed on in my cell. I floundered up, out of a troubled sleep, into a more troubled consciousness. This was the day. For what? I wished that I would be unable to remember, but the thing was too appalling to be ignored. Today a man was to be hanged—the first since I had been in prison. It was raining. Water spouted over the corrugated-steel roofs of the cell-blocks, and splashed heavily into the concrete alley below.

I threw the coarse blankets aside and crawled out on to the chilly floor. The moisture in the air had seeped into my cell and I shivered while I drew on my heavy socks. My trousers were shapeless and baggy, but this morning I failed to sneer at them. In fact, all my dressing was mechanical. I washed my face and hands in the tin basin, emptied the water into the slop-bucket, then brushed my teeth. In a few moments the doors were unlocked, all but the bottom bolt.

A cry went up, "Go-o-o!" Cell-tenders ran down the tiers pulling back the bolts. I seized my slop-bucket and rushed along the balcony, descended two flights of steel steps, and wedged into line. The rain poured down my neck, for the collar of my jacket was much too large. There was a grim silence, except for the crashing of the rain on the cement.

Slowly, the lines filed past the four cell-blocks. We came to a huge, circular, concrete receptacle, and into the foaming mass of filth within it we hurled our slops. Then we rinsed our buckets and ran again. Back to the cell, down again, and under the dog-shed in the old prison yard. No sooner had the lines for the mess-hall formed than the storm ceased.

The despondent, hopeless silence held while we marched through a steel gate and into the new yard. Sea-gulls came down out of the clouds and stood like anchored life-boats. Their heads were drawn tight to their bodies, and they stood most often on one leg, or stepped gingerly through the icy-cold puddles of water. There was something expectant in their postures. Prob-

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ably they hoped that when the lines came out someone would toss them a crust of bread.

We entered the mess-hall, filed to our pew-like tables, stepped over the benches, thrust our legs under the tables. The New Prison inmates came in after us, and the place was filled. Three thousand men bent over their food. And still that forlorn silence. Sorghum molasses, three slabs of bread, black coffee, and of course—beans. What good is food on a day like that?

We were through. The lines were filing out again, one section at a time. Once more the sky was leaden and volleying dull-gray sheets of water. The gulls had deserted their vigil and were sailing and screaming in the torrent above.

My trousers were wringing wet to the knees; cold, heavy, and flopping against my calves. My brogues were so filled with water that when I stepped there came a squashing sound and a shining film of water appeared on their surface. I hurried through the old yard and ran down the steps leading to the alley between the hospital and the shops-building. When I reached the bottom the first thing I saw was a stairway running up the side of the shops. . . . In my bodily misery I had forgotten!

Two nights before, a man had been led up those stairs. Up sixty feet to the highest floor. Into the death-chamber. Into the death-cell. And he would never return alive.

I sprinted along the alley and bounded up other stairs into the shop where I worked. My heart was pounding and my breath was short, for I had been fleeing from a veritable Old Man of the Sea. But a gruesome presence still clung about my neck.

The gong to begin work was a relief, and the machinery poured a bedlam into my ears which might help to drown the chaos my one startled glance at *that* stairway had aroused. I tried to achieve a mental blankness, like a man courting sleep, and in time I became absorbed in the work I was doing with my hands. For an hour, from seven till eight, I worked in a dull stupefaction. Then I knew that the man at my side wanted to speak, and I knew what he wanted to say. I strove to make the wall of my absorption more impregnable, but his desire to talk was the stronger, and at last I gave in. I turned and looked at him.

He raised his voice to a pitch above the machinery.

"Well, they're going to top another today."

"Yes."

"It's pretty tough," he said, and I could see that he sighed, although I could not hear him. We were silent for a time. At last I said, "What time do they—does it happen?"

"Ten o'clock."

"Do we stay here in the shop?"

"No," he replied. "At nine o'clock they ring the gong and we go up."

"Where?"

"To our cells."

I had been dreading the thought of being in the very building where a fellow-inmate was to die, but the thought of the silence in my cell was even more terrible. But now I could not put the thing from my mind, and even to talk about it would be better than to be tormented by the reflections I knew were hovering near at hand. So I asked, "What do they do with—It, after it's—all over?"

"Take him down on the freight-elevator."

"That one—right over there?"

"Yes."

Even as I pointed, the ponderous car came creeping down the shaft. I could see in the mind of my eye, a crumpled Thing under a sheet. The man who operated the car caught my eye. I turned hastily back to the man at my side.

"Does that fellow on the elevator take It down?"

"I don't know. I guess so."

"Who takes It off the rope and carries It to the elevator?"

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"The scavenger gang." . . . A wave of revulsion shook me. Scavenger!

The feeling that the soul of a man, when he died, passed into some awful plane, wherefore all men must treat his corpse with decent respect, was strong in me. This, now, seemed a gesture at once obscene and flippant. My mind had one more stream of wretchedness poured into it, and my hands were shaking while I worked. But the man at my side was calm.

III

At nine o'clock the gong rang and the machinery was stilled. The rain had stopped, and we straggled out of the shop and up into the yard, silent and tense. While the men from the other shops were coming up, we stood about under the shed and talked.

For once there came a ray of hope. Someone said, "Do you think the Governor will give him a reprieve?"

An answer, "Well, you remember when —what's his name? that wop?—when he went up they even took him up the steps to the scaffold, and then he got a ninety-day stay."

"I know—but the wop was convicted on circumstantial evidence."

"How about this one?"

"No. It was a cold-turkey rap. Right on the main street, and a hundred people saw him go in with the gun in his hand."

"Did they see him shoot her? If they didn't, they can't hang him. It's circumstantial. They didn't *see* it."

"There were people in the joint who saw it. The ones on the outside were just to prove that he *went in* with a gun. That's to show it was premeditated."

"He's a goner then."

The ray of hope faded. A guard was pounding with his cane on the wall of a sentry-box, and we dispersed to our cells.

I stepped into my cell, and the cell-tender shot the bolt after me. The lights were not turned on, and I could see nothing until my eyes became accustomed to the dimness. Slowly they came into focus. I saw first, the iron door. It was of solid steel, painted dull-red. There was only a two-inch slot about one foot long, to permit light and ventilation. The ceiling was vaulted like the roof of a burial crypt, and now, with dismal thoughts flooding my brain, I shuddered at the likeness. My bunk took up most of the space, and there was only room for my slop-bucket and a bench for the washbasin at the end. Between the bunk and the wall was barely enough room for passage, and beside the head of the bed in this space was a small table. And on it were the pictures of the few people in the world whom I loved. In the Puritan frugality of the furnishings, and under the gaze of those sacred to me, I felt a superstitious terror creeping over me, as it had once before when as a child I had seen for the first time a whitened corpse in an open coffin.

For perhaps five minutes I stood perfectly still. The horror of the day whirled above me like the blackening funnel of a cyclone. Then it dropped over me and I reeled, dizzy and sick. Someone walked through the alley below. At each step there was a rasping, dragging sound.

This was in one of the uncovered cell-blocks of the Old Prison, and here musical instruments were allowed. Some unfeeling beast started his phonograph. The record was vocal, a woman moaning a sensual song of sex: "I want my ma-a-an. . . ." Reeking with suggestiveness, lustful, lascivious. The rasping steps of the guard came down the alley again.

"Cut out that music!"

The machine spluttered to a stop, and the grating steps went away.

"Thanks," I muttered, although he could not hear me, "that's *one* decent thing you've done in your life."

I began to walk up and down beside the bunk. One—two—turn on the third step. I recalled the rumors I had heard about the man in the death-chamber.

He was a young fellow when it all started; very young. Only nineteen. He

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was a dance-hall habitué, and at some cheap public dance he met the girl. They were two smoldering bodies, and when they met they burst into flame. On that same night they drove in a friend's car to another city, obtained a marriage license from a sleepy clerk, and the services of an impoverished clergyman. The clerk and the clergyman were later called to the witness-stand by the public prosecutor. They were part of a long chain of witnesses which the prosecution used to flay "modern morality."

This youth and his wife lived in his own rooms in a back-street hotel. Each night they piled most of their worldly wealth on their backs and flew to their early haunts—to prove that a married couple could be live ones. Then, perhaps because he had no energy left over from the nightly debauches, he lost his job. And there was no money to replace the gay clothes that were wearing out. Not even enough, sometimes, to pay the few cents admission to a honky-tonk. They lived for a while on what dimes he could beg from his acquaintances, but that was not enough and soon his body was so undernourished that he was unable to work at any other than the lightest tasks. He had no trade. So he went without work, and they lived on the few hopeless mouthfuls, dreaming that some day they might eat their fill.

One day he came to their room and she was gone. But she came back—with four dollars. He knew whence they had come, and a mighty anguish rose up in him; not because she had broken society's conventions, but because it proved him a weakling—unable to guard his possession from other men. So they quarrelled.

Then came work. They had at least enough to eat, and slowly they accumulated enough to buy new outer garments. But there was not enough for the new things to go against their bodies, and the apparel the officers found in their cluttered dresser-drawers was filthy and torn. Only enough money for a new pair of shoes, stockings for her—he lost his job again.

She did not wait for the most miserable days this time. She took such of her clothing as she found intact, and disappeared. Perhaps he was frantic with grief when he found her gone. More probably he was tormented anew with the sense of his own inability to keep what was his from other men. He knew what she was doing, but he did not know where, so he set out to discover.

In a pool-room he heard from the mouth of his best friend. She was working down at the Madam's. He knew where the place was, for he had been there before he was married, so he walked to the closed door on a side street and rang the bell. The latch clicked and the door swung open. A colored maid stood at the head of a long flight of stairs, in her hand the rope which was strung down the wall to release the catch.

He mounted the steps and asked to see his wife; not calling her his wife, but using her first name. The colored woman had been prompted to expect him, and as she testified at the trial, "I told him she didn't want to see him. He went away, not saying a word. About half an hour later he came back and bust down the front door downstairs. Then he come up and hollered her name, but she wouldn't come out. So he begin kicking in the doors. When he found her, he pulled a gun from somewhere under his belt, and he shot her. I think it was four times, or five."

Somehow, as I walked back and forth, I could feel the very emotions the fellow must have gone through. I had never lived through such a tawdry thing, but today I was being honest with myself, and I knew that if circumstances had been different, I too might have been caught in just such a sordid tragedy.

I had been walking for a long time, and my feet were burning. I removed my brogues and lay down on the bunk. What time was it? It must be nearly ten o'clock. I wondered what the condemned man might be thinking about. Was he reliving those futile days and that hysterical climax? Unbidden, a vision of the death-cell

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rose before me,—but instead of this man, I saw myself.

I had been waiting in that cage for two days. Two days' growth of beard was on my face, and I rubbed it with my hand. This cage was built in the center of a room forty feet square. The guards were watching me. They had been there ever since I had come —watching me. One slept, the other watched. The sleeper arose to watch, and the watcher lay down to sleep. I myself slept not at all.

In the cage was a cot and a stool fastened to the floor—nothing else. They were afraid that I might commit suicide. No fear. I had at least—eight o'clock now?—two hours to live, and I was going to live every moment of them. Half an hour ago they had brought me a tray with food on it. I drank the coffee, but could not touch the other stuff. Somewhere in an adjoining room men were walking about on a wooden floor.

My heart leaped. Someone was tapping on the door. So soon! One of the guards turned the key and admitted a clergyman. I could tell, because he had his collar on backwards. He probably had a devil of a time buttoning it back there. . . . Two more guards were with him. The three came to the cage and looked in.

The man of God was calling to me. "Come here to me, son."

"Go to Hell, will you? I don't believe in God. You can slaver over me when I'm gone."

Had I answered him like that? All the time I was trying to tear myself up from the cot where I sat. I wanted to run to him and fall on my knees before him. I wanted him to reach through the bars, and rest his hand on my numbed head. Perhaps he'd say, "There now, don't worry. It was all a mistake, and we know you didn't mean to do it. We've come to turn you loose." . . . But I was frozen to the bed.

They stood there for a long time. He was looking straight into my eyes, and he was reading the struggle in me. Soon he was speaking quietly, and I felt strength coming into my legs. In another minute I would be able to rise and go to him.

"Don't you want to come to God, son?"

"No! I want to live!"

At that juncture he became impatient and made a sign to the guards. All four of them edged into the cage. They bound my hands behind my back, and marched me to a door leading into the next room. When we came through I saw faces. There they were—two hundred white faces all propped upon one squat body. There was a look of terror in some, and a look of curiosity in others. They were all staring at me. Suddenly they opened their mouths and said, "How long are you going to take?"

"For what?"

"To die."

I started to protest that I was not going to die, but the guards seized me and walked to the back of the room. Suddenly I had the strength of many men. Before me was the scaffold. Thirteen steps. A pulley in the rafters. A rope. Steps. Death! I fought like an animal, but the guards dragged me on.

Up the steps. One . . . two . . . three . . . I can't count! I can't! . . . Eleven . . . twelve . . . thirteen!

The man of God was at my side again. "Don't you want to come to God, son?" I screamed and tried to thrust him off the platform. The attendants clapped a cord about my feet and bound them tight together. A black hood flashed over my face. I shrieked again. "I'll come to God! I'll come!" The world fell away from under me.

I heard something striking against wood.

Tintinnabulation. Six times. Measured blows. The whole thing must have collapsed and they can't hang me now. It's falling to pieces worse every minute. The scaffold is collapsing, and I can hear the pieces hitting the floor. . . . I felt strangely soothed, and I realized that I would be able to see through the hood if I opened my eyes. Slowly the lids came up; I could see a glimmer of light. I popped them open.

Before me was the red-steel door of my

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cell. The guard was rapping again with his cane against the side of the sentry-box. The cell-tenders were opening the doors. I scrambled from the bed and jerked on my shoes. In my hand-glass I could see that my face was shining with perspiration. When the door was opened I rushed out into the air. The clouds had parted in places and never had I seen the sky so tenderly blue. Men were coming down from the cells, and I noticed many of them looking at those bright rifts in the gray dome. The first man I spoke to said. "I guess maybe it's going to clear up."

I wondered if that was his only thought, or if he too were grateful for the vivid color. Other men were calling back and forth, softly.

"Well, I guess he went."

"I guess so. That's the ninth since I've been here."

I hurried to the yard and paced nervously about. The hideous experience in my cell had left me limp. And yet I felt, somehow, that the delirium could never return. I sensed the impotence of all my frenzy. If a man must stay here and endure such phantasmagoria eight or nine times he would be a raving wreck. There was only one way—forget it.

A man from the warden's office came by. Some friend asked, "Did they top him?"

"Yes. The trap went down at ten-ten. He was pronounced dead seventeen minutes later."

"Pretty tough, isn't it?"

The man from the office shrugged and walked on.

IV

Time—that is, in the prison sense—had an abrading effect; time's magnitude was measured not so much in months and years as in the amount of scraping and shaping worked upon one's character. Thus I served time of no length important, and came to a certain day, swept nearly clean of emotional capacity.

The prison was becoming crowded. My single cell was fitted with another bed, and it was so cramped that I decided to move. I was assigned to one of the tanks—five-men-cells—directly over the cells of the condemned men. We looked out on the formal flower garden bounded by the Spanish cell-building; bounded to the left by the hospital and library buildings wherein were various minor departmental rooms. Facing our building directly across the garden were the administrative buildings, captain's offices and women's quarters. To the right was the pylon, having through its heart that series of gates through which one entered the prison for the first time.

An afternoon came. It was Wednesday. We rushed to our cells at the signal of the tolling bell over the pylon. We stood in the cell, three of us to the right, two of us to the left, until the guard passed, taking our count. The door crashed shut.

"How soon?" I asked.

"Just as soon as the count is verified. They'll take him down then. You'll be able to see him when he comes out of the cell-court into the garden."

I was assigned to outpost duty. I was to watch until the guards brought a man out of his cell. This man was to be hanged—next Friday. Many other men had been hanged, but this would be the first that I should see walking to his doom. Grisly visions of another day threatened to break into my conscious thoughts, but I forced my musings toward the garden.

It was something of an extravaganza—this garden. Never, within my hearing, had a man said: "That garden helps me do my time." There was something hypocritical in having it where it must catch the eyes of all visitors coming into the prison. It was putting the best foot forward. It was ignored, unenjoyed, unless by the few men who worked its soil. Not even the officials, so far as I had been able to judge, were of a nature to be affected by parcels of gaudy flowers bound with concrete ribbons. I saw the skeleton tower of steel, which bore up the lights that shone so brightly of a night, keeping a soulless watch over the death cells. I saw—

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"Here he comes!"

I stepped aside from the wicket so that I could see with only one eye. The other men ranged themselves further back in the cell that we might all see some part of the movements below. There was a religious quality of restraint over us.

Two guards walked on either side; tall, muscular fellows. The man shuffled between, almost insignificant. His clothes were faded and baggy. He had been in the cells for many months. His whole bearing was that of something too long closeted. But at the garden he braced his shoulders, paused—they all three paused—, drew a deep breath, walked to the exact center of the garden, and turned to the left. They passed directly before us, going toward the discharge room. He may have been conscious of the men who watched, for once he turned and smiled. It was the only language at his command which we could understand. He was a foreigner. He was a condemned man. He was—"Christ!" I thought, "he's a walking corpse!" A very trite thought, but it shook me, momentarily.

Then they disappeared into the discharge room under the hospital. Later they emerged. He was dressed in a new blue suit of regulation convict clothes. They skirted the garden on a curved road; then, at the end of the administrative buildings opposite us, turned sharply and disappeared down a steeply-declining road. It led, we knew, past the small, black morgue; but probably, and mercifully, he did not know that his shattered body would repose there before another two days were closed. . . .

Friday morning we were sent, as usual, to the old-yard. There we waited, expecting to be locked into our cells. But for some reason they chose to run us all into the greater yard, where we would be obscured from the eyes of the spectators who would shortly arrive to view the strangling. The men began to pace the yard. Convicts always will. Animals in cages always rove back and forth. The reason is the same. They want to go home. The pacing is fiercest when agitation is present. I had learned to interpret that dogged silence which hung over the prison on days such as this. It was not the muteness of fear, but the impotence of rage.

I fell into the stride with a man of my acquaintance, and I spoke the words one always used on an occasion like this: "It's pretty tough."

"Tough!?" He halted. Faced me. Wheeled. We walked on. "Hell,—it's lunacy!"

"Lunacy? How?"

He had mannerisms; for instance, that of throwing his hand downward, as though standing by a table and throwing his cards into plain view. He echoed me, "How?" His eyes had a peculiar darting habit, not at all conducive to distrust; rather, indicative of lightning-thoughts.

"Say!" he demanded, "why do they top guys?"

"I don't know. To punish them, I suppose."

"In this Christian world? You astonish me. No! They hang men as a deterrent."

"Yes, I guess so," I agreed.

"So *they* guess," he snorted. "The other day I read the statement of one of the country's greatest capitalists. He said that when a man is mad enough to kill another man, he'd do it if the gun fired out of both ends and killed him at the same time. That's about the first one of their sort I ever heard, who would admit it. The rest of them say it's as a deterrent."

"Then you think it isn't?"

"Think! Say, who should get the fullest benefit of the lesson?"

I thought for a moment. "Well, I guess *we* would. We're right here where it happens."

"You're right. And does it deter? If you think it does, look at that outfit over there."

I looked. Three young fellows stood in a disconsolate group. "What about them?" I asked.

"Nothing much. Only this happens to be topping day, and that mob over there

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is disgruntled because they didn't get a chance to dash up to their cells and throw a little party."

I was revolted. "How can their minds run like that on a day like this?"

He laughed; threw down his hand again. "This is *exactly* the right day. This is the public's day of frenzied passion. This is the day of greatest ecstasy. There's blood to be let. God help them if people quit committing murders and there's no one to hang. They'll be turning on themselves, and tearing themselves to pieces to satisfy their appetite for blood."

I was working on the fourth floor of the shops-building the next day. It was early afternoon, and the sun had been beating down since early morning. From that height I looked over the wall toward the school-building where the children of the officials are tutored. In the shade of their building, on a plot of cool green lawn, romped a score of youngsters. The gayly-colored dresses of the little girls were like fresh flowers against the vivid green of the grass.

Back of the school ran the highway. And on the road was the rickety grave-wagon. It carried a long box of unpainted redwood. The old and tired animal that drew it was as rickety as the cart. The trusty-driver drooped listlessly on the broken seat. A tired scene and tired actors. A rickety wagon, a dilapidated driver, a tottering horse, an unpainted coffin,—a stiff with a broken neck. On they went, toiling up the bare and hostile hillside; on to a sun-scorched grave.

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AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

HEALTH rules of a favorite scientist of Los Angeles the damned:

Live at peace with God and man, and do at least one kind act each day. Keep a clear conscience.

Be kind to children and animals.

Forgive all your enemies, and always apologize when you are in the wrong.

Attend a religious service at least once a week.

Do not use tobacco, alcohol or drugs in any form.

Drink at least two quarts of fluid per day.

Have your spine examined and adjusted twice a year by a Chiropractor.

DR. CHAS. A. CALE, D.C., Ph.C., M.C., N.D.
CHIROPRACTOR AND NATUROPATH

President Cale Chiropractic College
President Cale Naturopathic College

1406 West Seventh St. near Valencia, Los Angeles

THE science of snoutery scores another victory in the same appalling town:

A course in law enforcement of the Prohibition Amendment will be added to the curriculum of the Metropolitan College of the University of Southern California, it was announced today. Dr. Lena Fisher, of the university, vice-chairman of the Women's Law Enforcement Committee of Southern California, will direct the course.

CONNECTICUT

HISTORICAL remark credited to the Rev. Dr. John F. Johnstone, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Hartford, by the eminent *Courant:*

St. Patrick was the first real Kiwanian of the Celtic race.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

SPECIMEN letter from the mail-bag of an eminent Southern statesman, as revealed by the *Congressional Record:*

KNIGHTS OF THE KU-KLUX KLAN,
Lufkin, Tex.

To Senator J. THOS. HEFLIN,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SENATOR HEFLIN: It is with great pleasure I inform you of the kind sentiments of praise unanimously expressed at a meeting of Angelina Klan, No. 16, at Lufkin, in regard to the fearless stand you have taken against the Romanists and their henchmen in their propaganda to bring about war with Mexico.

We, as full-blooded Americans, are proud of you, and your native State never produced a better example of a 100% American, one who when he knows he is right will defy the Devil and all his angels to dispute it.

Keep up the fight, Brother HEFLIN, and God will protect you, because you are right. Don't stop until those mule-colored emissaries of the "Dago on the Tiber" "take to the woods."

Respectfully,
ANGELINA KLAN, NO. 16, REALM OF TEXAS, AT LUFKIN.
SAM H. KERR, E. C.

P.S.: The writer is also a product of dear old Alabama, born in Athens nearly 69 years ago, and naturally feels proud of her son.

MATT. G. JOHNSON,
Kligrapp, Box 153, Lufkin, Tex.

FLORIDA

THE HON. CHARLES E. WATKINS, speaking before the Jacksonville Rotarians:

There must have been something divine in the origin of Rotary.

GEORGIA

THE Sabbath recreations of the *jeunesse* of Christian Atlanta, said by the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday to be "the most religious city in the country," as described by a correspondent of the eminent Atlanta *Constitution:*

The single men of Atlanta may be fairly placed in one of the following four groups in regard to their Sunday amusements:

(1) *Motorists*—This is a large group which includes very few single men, except those out with their girls, or those out looking for girls. The reasons are numerous; the main ones being the expense and the fact that after living in Atlanta a few years the average young man has seen about all there is to see around the city.

(2) *Golfers*—An expensive game, and rather exclusive. To those who can afford and enjoy it, it is indeed a blessing.

(3) *Visitors*—By these I do not mean out-of-town visitors, but the fortunate few who know congenial girls who can be visited in their homes and do not insist upon being ridden all

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over Fulton and adjoining counties just because "it's Sunday and there's nothing else to do."

(4) *Drinkers and Gamblers*—It is my firm belief that this group is larger than all the other three combined. I have been in Atlanta five years and, so far as I can remember, there has never been a Sunday afternoon during which I have not been invited on one or more parties where the principal amusements were poker or dice and drinking. Many of these affairs are stag, more are mixed. If mixed, the gambling is replaced by the victrola and dancing, but the drinking is always present.

VERSES recited by the Hon. and Rev. Willie D. Upshaw before his colleagues on his last day of official service to the nation, and immortalized in the *Congressional Record:*

THE LADS OF CONGRESSTOWN

Here's to the lads of Congresstown,
Big-hearted, brave, and true!
My feelings swell, I wouldn't sell
The years I've spent with you.

In boyhood's charm, out on the farm,
I dreamed the dream of youth,
Beneath the dome of Freedom's Home
To battle for the truth.

The years are eight—ah, happy fate,
Since first I knew the thrill
Of those who climb at last to find
Their place upon "The Hill."

And never yet, since first we met
In fellowship so fine,
Have I ever known on manhood's throne
A picture more sublime.

Despite the tales and all the gales,
Of laughter o'er the fields,
Despite the slurs of all the curs
Who bark at Congress's heels,

There's not a wag beneath the flag,
There's not a critic true
Can find a band in all the land
Of bigger men than you.

ILLINOIS

THE learned chief editorial writer of the Chicago *Tribune:*

Just as Liberty bonds, which have intrinsic value, are essential to the saving of the nation and of personal advantage to every one who purchases them, but must nevertheless be urged upon the people, so the Bible must have back of it a group of men and women who will devote themselves to its general circulation.

How Chicago is gradually regaining her position as leader of the West:

Nathan Schuman, twenty-four-year-old haberdashery clerk, claims the banana eating championship of the city. Challenged to win a $5 bet, by Arthur Gotel, a fellow clerk, Schuman consumed thirty-six bananas, exhausting the supply, when Gotel conceded him the victory with a chorus from "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

AMUSEMENT of a free citizen of Eureka, as related in a press dispatch from that town:

Charged with getting drunk and going joy riding with a hearse which contained the body of Mrs. Ernest Safford, Henry Hininger, a seventy-year-old hearse driver, was fined $200 and costs in the county court at Eureka. Hininger had started early in the evening from the Safford home in Washington to bring the body to undertaking parlors at Eureka. When he failed to appear in due time the bereaved family and peace officers began a search which lasted most of the night. According to officers, they found Hininger at 2:30 A.M. with the hearse tipped over in a ditch and the driver sleeping peacefully beside it.

IOWA

A NEW messenger of the Lord comes to Tama, as revealed in the advertising columns of the *News-Herald:*

A prophet's meeting will be held at the Idle Hour Theatre Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. I will appear in a prophet's garb and tell of things that are coming to pass, as I have in the past. This will be very important for the welfare of this town, county, nation and the world, both in life and prosperity and the kingdom to come. Music. Frank O. Hunnicutt, a prophet of the Lord. (*Advertisement.*)

KANSAS

FROM a red-hot Christian reader of the Emporia *Daily Gazette:*

Most certain, God is wise in all things. If He had intended for man to use tobacco, a chimney for the smoke and a gutter for the juice would have been man's accessories.

The women have equal rights with men. Is there a man who would care to see his wife, mother, sister, or daughter, filling their system with nicotine of the cigarette or cigar? However, I will grant some women use tobacco, but I have yet to see a real woman using it.

Leave the present anti-cigarette law as it is and enforce it, until a national amendment prohibiting the sale, giving, growing, or use of tobacco in any form is added to the Constitution of the United States.

If the cigarette law must be altered, change the penalty so that a trip to the gallows or the electric chair is the award for disobedience. I think the reward for violation of the Eighteenth Amendment and first degree manslaughter should be a ticket to the world beyond, too, because anyone who does not have self-respect for his fellowman should be complimented in this fashion.

While in the United States, do as the 100% American citizens do.

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FROM the correspondence column of the Literary Supplement of the celebrated London *Times:*

THE ASHENDENE PRESS "BOCCACCIO"

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to know to what extreme of prudery a civilized State can go in the matter of the censorship of literature. Some years ago I printed at my private press a folio edition of "Il Decameron di Boccaccio" in the original Italian. The edition consisted of 105 copies only. Recently Messrs. Maggs Brothers, the well-known London booksellers, sent a copy of this book to one of their clients in the State of Kansas, United States of America, where it was impounded by the Post Office authorities, condemned as an immoral book, and ordered to be destroyed. In spite of protests, the work of destruction was duly carried out; and I have seen the mutilated volume which was returned to Messrs. Maggs Brothers with all the pages except the Contents and a few leaves of the Introduction neatly cut out by a guillotine, only the back margins remaining intact.

A veto upon the entry of cheap English translations of "The Decameron" into an English-speaking country would be understandable; but this wanton destruction of a great classic in the original language, and issued at a high price to subscribers, is, I venture to think, a curiosity in the records of censorship, and, as such, worthy to be recorded.

Yours faithfully,
C. H. ST. J. HORNBY.

Shelley House, Chelsea Embankment.

NEWS of the intellectual life in Cherokee, gleaned from the *Sentinel:*

The Home Culture Club held its annual Kansas Day Party at the home of Mrs. F. N. Chadsey Thursday. It was guest day, and at the appointed time, which was 2:30 P. M., they gathered and enjoyed one of the most pleasant afternoons this season. . . . Prizes were won by measuring the largest mouth, and other contest games.

KENTUCKY

LIFE in the wilds of Magoffin county, as reported via Paintsville by the alert Associated Press:

A shooting at Carver, yesterday, said to have started when one of the participants stepped on a dog, resulted in five men being shot, three probably fatally. Ollie Williams, Addie Jackson and Add Salyer were brought to hospital in a critical condition. Arlie Cole and Earl Jackson were the others wounded, but less seriously. According to Johnny Jackson, the trouble started when one of the men accidentally stepped on a dog lying by a stove around which the men were sitting in Lee Rigsby's store. He said the men began shooting at each other without any of them knowing who fired the first shot or which one shot the other.

MAINE

SPIRITUAL advertisement in the Biddeford *Journal:*

EXHIBITION DANCER
FROM NEW YORK
FIRST PARISH, FRIDAY
AT 8
In Demonstration of Black Bottom, Charleston and eccentric dances
MUSIC BY VENETIAN PLAYERS
OLD FASHIONED DANCES 8–12. ADMISSION 35C.
Refreshments

MARYLAND FREE STATE

LAW ENFORCEMENT items from the great city of Baltimore, as set forth by the celebrated *Sunpaper:*

Lightning struck a barn in the rear of an untenanted estate at Elsinore avenue and Old Frederick road last night, setting fire to the structure and destroying a 1,000-gallon still. Police from Catonsville and firemen from Catonsville and Baltimore city, summoned by neighbors, found the barn in flames, and Angelo Calle butting his head against the stone wall of a building. As it was apparent that Calle would kill himself unless stopped, he was forced to desist. In the ruins of the barn was found the most elaborate still ever seized in Baltimore county, according to the police. A sixteen-pound boiler and fifty barrels of mash also were found. Calle denied any knowledge of them.

Shoppers in Hollins Market were startled late in the afternoon by an explosion in the 1100 block of Hollins street. Investigation by the police and firemen revealed an exploded still in the second story of 1114 Hollins street. The explosion loosened the rear wall from its supports and firemen prepared last night to tear it down. Besides the ruins of a fifty-gallon still, Federal dry agents seized and destroyed fifteen barrels of mash, one barrel of alcohol and twenty gallons of corn liquor, according to their report. The building was untenanted.

Answering a call to 1208 West Baltimore street, firemen found that one of two one-hundred-gallon stills on the second floor had boiled over, causing the still to explode and set fire to the building. This building also was untenanted. The agents seized twenty-eight barrels of mash and 800 pounds of sugar in rooms on the third floor, they said.

MASSACHUSETTS

BUSINESS notice in the eminent Sharon *Advocate:*

In justice to myself and my endeavors to do the right thing, I think I need to publicly state, through the town paper my reasons for closing the laundry for the Winter months.

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Anyone who has ever started in a business, either large or small, can appreciate the initiary expense and also the expense of running, and if the public will not get behind an enterprise that is trying to serve them and boost, they have no right to get in front and kick and make statements that they know nothing about the facts.

There is no other laundry anywhere near here where they do the line of work we did, as near to home work as it is possible to do, collectively.

I have been told there is no need for me to start business again, but I have no idea of abandoning the enterprise if the public will give their needed support. Was it not better to stop before the stress gets so great that I could never rise from under it? Whoever learned to walk that did not fall a few times in learning?

I have every intention of starting again in the Spring, so in the meantime think it over and see if we need our own town laundry.

ROSE E. TRUNDY.

SELECTIONS from "Let's Sing," a collection of "songs for use at Christian Endeavor rallies and banquets," published by the State C. E. Union:

(Tune "Barney Google")

'Lo Endeavorer, you're surely looking fine
'Lo Endeavorer, got an appetite like mine?
Draw up your chair and dig right in
To eat your share is not a sin,
'Lo Endeavorer, this sure is where we shine!!

(Tune "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet")

Take off your coat and your collar,
Get to work, push and holler,
And we'll boost the C. E. on its way.
When tonight's work is over,
Why not stay in clover,
And come 'round each Sabbath day?

(Tune—"Long, Long Trail")

What a long, long tail our cat's got
And it's all covered with fur,
But it's sure no good to fight with,
And no help to purr;
She can't wag it like a dog does,
Nor give the bad flies a bat,
Don't laugh or sigh, but tell me why,
There's a tail on a long-tailed cat.

MICHIGAN

PHILOSOPHICAL discourse on a pressing social problem, by the Hon. John Wade, in the *Playgoer*, of Detroit:

It has become a question in the minds of all men what is the correct wear for a blind-pig or a speak-easy. Surely the subtle distinction in these names must be also a difference. One would hesitate to enter a coffee shop clad in a splendid cut-away or to follow the head-waiter in an hotel dining-room clothed in the gay togs of sport. Correspondingly one should be attentive to the correct wear for the speak-easy or for a blind-pig, for they are now so much a part of our daily lives.

The differences, however, in our clothes for each place should be as subtle as the distinction in the names. Many men follow the general theory that, whereas in the blind-pig a collar is not essential, in a speak-easy every detail, even to a foulard necktie, should be observed. The same, of course, applies to shoes and hats. It is said that the operators of blind-pigs are not inalienably offended if a merry group of young bucks, clad in pajamas, overcoats and the ubiquitous revolver, stroll in in the small hours; but it is maintained, and stoutly, that the speak-easy frowns on such youthful informalities.

MINNESOTA

EXTRACT from a monograph on "The Process of Learning," by Professor Franklin Wesley Springer, B.E.E., E.E., ΔΥ, ΣΞ, ΤΒΠ, ΗΚΝ, in the *Minnesota Alumni Weekly:*

If we regard life as sufficiently and intimately associated with physical, mental and spiritual force, we may express an individual in terms of his force (F). Let Fw be the want force; Es a helping, diverting, or retarding force, to the satisfaction of wants; dHF one element of the "force of habit"; G good, B bad; and K a constant or factor involving temperamental, directional, and other variations of heredity, then—

$$(F) = \left[\left\{ Fw \dot{+} (\pm wEs) \right\} \dot{+} \left]_{B}^{G} dHf \right] K$$

The force of an individual (F) equals his net constructive or active want force Fw; vectorially combined with wEs, which is positive or negative depending upon whether it is with or against Fw; the combination vectorially combined with the summation of his "force of habits" integrated between the good and bad limits G and B; all multiplied by the factor K. The maximum effect will occur when all of the above act in the same direction.

MISSISSIPPI

FROM a handbill distributed by the philanthropic D. W. Buxton, of 2206 Front street, in the great Christian city of Meridian, seat of the Meridian Female College, Meridian Male College, and the East Mississippi Insane Hospital:

BUXTON'S THALIA PRODUCTS

It Polishes Your Car and Furniture.
It Removes Spots from Clothing.
It Removes Rust.
It Straightens Hair.
It Removes Dandruff and Stops Falling Hair.
It Kills Flies, Mosquitoes, Etc.
It Powders the Face and Removes Pimples,

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Blackheads, Freckles, Etc.
It Keeps Down Dust.
It Stops Pain.
It Removes Corns.

MISSOURI

THE HON. D. H. HARRIS, of St. Louis, as reported by the *Globe-Democrat:*

Denton J. Snider was the greatest, the most profound and the most versatile writer who ever lived.

NEBRASKA

THE HON. BERT MORLEDGE, member of the House of Representatives of this noble State, as reported by the *Film Daily*, of New York:

I'm convinced that it would be a good idea to handcuff boys and girls from fourteen to forty years old and to require the management of every theatre to furnish the cuffs and apply them at the entrance. I also would require that no girl between the ages of fourteen and forty be admitted to a theater unless her skirts fall at least six inches below the knee. Another feature I would include is this: that children under the age of eighteen be limited to two picture shows a week.

TOPIC of discussion before the Ashland Parent-Teacher Association:

Resolved, That Ivory soap has done more for civilization than Tanlac.

NEW JERSEY

GLORIOUS deed of an Asbury Park cop:

Patrolman Joseph Sullivan dashed into a blazing delicatessen store here today to rescue a mouse trapped in the show window. Sullivan vaulted the counter and put the mouse in his pocket. He released it when it revived in the fresh air.

NEW YORK

FROM a booklet entitled, "Moses, Persuader of Men," by Henry Cragin Walker, published by the Metropolitan Casualty Insurance Company:

There was Moses, for example, one of the greatest salesmen and real estate promoters that ever lived. Read how he conducted the Promised Land project and consider the Israelites.

THE REV. WILLIAM I. LONERGAN, S.J., in *America*, the organ of the Catholic *intelligentsia:*

Noble as is the critic's calling whoever he be and for whomsoever he may write, when a Catholic reviewer writes for Catholic readers his labor gets a new significance and an added dignity. Layman or cleric, he becomes participator in a very special way in the Church's apostolate and affiliates himself to her teaching hierarchy. His work is sacrosanct.

NEWS item sent out from marvelous Manhattan by the alert organization of the Hon. William Randolph Hearst, one-time candidate for the presidency of the Republic:

For five years before his death Rudolph Valentino and his former wife, Miss Rambova, had been ardent students of psychic phenomena. Now Miss Rambova believes that it is only natural the dead star should confide in her the plans and desires of his spirit life.

"Rudy tells me," she said, "he is busy preparing for his work there. He has not been over there long enough actively to participate in anything yet. But he is attending lectures and the theatres in preparation for his début as an actor there.

"Of course, he cannot be in motion pictures, for there are none in the next world. Their plays correspond to the morality plays we have here. Rudy is going to see all of them. He is also studying all conditions of the astral plane in their temples of knowledge.

"At first, Rudy was resentful at being taken from the earth plane. He felt he had not finished his work here. He thought he should have been allowed to complete his earthly career. And then, he was alone and strange over there. But he soon met his mother, and she introduced him to other spirits and took him about with her until he became acquainted. When his interest was aroused in astral life he gradually became reconciled to his passing from the earthly life. Now he is quite happy and satisfied. He is intensely eager to develop to the point where he can continue his career there."

"Rudy was psychic," Miss Rambova said. "When he was alive he was always seeing things. At first they frightened him. He thought he was crazy."

CONTRIBUTION to human wisdom in the eminent *Herald-Tribune:*

"Full many a Michael Angelo is born to blush unseen and waste his genius on the Wall Street air," according to Mrs. William H. Purdy, president of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, who spoke yesterday at the architectural and allied arts exposition at the Grand Central Palace on "How Can a Woman Interest Her Husband in the Arts?" The reason American business men were thought to have no artistic appreciation, Mrs. Purdy said, was that they had so little time to cultivate their finer natures. If their wives would provide short, snappy lectures on art in the noon hour, or between conferences, and leave handsome art books about the house a great deal could be done, she thought.

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NORTH CAROLINA

RECREATIONS of the Brainy Men of Greensboro, as reported by the *Daily News:*

> C. M. Ketchum, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, conducted a contest in barnyard sounds, eliciting much merriment. The prize went to E. A. Ranson, for imitating a goose.

OHIO

DIVERSIONS of holy men in the satrapy of the Anti-Saloon League, as described by the eminent *Christian Leader:*

> Monday evening the Universalist ministers of Ohio, together with the State Superintendent of Churches, gathered for the opening session of the second meeting of the Ohio Ministers' Retreat. The meeting was held at the same place as the last one, the Cedar Springs Hotel, two miles from New Paris, Ohio. The hotel had been chartered for our exclusive use, and for a few days fifteen men fellowshiped and lived together as one large family. Monday evening we all ate dinner together. At 7.30 there was a short devotional period in charge of the Rev. Ira W. McLaughlin. After this the evening was given over to rest, relaxation, the singing of familiar songs and an old-time spelling game. This latter took the form of the man at the head of the line beginning a word by pronouncing its first letter, his immediate neighbor adding a letter, and so on down the line. The purpose of the game was to avoid adding a letter that would end any word, and the man so unfortunate as to do so was obliged to journey to the foot of the class and all moved up a place. There was a keen rivalry for the front seat and a sense of disgrace when we traveled in the opposite direction. Tuesday at 10 o'clock we gathered for our first discussion period on the topic, "Deep Breathing: Its Significance and Value."

OKLAHOMA

BILL recently introduced in the State Legislature by the Hon. Fletcher M. Johnson, Senator from Bristow county:

> Any cook of either sex, white or black, of any and all nationalities and religious affiliations, hereafter shall make and bake biscuits of a size not less than six inches in circumference, to weigh not more than one ounce when done, always to be served hot.

PENNSYLVANIA

ONE more reason why Andy Mellon's home town will have an enviable place in the history of America:

> Pittsburgh's new symphony orchestra, financed, and with two concerts announced with Margarete Matzenauer as soloist and Eugene Goossens as conductor, has gone on the rocks. Ministers of the city formed a league to prevent its organization on the ground that it would disrupt the morals of the community, and in a week wrecked months of concentrated work which went to organizing the orchestra.

THEOLOGICAL news from Harrisburg:

> There is a relation between the Bible and the game of golf which probably never has been explained in this city, and the Rev. Dr. Ellis N. Kremer, veteran clergyman, who for half a century has been pastor of Salem Reformed Church, plans to tell about it next Thursday evening in one of a series of one-hour evangelistic services to be held in the church next week, starting Monday evening.

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE HON. JOHN G. RICHARDS, LL.D., Governor and Captain-General of South Carolina, and commander-in-chief of the armed forces thereof, in the eminent Columbia *Record:*

> An attack on God and an attack on Christ are one and the same thing. For God is Christ and Christ is God. Anyone who attacks Christ, or who has not a belief in His existence and men's personal dependence on Him should be rooted out of the schools of the State, and refused employment in any of them. I recommend that these [school] trustees exercise the greatest care in selecting teachers, and that they diligently watch the religious inclination of the instructors in their institutions, with a view toward the elimination of any person or persons who are discovered to be antagonistic toward the Christian religion or the Bible, either the Old Testament or the New.

TENNESSEE

THE REV. JOHN BROWN, an eminent bull-roarer of the Bible Belt, as reported by the Knoxville *News-Sentinel:*

> Girls have gone in my prayer room so scantily clothed, that when they wanted to kneel and pray there was no posture in which they could get without exposing some nakedness.

TEXAS

THE HON. OSCAR J. ALLEN, addressing his fellow philanthropists of El Paso:

> Rotary began 'way back there when Abraham told Lot to take his choice of cattle lands, in the interest of harmony, Abraham taking what was left.

VERMONT

TERSE news item from the East Moretown correspondent of the Northfield *News:*

> School taught by Miss Goss kept Saturday to make up for the Monday she spent at home prior to the holiday Tuesday.

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THE HIGHER LEARNING GOES TO WAR

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

The clock has struck! 'Tis yesterday's tomorrow;
At last America can raise her head.
Standing erect, no longer will she sorrow
In craven doubt. Her blood is proven red.

On the four winds her brilliant flag is gleaming,
For human right and one democracy
Of Freedom she is sworn, no longer dreaming
In the wild wake of hellish tyranny.

The clock has struck! The death-smeared double vulture
Shall swoop no more adown the insulted skies,
To spill the venomous bacterial kulture.
Undaunted sweep the white wings of the Allies.

God for us all. No peace will we with Satan;
His whimpering apologists no more
Shall baffle that good high fight shall greaten,
While history nails the snake-skin to her door.

The clock has struck! The doom of reckoning
For frightful ravages at last draws near.
Up for the cause of man! The stars are beckoning.
Duty speaks sternly. Fling down every fear!

Above we hear the angel legions cheering.
If ever Truth bid manhood to the brunt,
It summons now. No longer hard of hearing,
We bear our old tricolor to the front.

THIS impassioned and stirring poem was not written by a stubble-faced, long-nailed anarchist burning away with wrath at the dirty capitalists and other foes of humanity in some East Side saloon. It was not written by the late Mikhail Bakunin in a prophetic mood, and he had nothing to do with its inspiration. Neither was it written by Trotsky, or by Dr. Scott Nearing, or by Upton Sinclair, or by Oswald Garrison Villard. No, it was written by a 100% American—a patriot of purest ray serene, a sound Presbyterian, and a life-long admirer of Alexander Hamilton and Abraham Lincoln. He wrote it shortly after this great Republic plunged into the War to End War, and it constituted his bit toward the Sacred Cause. His name was, and is, Melancthon Woolsey Stryker, A.B., D.D., L.H.D., LL.D., and until 1917 he was the president of Hamilton College, a celebrated seat of learning at Clinton, N. Y., wherein Grover Cleveland spent some time in preparation for the presidency. Dr. Stryker, before he flung this masterpiece upon paper, had written little save hymns; profane poetry did not lift him. But there was something about the call to arms in 1917 that stirred him to his depths, and brought to the surface his noblest feelings. So one day he closeted himself in his study and cut loose, and the result was the clarion exhortation embalmed above.

In thus yielding to the music of the band he was not alone. His learned colleagues in all parts of the country were fevered and made vocal in exactly the same way. The birch was laid aside for the alarm-bell and bugle-horn. There was a professor of geology in the University of Michigan who was moved so profoundly by the challenge of the day that he could not go on with his researches, but spent the entire duration of the war in composing prose poems against "the enemy of mankind." There was Professor Josiah Royce, the Harvard philosopher, who early in 1916 saw so clearly the occult meaning of the great struggle overseas that he astonished all his friends by suddenly displaying new and amazing oratorical powers. There was Professor Richard C. Cabot, of the Harvard Medical School, who led many an heroic assault upon "the scourge of the human race." And there was, to make an end, the professor of archeology at Bryn Mawr who

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left his shovels to attack a professor of Biblical history for indulging obscenely in pacifist utterances, and thereafter was called buddy by the members of the local Defense Society.

And so it was throughout all the other great colleges and universities of the country. The higher learning came to a standstill. Bacteriologists, physicists and chemists vied with philosophers, philologians and botanists in shouting maledictions upon the Hun, and thousands took to snooping upon such of their brethren as entertained the least doubt about the sanctity of the war. If they could not get overt statements of treason from these heretics, they charged them with the crime of entertaining "an intellectual attitude" toward the war. Such guilt against American idealism was sufficient cause, in the eyes of all patriotic university presidents and boards of trustees, for the immediate dismissal of the traitors.

There were, unfortunately, a good many such scoundrels in the early days of 1917, but in the course of time all of them were detected and scotched. In the case of the more obscure instructors and other such academic vermin, short shrift was made of them: they were kicked out without ceremony, and, in many cases, without a hearing. The better known of the wretched crew were, naturally enough, treated with a trifle more politeness, but nothing was left undone to bring them to reason and remorse. In this patriotic work the Association of American University Professors shone with unusual splendor. Its Committee on Academic Freedom, led by Professor Arthur Oncken Lovejoy, A.M., LL.D., of the Johns Hopkins, issued a manifesto which warmed the heart of Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer—and the learned journals followed suit. Outside of *School and Society*, edited by Professor J. McKeen Cattell, practically all of them bristled with blood-thirsty calls to arms and denunciations of the ignorant and immoral Hun. The *Scientific American* repeatedly admonished the more backward instructors that they were no better than the "miserable handful of hyphens who went to Stockholm," and warned these wretches that it was "a clear case of conform or get out."

Professor Royce, in the moments he could spare from Hegel and Fichte, had been following the newspapers very carefully since August, 1914, and by January 30, 1916, saw clearly what our duty was. Previous to that date he had never made a public address, and was popularly regarded in Cambridge as the typical philosopher of tradition—quiet, meditative, reserved, aloof from the madding crowd. But "the vision of bleeding and devoted Belgium" worked a great transformation in him. It put oratory into his blood, and on the date mentioned he astounded all his friends with an address in Tremont Temple, Boston, entitled "The Duties of Americans in the Present War." In it he said:

> In the service of mankind, we owe an unswerving sympathy . . . to all of the present allied enemies of Germany. We owe to those Allies whatever moral support and whatever financial assistance it is in the power of this nation to give. As to munitions of war: it is not merely a so-called American right that our munition makers should be free to sell their wares to the enemies of Germany. *It is our duty to encourage them to do so*, since we are not at the moment in a position to serve mankind by more direct and effective means . . . *Germany is the wilful and deliberate enemy of the human race*. It is open to any man to be a pro-German who shares this enmity.

Professor Royce at once began preaching this philosophical doctrine to his classes. In a letter to Principal L. P. Jacks, of London, he said: "I should be a poor professor of philosophy, and in particular of moral philosophy, if I left my classes in the least doubt as to how to view such things." As time went on he accumulated even more heat, and by May, 1916, he was thundering thus:

> We believe that the fabric of civilization, embodied in free government and diversity of nationality, is menaced by Teutonic aggression, and that the foundations of public right are endangered by the violation of Belgium and the atrocities of the submarine war. We are convinced that our political ideals and our national safety are bound up with the cause of the Allies, and that their defeat would mean moral and material disaster to our country.

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This pronouncement became one of the principles of a Citizens League for America and the Allies formed in Boston at that time, with Dr. Royce as its philosophical mentor. Among the members of this organization, which was set up to keep the Kaiser and his hordes from hoofing over Boston Common and the peaceful plains of Iowa, were Professors Richard C. Cabot, William Ernest Hocking, Ralph Barton Perry, Arthur Stanwood Pier and Leo Wiener, all of the Harvard faculty. The first taught clinical medicine at the Medical School, the second two professed philosophy, the fourth taught English composition, and the last Slavic literature. Also included in the league were Ralph Adams Cram, the architect, Dr. Morton Prince, the psychoanalyst, and the celebrated William Roscoe Thayer, the biographer of Roosevelt and Cavour. The name of the venerable Albert Bushnell Hart, the historian, is missing from the list, but he was not anæsthetic to his duty to the human race. He was already busy collecting "authentic" historical material for the National Security League. The results of these researches were published soon afterward, and were very valuable in heating up patriotic sentiment. I shall speak of them later.

II

All of the Harvard gentlemen did noble work, but Dr. Thayer shone most brilliantly among them. In 1916 he composed a book entitled "Germany versus Civilization." It had a large circulation in this country and in England, and undoubtedly did a great deal for the cause of democracy. In it he started out *pianissimo* by mildly scolding President Wilson for not uttering "the word of repudiation which would have absolved us from the guilt of allowing Belgium to be violated without our protest." Then, with the calm of an historian, he went into a study of the historical basis of the more atrocious German characteristics. He found by a close process of reasoning that the German was nothing but a modern Hun, showing all his ancestors' abominable vices: unrestrained drinking, open dissoluteness, barbarity, mendacity, and so on. "Manners, indeed," said Dr. Thayer, "seem always to have been beyond his reach; whether from a native obtuseness, which renders him dull to the charm of courtesy and high breeding, or from deliberate chauvinism, which holds that, as bad manners are German and good manners are foreign, it would be unpatriotic and an admission of inferiority to replace the indigenous product by an exotic."

Continuing, Dr. Thayer demonstrated that Germany had found Christianity to be "an alien religion," and that Wagner's music reflected "the unrestrained passions of war, lust and cunning that belong to an uncivilized race." From all this it followed inevitably that "this war sprang as naturally from the German heart and will as a vulture springs from its nest." The general opinion that Germany had once been the home of science and philosophy was shown to be altogether mistaken. As Dr. Thayer put it, "culture of the broad and hospitable kind has found only a scanty soil there, and until Goethe came, it had, in fact, hardly sprouted." Then he proceeded to his peroration:

> Will American universities tolerate professors who have been slyly preaching sedition? It is far more likely that for a generation to come, the very word German will be detested in the United States, and that every German will have to show cause why he should not be regarded as a secret enemy of this country.

Dr. Thayer must have thanked the Almighty with great enthusiasm when the pacifist Dr. Wilson at last heard the call of democracy and joined the crusade. Another eminent academician who gave thanks on that holy day was James Mark Baldwin, Ph.D., D.Sc., LL.D., formerly professor at Princeton and the Johns Hopkins, who in 1916 published a book entitled "American Neutrality: Its Cause and Cure." This little masterpiece was translated into French and also had a wide circulation in England. Its theme was that the United States was blind to its great opportunities for Service, but

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that things would surely turn out well in the end, and that it would before long join the Allies.

When this prophecy was fulfilled the learned world got busy enlightening the rabble about the Big Things that were at stake. In January, 1917, there was founded the *National Defense and International Digest*, a periodical devoted to the propagation of moral idealism, with special reference to the Great War. In one of the first issues one finds Dr. William Howard Doughty, Jr., assistant professor of government in Williams College, quoted as saying: "The ideals, the ambitions and the moral standards of the Entente Allies are the ideals, the ambitions and the moral standards for which our Fathers fought. . . . Therefore, because the Entente are giving without stint in blood and treasure for the preservation of all that we deem highest and best, it is, and long has been, the supreme moral duty of the United States, abandoning the solemn farce of friendship with and for a state whose acts and whose morality are, and for months have been, those of the savage, to sever all diplomatic intercourse with her and give to the Entente Allies the support and comfort that would inevitably result from such action." And then he added: "The Entente Allies alone today stand between us and the loss of that civilization for which we have striven and for which we stand."

In the same issue Dr. Franklin H. Giddings, professor of sociology and the history of civilization at Columbia, unbosomed himself thus:

> The world situation today is the most critical one in human history, and some of our pacifists are doing their best to put civilization back a thousand years. What do they want: peace twaddle, or the reality of peace? . . . There is only one issue out of this war that can bring world peace, and that is the surrender of the Central Powers to the Allied powers—surrender as complete as that of Great Britain to the American Colonies; as that of the seceding States through General Lee at Appomattox.

A little later on, in the same magazine, one finds the once celebrated Dr. Roland G. Usher, author of "Pan-Germanism," saying this: "May the United States decide to intervene in the cause of democracy before the fateful words of Lloyd George must again be uttered, 'Too late, too late!'"

The professors, in the meantime, were rushing off their writing tables one book after another and one article after another, presenting before the still stolid American public the devilish machinations of the German learned world and of the Potsdam military gang to strangle civilization, to trample pure womanhood in the gutter, and to annihilate all the blessings which Christianity had bestowed upon mankind. Among the learned gentlemen who did their bit in this good work were Professor Richard C. Cabot, of Harvard, heretofore mentioned, who composed a stirring article, entitled "America's Duty Today"; Professor A. F. Pollard, who wrote a piece for the *Yale Review*, entitled "Death Grapple With Prussian Militarism"; and Dr. Herbert W. Magoun, clergyman, Latin and Sanskrit scholar, and recently promoted to the presidency of the Massachusetts College of Osteopathy, who contributed a red-blooded article to the erudite *Bibliotheca Sacra*, entitled "Ought Christians To Be Pacifists?"

The United States, at that time, had not yet entered the war, but these proclamations by the learned were already having a good effect in the colleges. In January, 1916, military training was introduced in Bowdoin College for the first time since 1882, and all students were required to practice infantry drill three times a week. Other colleges followed this good example shortly afterward. In the meantime persons holding pacifist views or opinions unfriendly to any of the Allies were forbidden the lecture-rooms of the colleges, lest they poison the minds of the assembled youth with doctrines inimical to those who were fighting the fight of humanity. On February 10, 1917, Count Ilya Tolstoy was scheduled to speak in Columbia on the life of his father, Count Leo Tolstoy, who preached

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Christian love. At the last minute the Columbia authorities shut him out, and informed all the student organizations under their jurisdiction that they "must in the future submit the programmes for their meetings to the secretary of the university for approval, stating the names of the speakers, with the subjects of their addresses." At Harvard President Lowell withdrew permission from Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington to speak in a college building on the ground that "college halls are not to be used for propaganda." She was to have lectured in the interests of peace, universal suffrage and labor, and would probably have said something against the English. President Lowell conveniently forgot that shortly before this Captain Ian Hay Beith had been welcomed in Saunders Theatre, and that he had been sent here expressly to explain and advocate Britain's ideals in the war.

A rather embarrassing incident took place on April 2, 1917, when the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania voted to confer the degree of Litt.D. on Joseph Pennell, the etcher. Had they known what they were in for they surely would not have done such a foolish thing. Pennell was to receive his honorary degree in June of that year, but he was then absent in France, so it was decided to give it to him on Washington's birthday of the year following. In the meantime he was on one of his usual sprees of bitterness, and made some remarks about England which were not exactly friendly to her. So Provost Smith became alarmed, and politely asked him to absent himself from town until the horror aroused by his remarks had subsided. The full text of his reply is not to be had, and a goodly portion of it would probably be unprintable, but it is known that he addressed the terrified provost in these words: "I owe nothing to the University of Pennsylvania, and I refuse now or at any other time to accept anything from an institution so lacking in courage and justice." But Pennell was Pennell, and there were few like him in those gallant days.

III

All the high doings of the academic soldiers of civilization in 1915 and 1916 were merely practice work compared with their heroic deeds after the United States declared war on the Central Powers. The big-hearted and high-minded way in which they then laid their intellectual gifts upon the altar of the nation constitutes one of the most inspiring chapters in American pedagogical history. Professor Hart, the Harvard historian, and Professor Lovejoy, the Johns Hopkins philosopher, were the leaders in this patriotic work. Professor Lovejoy was born in Berlin, under the very shadow of the Prussian monster, but he had got over it early in life and the fact did not stay him now. With Dr. Hart he was a moving spirit in the intellectual section of the National Security League. With the two, among others, were Professor Shailer Mathews, A.B., A.M., D.D., LL.D., the University of Chicago theologian; Professor Robert M. McElroy, then of Princeton and now of Oxford; and Professor Thomas F. Moran, the constitutional historian. Assisting these masterminds was a horde of instructors, assistant professors, associate professors and full professors who didn't count. One of these small fry was Professor Lindsay Rogers, now of Columbia, who wrote a truly remarkable book, entitled "America's Case Against Germany." Another was Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, now of Smith College, who has since changed his mind about the motives of the great crusade, and become anathema to all 100% American historians.

As I have said, Professors Hart and Lovejoy were the intellectual mainstays of the National Security League. They amassed a tremendous amount of "authentic" historical data proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that Germany was the enemy of everything in civilization. Dr. Hart, all by himself, wrote a remarkable little book, entitled "America At War: a Handbook of Patriotic References," mainly a bibliography of pro-Ally and anti-German litera-

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ture, but also full of caustic remarks which, if taken in prayerfully, would make a good American out of the reader. He was on the League's Committee on Patriotism Through Education, and gave generously of his learning in the compilation of its brochures—those beautiful red-white-and-blue pamphlets which were distributed at every Liberty Loan meeting.

The most popular of these publications was entitled "A Handbook of the War for Public Speakers"; it required the combined philosophical genius of Dr. Lovejoy and historical erudition of Dr. Hart. It probably had a bigger circulation during 1917–1918 than any other patriotic work ever written. It was a compilation of selections from the writings of the outstanding patriots of this country and from the self-condemnatory books of the Huns, and was a godsend to the bank clerks, Sunday-school superintendents, and other intellectual proletarians who had been drafted to make speeches in the movie parlors. The editors were, of course, not content with merely quoting; they made appropriate comment on the various selections. They reminded the reader at the very beginning that "we are at war . . . because Germany made war upon us. We had no alternative, except abject submission to lawless coercion." And they concluded thus:

> A German victory would be based wholly upon the violation of international law and international compacts. . . . A victory over Germany is therefore essential to all peace-loving people that [*sic!*] desire that, among nations, as among individuals, respect for contracts shall be enforced, and a reign of law shall prevail. With German victory the world could not be safe for democracy.

In the meantime the universities themselves were not asleep. Many of them put their professors to work writing special war pamphlets, as for example, the University of Chicago, which showed the greatest diligence in this direction. Its famous series of eight such documents enlisted some of its ablest minds. The first was by none other than the late Harry Pratt Judson, LL.D., professor of international law and president of the university; it was entitled, "The Threat of German World Politics," and some of its sub-titles were: "United States Driven Into War," "German Empire an Enemy of the World," and "German Assault on Civilization." Near the end one finds this:

> We are dealing with a vast, world-wide conspiracy which has for its end the subversion, in the long run, of the liberty of practically every free nation, and which means, if the conspiracy succeeds, the overthrow of the independence of the United States. . . . Anything short of a complete victory over the Teutonic Powers will result in a mere truce.

The second paper was by the late Dr. Albion W. Small, professor and head of the department of sociology. "The question," he said, "which dwarfs and ought to silence all the rest is whether this generation will doom coming generations to live in a world in which might has reconquered right, or whether this generation will endow coming generations with a heritage of right controlling might." Further on one finds him flaming with these sentiments:

> The central, supreme, paramount issue of this war is whether civilization is to instal the principle of aggression as its highest law; whether for a defiant epoch morality is to be suspended; whether, during an era of the most cynical apostasy that the record of mankind will have registered, that nation is to be greatest which can mobilize the most terrific force and use it in the most savage way.

After a hymn to this "prodigious moral experiment" he continued thus:

> The world being what it is, Americans of this generation can neither improve nor retain their birthright unless they are resolved to continue instalment payments of the same price of suffering with which our fathers bought our birthright. . . . This will be an intolerable world until the Germans have once and forever recanted, with all it involves, that most hellish heresy that has ever menaced civilization: THERE IS NO GOD BUT POWER, AND PRUSSIA IS ITS PROPHET. . . . Now is our nation's Gethsemane.

Few of Professor Small's colleagues, of course, could rise to his sublime heights, but there was little to find fault with in their efforts at enlightening the public. Thus Dr. Andrew C. McLaughlin, professor and head of the department of history, wrote a very able pamphlet entitled "Sixteen Causes Of War." In it he proved

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that Germany began the war, that her guilt was perfectly evident, that she disregarded all her pledges in the conduct of the war, that she flung aside all international law, that she pursued a policy of terrorization on the high seas whereas the Allies were very kind and polite, that she menaced our own safety, and that, finally, she made the world generally unsafe for democracy. The other papers of the series were not so brilliant as the three just referred to, but they were substantial accomplishments just the same. Professor Charles H. Judd, director of the School of Education, after some laborious researches, came to the conclusion that Pestalozzi and Herbart were really nothing much and that Germany had "no science of education." "The science of education," he said, "is one of America's largest contributions to democracy." Professors Conyers Read and Edith Abbott showed conclusively in their pamphlets that England was very democratic, that she was more progressive than Germany in her industrial legislation, and that we should stop sneering at her, and devote ourselves to loving her.

IV

Dr. Mathews, the University of Chicago theologian, was not included in this list of war papers, but, as I have said, he was far from being asleep to his patriotic duties. He contributed very frequently to the general magazines and to the publications of the various security and defense leagues. On July 4, 1917, for example, on the historical soil of Chautauqua, N. Y., he delivered an address before the Speakers' Training Camp For Education In Patriotic Service and the Conference Of Organizations Engaged In Patriotic Education. It was entitled, "Democracy and World Politics," and deserved far more attention than it got at the time. I quote a few sentences from it:

> When a man questions whether we ought to protect democracy by war, I reply that whoever cannot see a duty to protect ourselves from this assault upon our national life and our effort to maintain a nation with sovereignty, expressing the ideals of democracy and based upon universal citizenship, is either a myopic idealist, plain stupid, or pro-German. . . . We are in the midst of war, and whoever undertakes to confuse our minds, to weaken our sympathies with our Allies, or cause suspicion of Great Britain, is an enemy of the United States of America.

The University of Chicago, as I have said, carried on its educational propaganda in a splendidly systematic fashion, and is, perhaps, to be rated 100% in this work, but the other great American institutions of the higher learning were by no means remiss: their professors had their stout hearts in the right place. There was, for example, Dr. William H. Hobbs, professor of geology at the University of Michigan. His geology suffered a bit, perhaps, during the war, but not his patriotism. He kept his eyes open for traitors on the faculty, and was determined to do everything in his power to "make every resource available against the common enemy of mankind." He delivered eloquent patriotic lectures in the leading cities and wrote innumerable letters to the newspapers, a favorite occupation of many other learned men in those memorable days. His most distinguished work, however, was a book entitled, "The World War And Its Consequences." It was, indeed, so good that the late President Roosevelt wrote an introduction for it. With academic reserve he spoke of Germany as "the nation which has sold itself to the Devil," and called it "the blond beast" and "the world-villain among the nations." He devoted much space to the celebrated atrocities of the Germans, and in that connection quoted such recognized authorities as Irvin S. Cobb. On page 180 he said:

> Here [in the villages of Rumania], in the form of shining balls, pencils and toys of various descriptions bombs were systematically given out to children by German agents, and in handling them the children were either blown up or horribly mutilated. . . . As reported by the children, the agent was usually a woman. . . . Can a nation which befouls or poisons wells, bombs hospitals and sinks hospital and relief ships, and turns over the women of a captured district to the pleasures of its soldiery; can such a nation be regenerated and made fit for the society of the civilized world, even through the chastening of

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a crushing military defeat? The education of generations is not destroyed by a single disillusionment, however thorough and salutary it may be.

Professor Hobbs confessed that he was greatly indebted for information to "the remarkable achievements of the Providence *Journal*, . . . directed by that genius of the science of criminology, John R. Rathom." Mr. Rathom, unluckily for Dr. Hobbs, was afterward shown to be a liar, and even the Department of Justice repudiated him, but a study of the Hobbsian syllogisms today shows that they are still full of persuasion. Their premises, in the light of post-war inquiry, sometimes seem shaky, but their conclusions remain those of a man bred to logical thinking.

Dr. Henry W. Farnum, of the Yale economics department, made use of much the same material. "The course of Germany in the present war," he said "offers a parallel to the tragedy of Macbeth. . . . Upon this hated crime [the invasion of Belgium] there mentally followed the whole policy of frightfulness, including the killing of women and children. . . . We are contending with a philosophy of scientific savagery." Professor McElroy, head of the department of history and politics at Princeton, did not confine himself to his duties with the National Security League. He roved far afield, and on one such occasion delivered himself of this:

> It is given to our age to demonstrate that abstract ideas can command a loyalty as unreserved and as self-effacing as a loyalty to a dynasty has ever commanded. Autocracy has failed, but democracy is still on trial, and the day of its testing is now, now while the flags which once faced each other at Bunker Hill and Yorktown float together upon every government building in England and America, in token of a common aim, not for America and England alone, but for all the people who have resolved that the world shall not be Prussianized by force of arms.

Prof. Douglas W. Johnson, the Columbia geologist, entertained the same ideas. After complaining that Americans were not showing enough enthusiasm for the holy war, he continued with this impassioned plea:

> Remember that it was German soldiers who murdered innocent hostages from "military necessity"; . . .who have slaughtered hundreds of innocent non-combatants from "military necessity"; and who have defended every barbarous act, every crime against humanity on the specious and selfish plea that it was justified by "military necessity." . . . [Germany] must be utterly destroyed. Americans would regard a German victory as an intolerable disaster to civilization.

Professor Talcott Williams, A.B., A.M., L.H.D., LL.D., Litt. D., also of Columbia, though only a teacher of journalism, devoted himself to the political history of Europe prior to August, 1914, and came to this conclusion:

> The Imperial German government was fomenting strife and paying for sedition through all the stormy years before the war, in which France was diligently seeking to develop a more efficient and prosperous democracy. . . . Wherever liberty and self-government appear, the world round, the Imperial German government has been its foe for a quarter of a century. . . . Belgium held the gate while France made ready. . . . It was because we had to choose between making the world safe for democracy with allies or fight the last great battle alone that we entered the conflict.

Professor Christine Ladd Franklin, Ph.D., LL.D., internationally famous for her color theory, and also on the Columbia faculty, saw so much at stake in the war that she put aside for the time her psychological and philosophical researches, and devoted herself to doing her bit against the common enemy of the human race. Her mode of attack consisted of writing fiery letters to the New York *Times*, and undoubtedly was of great effect in those stirring days. Her most able letter was an indignant piece against laughing in wartime, with civilization at stake. She said:

> Now that we Americans have at last entered with heart and soul into this magnificent war for the defense of civilization, isn't it time that they should become a little more grown-up than they have been? . . . We should stop all our light talk. . . . The silly joke column of some of the newspapers . . . ought to be ruthlessly cut out at once.

Incidentally, her husband, Dr. Fabian Franklin, sometime professor of mathematics at the Johns Hopkins, was also 100% American, although born in Hungary. Two months after we entered the war he wrote a long article to the *Times*, and in it met the charge of the yellow pacifists that the conduct of the Allies in

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Greece was not much better than the conduct of Germany in Belgium, thus:

> This is much as though one were to put a man who was unduly severe with his children in pretty nearly the same class as a man who cut his grandmother's throat.

Dr. Stewart Paton, instructor in psychiatry at Columbia and Princeton, appealed mainly to that highly civilized element of the population versed in the Freudian mysteries. Here is his interpretation of the pacifist pathology, released to the world on July 13, 1917:

> The expression of pacifist doctrines at present should be discouraged, as these ideas, when they do not represent pro-Prussianism in many instances, are personal apologies for the inadequacy of a neurotic constitution. . . . We cannot now as a nation afford to be lenient in our dealings with conscientious objectors, for this type of personality, representing a form of egotism which marks an attempt to restore the balance destroyed by a gnawing sense of personal as well as social inadequacy, gives rise to the accumulation and subsequent liberation of undesirable impulses. . . . Every person now trying to sit quietly on the fence is in danger of repressing instincts to such a degree that as soon as the impulses begin finally to force their way to the surface, not only are present motives in danger of being swept aside by explosions, but habits will be formed that make soliloquizing, sulking, or rapturous fantasying the only resource left to people who ask to be omitted from taking any part in a struggle to prevent the overthrow of "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

The patriotic utterances of Dr. Louis H. Gray, distinguished philosopher and philologian and now professor of comparative literature and Oriental languages in the University of Nebraska, deserve special mention. He saw more clearly, perhaps, than any other learned man of the time the hollowness of the legend that the Germans were a cultured people. As a result of his philological labors he discovered that "the true German, who is an honorable man, is now found chiefly in Scandinavia and England, and the debased German, in Germany." Dr. Gray also made it clear that the Prussian God had nothing to do with Christianity at all; "the modern Prussian god," he said, "is not God, but merely a tribal deity of a barbarous race." Ethically, he maintained, the Prussian was just as much a heathen:

> Ethically the Prussian is a moral imbecile, an arrested development, a savage in civilization's garb, and even the garb he has stolen. Like the savage he is imitative, not inventive; like the savage he is boastful and cunning. Among the nations he is precisely what the type of morally imbecile but intellectually educated criminal is among individuals. . . . This war is but an episode in the age-long struggle between good and evil, between God and the Devil.

Dr. Gray suggested that the Prussian's "civilization's garb" was stolen from France through Voltaire and Rousseau. He did not mention Helmholtz, Goethe or Kant.

V

But perhaps the most patriotic, most truly American utterances to come from the academic grove were those of Dr. Vernon L. Kellogg, at that time professor of entomology in Stanford University, and now giving his time to writing popular scientific treatises. He flooded all the more enlightened periodicals with well-thought-out arguments that the struggle overseas presented the greatest crisis in human history, and that Germany represented the Devil. During the latter part of 1917 and the early part of 1918 he contributed in the main to the *Atlantic Monthly*. It was first-rate stuff, but it was only in September, 1918, that he reached the acme of his powers. In that month he contributed a short article to the *North American Review*, entitled, "Unclean, Unclean." Even the editor, Col. George B. M. Harvey, could not have done better. Here is an excerpt:

> Approving deceit, robbery and cruelty, choosing international outlawry, sacrificing all personal feelings and morals, gloating over horrors, whining over reprisals, they [most Germans, with the exceptions of Liebknecht, Professor Nicolai and a handful of others] advertise themselves by these as unmistakably as did the silvery lepers of old, when they called out, "Unclean, unclean!"

Having announced this main theme, Dr. Kellogg developed it and played variations upon it:

> Hence, will it be any wonder if after the war the people of the world, when they recognize any human being as a German, will shrink aside so that they may not touch him as he passes, or stoop for stones to drive him from their path?

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> This will be cruel to the few who are not diseased, but it will be warranted precaution against a danger. . . . Most of the Germans in Germany, and some outside of it, have become unclean, and will have to walk the world as a marked people, avoided, despised, stoned. . . . Though it be wartime or peace-time, for a long time "German" and "Made in Germany" are going to be equivalent, both as regards persons and things, as "Unclean, Unclean." . . . Those not diseased, but who have been exposed to it, will have to suffer along with the actually tainted. . . . So to be a German from Germany after this war will be a presumption of guilt, a presumption of dangerous disease. . . . I am not arguing for it; I am simply recognizing it. I am simply hearing the cry, "Unclean, Unclean."

During the whole of 1918 the *North American Review*, under the editorship of Col. Harvey, was the chief mouthpiece of the more patriotic professors. One of the learned ones it harbored in those days was Dr. Benjamin T. Brooks, who, until shortly after the entrance of the United States into the war, was professor of chemical engineering at the University of Pittsburgh. Most American laymen of the time, as indeed most scientists, were believing right along that the Germans were skillful in chemistry, and that they had made contributions to that branch of science of the first importance. But Professor Brooks came along, and in an excellent article in the *North American Review* for November, 1918, proved conclusively that it simply wasn't so. To be sure, he had himself gathered the elements of the science at Göttingen, where he got his Ph.D. in 1912; but, presumably, he didn't know any better at that time. Now he said in his disillusion:

> For genuine genius and brilliancy, one must look elsewhere than the land of "damned professors," as Bismarck [*sic!*] styled them. None of the really great discoveries in chemistry and none of its fundamental laws and generalizations have been made by Germans.

After stating that this held also for the application of chemistry to industry—where most Americans, in ignorance, thought that the Germans shone—he continued with these somewhat cautious words:

> It would be contrary to the laws of nature not to find a really clever German now and then, as every species produces, at rare intervals, what the biologist calls a sport. We have conceded that they have done very well in certain branches of chemistry, but chemistry can be monopolized by no nation so long as the distribution of brains and the chemical elements remain as they are.

Another outstanding figure among the patriotic American scientists of those days was Professor Joseph Jastrow, Ph.D., of the psychology department of the University of Wisconsin. His organ of expression was the *Outlook*, then under the Christian editorship of Dr. Lyman Abbott. Dr. Jastrow proved that the general conception that all of Europe and America in 1918 were crazy was grossly wrong, and that it was Germany alone that was crazy. He called the malady *mania Teutonica*. Here are some of the results of his researches:

> As a pacifist I look upon the Allied cause as a war to end war, as a gigantic international determination to establish pacifism; for to make the world safe for democracy is to make it safe for pacifism. . . . *Mania Teutonica* is a singular malady. . . . It belongs to the long list of contagious mental epidemics to which humanity is subject. . . . The excesses of war doubtless occur in all camps. . . . But a policy of *Schrecklichkeit* and its execution cannot be so disposed of; it fits in too well with the general diagnosis.

Among the patriots of the humanistic faculty an acknowledged leader was the late Professor Stuart P. Sherman, then of the English department of the University of Illinois. There was scarcely a review of his in the *Nation* of those days in which he did not take a crack at the abhorrent pro-Germanism of this or that American author. Dreiser was his special mark. He also composed a beautiful pamphlet for the Hon. George Creel's Committee on Public Information, entitled "American And Allied Ideals: An Appeal To Those Who Are Neither Hot Nor Cold." In the section dealing with the menace to the Republic of hyphenated Americans he said:

> Along with such overt attempts to colonize, there has been instituted an anti-American campaign of a more insidious character, conducted mainly in the English language and ostensibly by American citizens. Among its leaders are editors of magazines, poets, novelists, critics, brewers and professors in the universities. The programme of these men is about as follows: attack England, praise Germany, attack everything in America that is due to English influence, praise everything in America that is due to German influence. Ac-

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cordingly, they sneer at the ideals and professions of democratic government; they sneer at the Pilgrim Fathers and at all the Puritans who since the Seventeenth Century have constituted the moral backbone of the nation; they set themselves against every movement of moral reform; they sneer at all the humanitarian movements associated with Christ; they sneer at the works of American literature which we recognize as classics.

Toward the end of the war Dr. Sherman became better and better, so that in the *Nation* of September 14, 1918, in an article entitled "Carlyle and Kaiser-Worship," he reached this height of scientific criticism:

What is the use of burning "Immensee" and "Hermann und Dorothea" while Prussianism streams into our Anglo-Saxon communities through the forty volumes of Carlyle?

Dr. Sherman's Christian idealism was contagious and we find the learned Dr. E. K. Graham, then president of the University of North Carolina, putting it into these terms:

The supreme rights of human life—we mean to give a new importance to that, and to get new extensions of it in all our relations through a more real and genuine sense of its divinity as manifested by ourselves and all other men in all our relations. . . . We mean to say, too, that a human life has more value than the longest column of figures in the world, and that the life of a little child has more weight than the trade balance of the nations. This we are coming to know as the meaning of America.

Dr. James Hally Hanford, professor of English in the same university, said amen to these most praiseworthy sentiments, and so did most of his colleagues in his own and the other temples of learning below the Potomac. Whoever says that the hellish philosophy of pacifism had any hold on the South in those soul-testing days is guilty of libel. The South was all right.

VI

With so many patriotic professors hard at work, educating the general rabble, the moral integrity of the students with regard to the war was, of course, not forgotten. Great care was taken that the uncouth German language should no longer foul their minds.

The College of the City of New York did its work in this field with great tact. It did not ban the study of German outright; it merely "adopted the policy of reducing by one point the credit value of each course in the department of German." Such delicacy, I regret to report, was lacking in most of the Western States. There the Legislatures or the local Councils of Defense simply forbade further instruction in German in all the public and private schools.

Naturally enough, there was a widespread and successful effort to throttle those professors who were lukewarm about the great crusade, or who, still worse, openly spoke against it. These blind wretches, in the eyes of the more vigilant and trustworthy professors, deserved no mercy. The best work against them was, of course, done in the colleges in the hinterland, where the sentiment for democracy was undefiled. The University of Oregon was among the first in this noble enterprise. Bullet-proof documentary evidence was found that one Allen Eaton, an instructor, was a spectator at one of the meetings of the People's Council in Chicago in the middle of 1917, and had contributed a letter concerning it to one of the Oregon newspapers. His resignation was demanded at once, and the facts that he did not belong to the People's Council and that he was for years a member of the State Legislature did not help him.

From Oregon the holy zeal spread to Nebraska. Early in 1918 the State Council of Defense submitted to the Board of Regents of the State university a list of twelve instructors who "have, for one reason or another, assumed an attitude calculated to encourage among those who come under their influence, within and without the university, a spirit of inactivity, indifference and opposition toward this war, and an undesirable view with respect to the several fundamental questions inseparable from the war. . . . They lack aggressive Americanism." They were further charged with internationalism, impeding the sale of Liberty Bonds,

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criticising patriotic colleagues, and disbelieving in German atrocities. They were tried by the board, and three of them—Professors E. B. Hopt, C. E. Persinger and G. W. A. Luckey—were kicked out. The first was the worst, for it was found that he held "conscientious scruples against personally helping in the belligerent activities of the government." Chancellor Samuel Avery was heartily with the patriotic prosecutors, and he assured them that hereafter the Council of Defense would "not think it necessary for the regents to take official cognizance of any cases of supposed lack of patriotism." And yet, in spite of this sentiment of the Chancellor's, Professor Howard W. Caldwell, head of the American history department, had the brass to say that "there are bad and good qualities in the Germans, the English and the Austrians." He was dealt with promptly.

The University of California was not asleep. The Berkeley police and the Federal officers investigated George W. Hau, a reader in the department of education, and found that he was guilty of disloyal and seditious utterances. Hau had the misfortune to have been born in Germany, so he was thrown out of the university. The University of Illinois, always patriotic, was a bit late in chasing out the friends of the enemies of mankind, but it finally awoke to its duty toward the end of 1917. Professors A. C. Cole, Camillo Weiss, Richard Case Tolman, Carl Hassler and Queen Lois Shepherd were charged with "deriding Liberty Bond salesmen, the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. agents." A subcommittee of the Board of Trustees investigated them and found no ground for any charge of disloyalty against them. But it did find that their attitude toward a local agent of the Federal Department of Justice was "discourteous." Finally it tactfully warned them that "the policy of this board might be known as frowning upon all indiscreet talk among faculty members."

About Christmas, 1917, Dr. Gotthard Deutsch, one of the most erudite of the faculty of the Hebrew Union College, of Cincinnati, was charged with having refused to answer the question of United States District Judge Howard Hollister as to "which side do you want to win in the present war with Germany?" The Board of Trustees adopted a resolution "censuring Dr. Deutsch and admonishing him to improve every opportunity in the future to display his loyalty and patriotism." At the University of Michigan the following professors were summarily dismissed for alleged pro-German leanings: W. W. Flower, a member of the faculty for twenty years, E. A. Boucke, John Dieterle, W. W. Kusterman, Herman Wiegand, Richard Ficken and C. E. Eggert. Professors Max Winkler and John W. Schull showed that they were safe and sound by strongly denouncing their heretical brethren.

At the University of Minnesota Professor W. A. Schapper, for sixteen years a member of the political science faculty, was dismissed in September, 1917, for anti-war utterances. In their dismissal resolutions the regents said: "Professor Schapper's expressed unwillingness to aid the United States in the present war renders him unfit and unable rightly to discharge his duties of professor of political science at the university." At the University of Indiana Professor W. E. Zeuch, of the German department, was put under investigation when word reached the local authorities that he had once written a letter to a Hopkinson, Ia., paper defending the Germans from the atrocity charges. And at the University of Missouri Professor Thorstein Veblen, the sociologist, had a good deal to answer for when his book, "The Nature of Peace," reached the patriots. The Hon. Harry A. Wise, a local patriot, called it "the most amazingly damnable piece of pro-German propaganda that the Federal authorities have overlooked." And then he made this contribution to the science of university administration: "Reputable publishers must begin

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censoring their products. . . . Professors like Veblen must be driven from the colleges." Dr. Veblen hasn't had a decent university job since.

At the University of Maine Professor William E. Walz, dean of the Law School and associated with the university since 1899, was dismissed in the early part of 1918 for alleged pro-German leanings. The investigating committee of the Board of Trustees reported that "the highest interests of the State and the university demand his removal. . . . Professor Walz . . . has been so unfortunate, to put it mildly, as to create the impression that in this war his sympathies, as well as his convictions, are with Germany and against the United States and her Allies." At Bates College Professor Frank T. Tubbs was made very uncomfortable by the local draft board, which charged that he had made the following remarks in a lecture: "I think the United States ought to get out of the war just as quickly as possible, stop the war and leave the Allies to settle with the Central Powers on the best terms possible." He was also charged with having said that Great Britain and France, in entering Greek territory, had violated the rights of neutrals, just as Germany had done in the invasion of Belgium. Professor Tubbs would have known better than this, had he taken the trouble to read the "absolutely authentic" war books of Professors Hart and Lovejoy.

On May 24, 1917, Dr. Lyford P. Edwards, of the department of sociology of the Rice Institute, down in hairy Texas, was unceremoniously dismissed because "he possesses certain views in respect to political conditions in Russia so contrary to the fundamental principles of our government as utterly to destroy his further usefulness." At Wellesley, the fashionable girls' college, the authorities were much more tactful. When Miss Emily Balch, professor of economics and sociology, and an otherwise highly respectable woman, was discovered to be entertaining pacifist notions, she was not thrown out in the boorish way of the Southern and Western colleges. She was simply given an indefinite leave of absence. Bay State culture, after all, tells.

VII

Despite these efforts to scotch treason, tempered patriotism and even pacifism remained rife in some of the smaller colleges. Sad to report, the bigger colleges were not much better off, even as late as 1918.

The great University of Virginia in November, 1917, had to endure the blackest smirch in its entire history. But not for long, thanks to the vigilant President Edwin A. Alderman, later to make himself immortal with his eulogy of Woodrow Wilson. One day Professor Leon Whipple, whom everybody regarded as a perfectly respectable man hitherto, began to make strange boasts that he was a pacifist, and even confessed that he had given money to the mayoralty campaign of the Socialist Morris Hillquit, of New York. Worse, he openly said that he could not be true to his conscience if he subscribed to the Liberty Bonds. President Alderman was out of town at the time, but as soon as he heard about this he wired to Charlottesville: "Officially and personally I repudiate the reported utterance of Professor Whipple as unpatriotic and calculated to give aid and comfort to the enemies of the Republic in a grave moment of national peril." An uproar ensued. The Hon. Carter Glass, then a mere Congressman, bawled for his immediate dismissal, and so did all the other solid citizens of Virginia. Before the month was over the fair name of the university was vindicated: Whipple was fired.

There were plenty of men like him up North, despite the heroic efforts of Professors Hart and Lovejoy and their colleagues. Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, the eminent Cornell theologian, was reported early in 1918 to have said in Chicago: "England is holding in subjugation the greatest number of peoples of any nation in the world. . . . To conscript people to

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fight our wars that we do not give voice to in the government is wrong, and there should be some law against such procedure." Needless to say, he was thoroughly investigated. His colleague, Dr. Henry W. Edgerton, an assistant professor of law, fared somewhat worse. He claimed exemption from the draft on the ground that he was a conscientious objector, refused to subscribe to the Fourth Liberty Loan, and was reported to have asked a loan solicitor to leave his house. He was "granted an indefinite leave of absence." Some of the Bay State culture apparently had been seeping into New York.

The worst uproar at Cornell, however, took place in connection with the venerable Dr. David Starr Jordan, a member of the class of '73. On May 18, 1918, twenty-three 100% American members of the class gathered in solemn conclave and called upon the university authorities to revoke all certificates and degrees ever conferred upon Dr. Jordan so as to "purge the roll of the university of the disgrace that he has brought upon it." They added pathetically, "The trustees can revoke his degrees, but they lack the power to do anything more or different." Dr. Jordan's crime consisted in being a member of the Executive Committee of the American Union Against Militarism. He was, of course, investigated, and finally gave out a statement that he was for the war, and that his accusers had misunderstood him. But his persecutors were not satisfied. So he wrote a little piece to the effect that the French and American bugle calls were very similar. Then the patriots were sure that he was all right.

At the City College of New York the instructors were all good patriots, but some of the students, it appears, were dangerous. The governing board handled them very effectively. All applicants for admission were made to sign the following pledge:

> As some small measure of the great gift of education, which, in the American spirit of freedom and self-government, is now offered me by the City College of New York, I hereby pledge myself:
>
> First—I will actually be loyal in support of the constitutional government of the United States. . .
>
> Second—I will seek to preserve and even enhance the value of public property now or hereafter intrusted to my care.

With the aid of this pledge and eagle-eyed Federal officers the hill on 137th street was kept free of German plots and bombs.

The terrible time the patriotic professors at Columbia had with traitors in their midst is well known, and so I will speak of it only briefly. On August 23, 1917, Professor J. McKeen Cattell, a veteran teacher, addressed a letter to Representative Kahn, of California, on Columbia University stationery, requesting him to "support a measure against sending conscripts to fight in Europe against their will. The intent of the Constitution and our consistent national policy should not be reversed without the consent of the people. The President and the present Congress were not elected 'to send conscripts to Europe.' " On June 6, two and a half months previous to this, President Nicholas Murray Butler had warned the faculty in these words:

> I say, with all possible emphasis, that there is and will be no place in Columbia University . . . for any person who opposes or counsels opposition to the effective enforcement of the laws of the United States, or who acts, speaks or writes treason. The separation of any such person from Columbia University will be as speedy as the discovery of his offense. This is the . . . last . . . warning to any among us . . . who are not with whole heart and mind and strength committed to fight with us to make the world safe for democracy.

So Dr. Cattell was put out, and, although a member of the faculty for over twenty-six years, was not given the pension coming to him. Most of his colleagues either kept silent or openly denounced him. Professor E. R. A. Seligman, the eminent economist, called his dismissal a "well-merited fate." Professor Ellery C. Stowell, of the Law School, delivered himself of these sentiments:

> A professor . . . is free to carry on propaganda, but he may properly be dismissed from the university whenever his propaganda is itself treasonable or seditious. . . . A sentimental tenderness

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toward sedition would cost this country the lives of hundreds of thousands of its brave defenders. I believe it would have a wholesome effect if we were to shoot a few spies and traitors. It is time for every loyal citizen to act. The time for paralyzed discussion is gone.

The fate that was meted out to Dr. Cattell also fell to Professor Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana. He was found guilty of belonging to the People's Council. Not all the professors, of course, were silent under these blows at their academic freedom. Professor Charles A. Beard, although he counselled American entrance into the war long before April, 1917, resigned in protest. And Professor John Dewey thundered:

To my mind this college is nothing but a factory, and a badly run factory at that. It is factory tactics that enables a professor to be expelled from a university on the recommendation of men who know nothing about his work and who are not his associates.

VIII

But the tracking down of those who did not fall in with the war did not stop with the cessation of hostilities. It continued long after. At the Berkeley Divinity School, at Middletown, Conn., Dean William P. Ladd was suspected of not believing all the "information" that was current about Russia in 1919, and had to suffer Federal investigation and numberless protest meetings as a result. The students, of course, were protected right along from all poisonous propaganda. In November, 1919, the University of Pennsylvania suppressed an address by James H. Maurer, president of the State Federation of Labor. Many of the university presidents were still hot against everything German. President David P. Barrows, of the University of California, and State commander of the local post of the American Legion, toward the end of 1919, was reported as having said, "Any elaborate revival of German music is injudicious and poor taste at this time."

Perhaps the only university president who did not join the traitor-hunt was President Lowell, of Harvard. The Skeffington difficulty he got himself into was apparently due to a *lapsus mentis* on his part. He soon forgot about it, and stood practically alone among his colleagues in his stand for academic freedom, war or no war. While Dr. Royce yelled for the blood of the German war lords and while Dr. Hart was collecting his volumes of "authentic" anti-German evidence for the National Security League, Dr. Lowell refused to oust the suspects on the Harvard faculty. Not one of them was fired. There is a report that he once told the accused instructors that he himself would resign the moment the resignation of any of them was demanded.

But not many were like Lowell. The majority of American learned men hotly repudiated his notion of academic freedom. Thus their views were stated by the Association of American University Professors:

There are four grounds upon which the dismissal of a member of the faculty of a college or university may be legitimate: (1) conviction of disobedience to any statute or lawful executive order relating to the war; (2) propaganda designed, or unmistakably tending, to cause others to resist or evade the compulsory service law or the regulations of the military authorities; (3) action designed to dissuade others from rendering voluntary assistance to the efforts of the government, [such as volunteering for military service, buying bonds, etc.]; (4) in the case of university officers of German or Austro-Hungarian birth or parentage any acts and utterances tending to hamper the efforts of the United States and its government.

No wonder Attorney General Palmer found the professors so much to his taste!

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Painting

EREMITES OF THE BRUSH

By Sadakichi Hartmann

The early nineties were a favorable time to get acquainted with American art. There had been a sort of renaissance, or more correctly spoken, naissance of painting in this country. The work of a dozen men or more had reached a degree of independent, native-born expression that has not yet been surpassed. Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins were the champions of realism. Inness, Homer Martin, Wyant, Tryon, Theodore Robinson and Twachtman produced a kind of landscape painting only second to that of the Barbizon school. Abbott Thayer, de Forrest Brush, Dewing and La Farge excelled in figure work.

It was my good fortune to come into contact with many of these men—with some quite frequently, with others only on solitary occasions. These meetings made amusing and interesting moments in my pilgrimage through exhibitions and studios. Now, as thirty years have passed, and most of them have joined the ranks of the Immortals, and seem destined to be honored and worshipped in the manner of the New England poets, it may be of some interest to set down a few reminiscences of them, *con amore*. Exceptional men easily yield the flavor of their personality, and even the slightest acquaintance, an overheard remark or a glimpse into a studio are sufficient to reveal the artist and his work from a new viewpoint.

Many American painters, particularly the more serious ones, have, in strange contrast to most foreign artists, who like to move in the midst of life and society, a peculiar trait in common: they crave solitude. Metropolitan life has no charm for them. They hate the flattery of condescending patrons and fine ladies and the ceremonious wiles of society, and are reluctant to give themselves up to party spirit, the intrigues and vanities of their profession. The men I write of were like the wise and holy hermits of old, and undoubtedly—if our deserts were not situated so far West—would have taken their canvases, tubes and brushes, gone out there, and passed their lives in painting en solitaire.

There was, for instance, Albert Pinkham Ryder, one of the mightiest who ever wielded a brush in these lands, a painter of weird moonlight dreams. Very few knew where he lived, and very few ever saw his pictures, for he refused to exhibit them in any public mart. Beside, he seldom had anything new to show. He painted on the same pictures for more than twenty years. Like Matthew Maris, he was never satisfied with his work and repainted some of his canvases a hundred times, until the color was half an inch thick. It became a mania with him to let no "unfinished" picture go out of his studio, and he preferred to destroy a masterpiece by running a red hot poker through the surface rather than to listen to the entreaties of his patrons. The sad part of it is that almost his entire legacy in paint consists of fragments.

When I decided to call upon him I found out that it was no easy job. More than a dozen times I called at his humble studio, a simple backroom in a rooming-house. When I wrote him about my many fruitless calls, I received in reply a kind invitation, with an excuse for not having been in: he had been "absorbing the lovely November skies." Many a time I have seen him standing at the curb of a crowded street, en-

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tirely lost to his surroundings, looking up at the sky, studying some strange cloud effect. He liked nothing better than to take ferry and trolley on a moonlight night, and tramp about for hours on lonesome highways in New Jersey; or still better, on a sudden impulse and without the slightest preparation, to board a sailing vessel whose captain he knew, and make an ocean trip to study the effect of moonlight on the water, and the Delacroix formation of waves.

I have a bad memory for faces, and therefore cannot describe Ryder's appearance to any advantage. A reddish full beard, a dream-like quality in his eyes, a certain softness with a touch of awkwardness in his general makeup seemed to me his leading characteristics. As I entered his ramshackle two-windowed den—Ryder lighting the one gas-jet, which could not even pride itself on having a globe—my eyes met a great confusion of canvases of a peculiar dark and turbid tone, lying about in every possible position, amidst old trunks and boxes, and pieces of dusty broken furniture, littered with clothes, papers and paint-rags, everything spotted with lumps of hard dry color and varnish. I involuntarily had to think of a garbage dump, with street urchins searching for hidden treasures.

Ryder began to show me some of his half-finished pictures, and I was carried away into a fairyland of imaginative landscapes, ultramarine seas and skies, scenes of a mellow yellowish light, peopled by beings that seemed to be all poetic fancy, phantoms of some haunted soul. Ryder had been able to transfer his own curious and rich nature, an abundance of imaginative emotion, centred constantly for a lifetime upon one aim, into paint. He personalized his simple motifs in such an intense fashion that one can speak of Ryder clouds, of Ryder waves and Ryder light. He painted for himself, and had no other ambition than to express himself in paint. The only reason he did not object to occasional orders lay in his desire to carry out this mission.

Some artists at the period were even more exclusive. I recall that quaint little woman, Maria à Becket, who painted impressionistic wood scenes of rare vigor and realism in fits of religious ecstasy and left all her artistic accumulations to the Paulist Fathers. Also Percy Woodcock comes to my mind, the Canadian Monticelli, who showed his jewel-like panels (perhaps some sun-spotted forest solitude, or an Arabian horsemen, garbed in yellow, galloping away into a dark background) only to intimate friends on certain days of the year. Like Simeon Stylites he sat on a column, worshipping art, indifferent to the rest of the world. Another anchorite was Brennan, the illustrator. I never had the pleasure of seeing him face to face, though I tried persistently for years to interview him. Nobody knew where he kept himself. He must have been a quaint visionary if the exquisite head and tail pieces that now and then appeared in the magazines reflected his character.

The same abstraction from the world, the same contempt for popular success, was carried to an extreme by Winslow Homer. He lived in hermit fashion on a little island on the New England coast. Nobody was permitted to call; even his nearest relatives had to write before he would see them; and as his studio could be reached only by rowboat, he was quite safe from intrusion. But I once managed to disturb his solitude. He was quite angry at the start and would not talk to me, but later on he took pity and shared with me his lunch, which he brought out-doors, for he would not admit me to his studio. Against his will he entered upon a conversation which became quite lively for a while. He even complimented me. "You talk quite sensibly," he said, "but I don't care to read anything about art, so don't waste any time. Don't come again." But when I wrote something about him, he was apparently pleased, for he wrote me a short, courteous note. Still, when many years later, I attempted to meet him again, he wrote: "I have no desire to see anybody,

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art-writers or any kind of visitors, so please forgive me."

George Inness was more accessible. After forty years of bad luck, recognition at last came to him. He had made the laborious climb from the thin, detail-loving technique of the Hudson River school, from panorama-like composition, Lorraine sunbursts, and Düsseldorf sentimentalism, to the dignity and breadth of the Barbizon artists, and finally to a dramatic colorful style of his own. He had kept up his enthusiasm and was a spirited and interesting talker. At one occasion, during a visit I made to his new home in Montclair, we were discussing the various arts. "It always needs the same something," he exclaimed, "in all the arts, whether you work as a painter, sculptor, architect [he accompanied each word with an expressive gesture] or as actor or dancer." And the old gentleman actually got up and pirouetted about the room. "You need rhythm," he said, "and that must come from within. It cannot be taught. It must be there," and he patted his chest. When I departed and we stood on the porch, we involuntarily grew silent, gazing at the landscape before us, a regular Inness of the later years. It was a sunlit afternoon in early Spring. Everything looked so fresh and moist—the ploughed fields, the young foliage, the green and yellow grass, the distant woods.

"Ah," he called out, making a sweeping gesture with his arm, "if I could only have seen things thirty years ago in the same breadth as I see them now!"

"Think of the fun you would have missed!" I retorted.

"Yes," he laughed, "the ability to see things broadly is a matter of conquest."

"Or of eyesight," I ventured. "No, you can't make me believe that!" and he waved his hand as I walked away.

Still, I am of the opinion that often shortsightedness has a good deal to do with the style of a painter. Nobody convinced me of this more than Homer Martin, who was stoneblind in one eye and extremely shortsighted in the other when he painted his best pictures, and when a defoliated tree and a road along a hillside provided him with sufficient material to express with profound simplicity "the heroic harmonies of nature." Homer Martin was a queer sort of genius, sulky, moody, easily excitable, careless in his apparel, and at no time an anti-Prohibitionist. He needed some stimulant to become inspired. How vividly I see it all before me: the dusty disorder of the studio, the decanter on the table, the blank canvas, the hours of retarded action—and then suddenly the bulky, awkward form of the artist would rise and he would paint in *improvisatore* fashion, with a curious nervous intensity, a masterpiece. George Inness was right: it takes the inner rhythm to produce great things. It really does not matter how a man lives and works. D. W. Tryon, the painter of New England dawns and twilights, "as musical as Cazin and as poetical as Corot," spent nine months in seclusion on his farm at South Dartmouth, never touching a brush, building yachts and making flies for trout fishing, and then painted for three months regularly every day when he came to town. Homer Martin lived the solitude of the large city, without much encouragement and comfort, and painted when the spirit moved him.

Another painter who needed an Athanasius as biographer was Abbott Thayer. He was the most self-absorbed man I have ever known, even more so than Ryder. Meeting him, one believed once more in the old critical dogma that works of art should be judged as æsthetic facts alone, without any search for explanations in the personality and life of the painter. As an artist he could hardly claim fluency of expression: he was a slow producer. There exist of him not more than twelve canvases of real importance. He must have labored very hard over some of them, probably more with the mind than with the actual tools of his profession. Painting was with him a nervous, never-ending process of

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visualization, the imagining of some inspired intuitional expression—say, a female form of great purity and beauty, of noble proportions and sentiments, that would gradually become a modern symbolization of the old Virgin and Madonna types, which, by lack of religious fervor and constant repetition, have become stereotyped and meaningless. He succeeded with this intricate problem better than anybody else in American art. Geniuses with his trend of thought like isolation. They have to retire and shun life. Thayer had an absolute horror of meeting people. What could they tell him? And what had he to say to them?

Knowing of his aversion to strangers, I ventured no haphazard call, but asked him by letter for permission to visit him and his studio. His wife made an appointment with me to meet him in the afternoon, because "he was retiring early and resting his mind in the mornings from the great work he was doing in the early afternoons." It was the most peculiar reception I have ever had in my long career as an interviewer.

I arrived at Scarborough and presented my card. Neither Thayer nor Mrs. Thayer appeared to greet me. She was indisposed, and he, I suppose, was resting his mind. Their daughter, the indefatigable model of his masterpieces, "The Virgin," "Caritas," and "The Virgin Enthroned," ushered me into a spacious barnlike studio —no doubt to enjoy my own company or the breeze from the Hudson, for the room was empty save for a few unfinished sketches with their faces against the wall. Courteous as I am always to genius, I waited for fifteen minutes, examining the sketches and staring at the empty walls. Then, finding the door locked by mistake, I jumped out of one of the windows and, seeing nobody about, ran to the station. Let others worship at the shrine of Abbott Thayer's personality, I thought. I in the future will be satisfied with his pictures!

As I found out in later years, very little would have been added to my estimate by meeting him. Some personalities treat strangers in a half-antagonistic way, and any attempt to loosen them up or to draw them out proves futile. No doubt, Thayer could be as sociable as anybody else when in the right mood and among the right people. But though the muses granted him many privileges, one of them was not the gift of revealing himself in half an hour's conversation with a stranger. Quite different in this respect was R. L. Newman, "old Newman" as we called him, who had all the color glow of the Old Masters at his command. He was approaching the eighties, had known Millet, had remained a Bohemian all his life, sociable and talkative and still painted charming little sketches, "gorgeous color notes," which he sold without much ceremony to the first comer for a week's necessities. And they were few: an occasional dinner at a French or Italian restaurant or a trip into the country—that is all he asked of life. His studio, scrupulously clean, looked like a cell in a monastery. An easel, a chair, a box of paint, a few canvases, a pillow and a blanket—such were his earthly possessions.

He slept on the floor, and whenever he was tired of his abode, which happened quite frequently, he took his pillow and blanket under his arm and moved. Once, however, after a successful exhibition, he attempted to live in a fashionable studio with a grand piano and plenty of Burgundy, but the splendor soon faded. In less than three months we saw him again in his old haunts, satisfied with his lot, always cheerful, and ready to paint or loaf as the momentary mood dictated.

Of course, all these artists were only dilettanti martyrs. They did not sleep on bare stone floors—even Ryder had his seven overcoats, as Newman had his blanket—they did not feed on coarse bread and herbs, and they did not labor through deserts day and night until they were worn out by hunger and thirst. On the contrary, they rather liked comfort, each in his own way. But they could live without the

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tawdry luxury, the common and often vulgar pastimes, the base intrigues, the warfare for material gain, which are the accepted lot of the many.

Let the reader be sure of this, that despite their proud æstheticism and spiritual vanity, which was largely the cause of their eccentricities, there was in these men an element of absolute sincerity, grandeur and creative joy. Their art, which belongs to the very best this country has produced, proves that sufficiently.

Archeology

REMAINS OF EARLY MAN IN THE UNITED STATES

By Cornelia H. Dam

In very early times the whole northeastern quarter of the United States, from Massachusetts to Virginia, and the region westward into Wisconsin, was inhabited by various tribes speaking dialects of the Algonkian tongue. Most of the States included in this area are rich in archeological material. Much of New York City itself is built over Indian remains, as the investigations carried on by the Heye Museum in the Bronx, Brooklyn and Van Courtland Park have demonstrated.

In Maine are traces of a very ancient culture, belonging to the Red Paint People, who fashioned exquisite slender spear-points of ground slate and buried with their dead quantities of red ochre, for what purpose we can only guess, while in Massachusetts may be seen the quarries from which the Indians took, with stone tools, blocks of steatite to fashion handsome stone vessels, monuments to their patience and technical skill. In New Jersey, especially in the gravel pits near Trenton, has been found material bearing on the yet unsettled questions of the antiquity of various occupations in the eastern part of the country, and of the length of man's presence in the New World.

Because of climatic conditions in this northeastern area, the archeological remains are limited in variety. Objects of wood, feathers, skins, and such perishable materials have almost invariably disappeared. Nevertheless, the hammers and awls and axes of stone and copper, the spear-points and arrow-points of flint, the fishing plummets and mortars and pestles of stones, the skin-dressing implements of bone, the drinking cups, necklaces and ornaments of shell, the pottery of various shapes and uses, and the fine clay and stone pipes, give us enough material to reconstruct with reasonable confidence the simple agricultural, hunting and fishing life in this part of the country at a time when our ancestors were in ignorance of its very existence.

As one moves southward in the East the archeological remains, of which mounds form the most important part, become much more complex and bewildering because of the number of quite different tribes that formerly inhabited this area, but they are correspondingly interesting. Though long neglected, the region is at present the laboratory for a number of expeditions from museums and universities. The most important name in connection with it is that of Clarence Moore, of the Academy of Sciences in Philadelphia, who during the last thirty years has excavated in Tennessee, Florida, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and contributed more than any other one man to our knowledge of that part of the country. Virginia and North Carolina, as might be expected, show many strong traces of the northern Algonkian and Iroquoian cultures, but some of the ornaments of copper and the pipes carved into fine human and animal head forms that are found out there indicate a higher culture than that of the northern States. Still finer are the artifacts from Georgia and South Carolina—splendidly worked stone weapons, elaborately modelled pipes, long shell ear ornaments, hand-

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somely carved stone bowls and plates, and large, gracefully tapered pottery vessels.

The best pottery, however, comes from Florida. In some of it Holmes suggests Central American influence, an affinity also apparently present in the work recently discovered by Moorehead at the Etowah Mounds near Cartersville, Georgia. Here were discovered rich burials, the mortuary furnishings of chief interest being conventional patterns beautifully cut from sheets of copper, ornaments of conch shell carved in delicate open work designs, and a large stone idol of unique workmanship and style. Archeologists have not decided whether the affinity between the prehistoric Indians of the Southern States and those of pre-Aztec strain in Mexico was the result of direct contact or of distant commercial relations, but the remains found are nevertheless of immense importance in assigning relative dates to this and the neighboring cultures.

In Florida an expedition of the Warren Foundation has explored the shell burials on Perico Island, and Fewkes has investigated similar sites on Weeden Island and near St. Petersburg, where, beneath remains of a culture similar to an ancient one in Georgia, he found archaic remains closely resembling those of Cuba. Another interesting discovery recently made in Florida is that by the Amherst Smithsonian Expedition to Vero and Melbourne, where flint tools, potsherds and human bones were uncovered along with animal bones believed to be those of the mammoth and mastodon. Whether this indicates the presence of man in America in remote prehistoric ages, or the survival of mammoth and mastodon into comparatively recent times in Florida, or a trick of shifting geological strata played by nature upon the curious scientist, cannot yet be determined, but it is a promising discovery.

The highest cultural level found east of the Mississippi was reached by the so-called Mound Builders, who, with the Pueblo Builders of the Southwest, attained the highest prehistoric civilizations yet discovered north of Mexico. Traces of the former culture have been found along the Texas and Louisiana coasts, and in Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee, their territory, broadly speaking, having been that of the Mississippi and Ohio River valleys. Their culture was already extinct at the time of the settlement of America.

The richest State in remains of these Mound Builders is Ohio, and no State in the Union has been more active or more thorough in searching out, excavating, and preserving its archeological treasures. Many of the mounds, resembling at first glance the low natural hillocks of the rolling country, have been known and more or less cleared for years, and several of the largest groups have been turned into State parks through the efforts of the Ohio State Archeological and Historical Society. The most complete excavations are those just completed by the society in the great Hopewell group, in Ross county. These mounds, covering altogether one hundred and eleven acres, had been examined by Squier and Davis in 1848, and by Moorehead in 1891. Now completely excavated, they have yielded an abundance of material illustrating the highest development of Mound Builder culture. The workmanship in copper is superb, not only in bracelets, anklets, ear-plugs, and beads, but also in delicately finished axes and adzes, helmets and breast-plates, some of them once feather and mica trimmed. The arrow and spear points of flint and crystal and obsidian, and the massive build of the skeletons suggest formidable hunters and warriors, as does also a trophy skull, the bones clearly showing marks of the flint knife used to detach the scalp. Traders they must have been, too, for the graves contained obsidian found only in the Far West, and thousands of beads and ornaments carved from ocean shells. The beauty of the carved stone pipes, bowls of limestone and conch shell, and cut-out ornaments of mica and copper, and of the stone model of an eagle, its eyes set with pearls, bespeaks a high artistic development, as the

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fragments of garments sewn with thousands of fresh water pearls, and necklaces of hundreds upon hundreds of pearls suggest a rich and luxurious life. Michigan and Wisconsin also abound in mounds, but unlike the typical burial mounds of Ohio, they are usually built in animal forms, giving rise to the term "effigy mounds."

In Wisconsin the Public Museum of Milwaukee has excavated the Kratz Creek Mound group and other similar mounds, and more recently work has been done at McCargoe's Island in Lake Superior, where were extensive prehistoric copper mines. Here the Indians of pre-Columbian days, having located a vein of ore, built a fire on the rock, raising it to as high a temperature as possible, and then threw water on the rock, causing it to crack and enabling them to enlarge the aperture with stone hammers, probably to the depth of only an inch or so, after which the tedious process had to be repeated until finally the ore was reached.

In Tennessee the mounds seem, unlike either of the forms just described, to have been huge pyramids built laboriously, probably with wooden implements, to the height of sixty feet and an area of three or more acres. They were used apparently either as temples or as chiefs' dwellings. W. E. Myer recently excavated the Great Mound group in Cheatham county, uncovering a substantial series of earthen breastworks, supported by bastions extending to a distance of a hundred and fifty feet beyond the walls, on which had stood at intervals circular wooden towers.

Immediately west of the Mississippi, in the Great Plains area, which was inhabited in pioneer days by nomad tribes of buffalo hunters, little archeological work has been done. The caves of Arkansas and Oklahoma are, however, being surveyed, and in Texas J. E. Pearce is working on an intensive survey of material in the State, which, including as it does pueblos of the Western people, and mounds of the Eastern, in addition to elements showing combinations of other neighboring cultures, is a very rich field for research. In Iowa Charles R. Keyes has traced the westward extension of the Mound Builders of Ohio into the eastern and southeastern parts of the State. When this Great Plains area shall have been more completely surveyed, we may expect much information regarding the northern limits and local variations of the great pueblo culture of the Southwest.

The center of pueblo culture seems to have been the San Juan valley, but the four main pueblo States of New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and Utah are thickly sown with the ruins of picturesque stone houses built into and upon the steep canyon walls, and on high plateaus. The earliest of these ruins are the simple, artificially enlarged caves of the Basket Makers, whose descendants built the elaborate communal houses and well fortified villages of the prehistoric pueblos, such as those which may be seen at Mesa Verde or in Chaco Canyon, and whose culture survives today among the modern pueblo dwellers at Taos, Santa Clara, and other pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico. The distinctive feature of pueblo art is its fine and infinitely varied pottery, and the chief problem confronting the archeologist in this region is the relative dating of phases of pueblo development as indicated by various types of pottery, often found in superimposed layers in the same ruin.

The foremost excavations of the last few years in this region are those of Pueblo Bonito in Chaco Canyon, carried on by Judd for the National Geographic Society, and those in the neighboring pueblo of Arroyo by Rupert. As Chaco was the center of the pueblo civilization, from which radiated various artistic and cultural influences, the sequences discovered here in pottery and other artifacts will be a sort of measuring rod for those of other sites. At Pecos, New Mexico, Kidder has just completed his sixth campaign, where, as at Pueblo Bonito, the chief interest for the scientist is the stratification of pottery. As Pecos was founded just about the time

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Bonito was abandoned, the two pueblos, when completely excavated, will represent the complete history of the development of this highest of indigenous North American cultures.

In Arizona extremely important excavations, of which the results are not yet published, have been begun by the American Museum of Natural History at Superior, where no excavations had been made previously, and where valuable discoveries linking the civilizations of North and Central America are anticipated. At Canyon del Muerto, Morris and Kidder have found the most complete material so far encountered of the Basket Makers of prepueblo days. The southernmost of recent excavations in the pueblo area are those of the Archeological Society of El Paso at Swarts Pueblo, and close by, that of the Museum of New Mexico at Mimbres, where, beneath remains of the pueblo period, was found a huge complex of subterranean pit-houses, no doubt the prototype of the later and the modern pueblo apartment houses, and therefore vastly important for the light they throw on the beginnings of the pueblo culture. Extraordinarily, from this region and these sites, which were abandoned twelve hundred years ago, comes the finest of all pueblo pottery, charmingly decorated in minute naturalistic designs. The northernmost and westernmost limits of pueblo culture so far determined were those found last year by the expedition of the Heye Museum at Pueblo Grande in Southeastern Nevada, and by Harrington's side trips of exploration, in which he found traces almost as far as the California border.

California offers many inducements to the archeologist, its northern portion yielding remains similar to those of Washington and Oregon, its central portion abundant mounds, village sites and caves, (not to mention the famous Calaveras skull, thought by some to be of Tertiary age), and its southern portion remains related to the primitive Arizona culture. On the islands of its southern coast is the richest field of all, the most characteristic feature of the culture being the skillful use of bone and shell for tools, ornaments and weapons. Particularly interesting among the human remains found on these islands are the bones pierced by flint arrowheads, indicating wounds sufficient to have caused death —a striking illustration of the efficiency of primitive Indian weapons that often appear to the casual observer as impractical or ineffectual. The Heye Museum sent several expeditions to these islands, and last year the Bureau of Ethnology excavated on the mainland at Santa Barbara. The University of California has also excavated for the last three years at Emeryville Mound near Berkeley, where it has uncovered remains of the greatest antiquity.

Little has been done in Oregon or Washington beyond such surveys as were made last year by the University of California, but the minute and exquisite arrow points and other finely worked objects of stone that have been found in those States make them tempting fields. The whole Pacific Coast, in fact, is a region of abundant promise for the student of prehistoric America, and the occasional find there of South Sea Island material at such a distance from its cultural center hints at valuable and romantic discoveries that may be made hereafter.

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ON PUBLIC SERVICE

BY IDWAL JONES

Being opulent, I rode in the caboose, a sort of doghouse at the tail-end of a string of freight-cars coming over the Mexican border. We got all the brunt of the stoppages, jerks, and twists around the curves, and got it with especial violence. The concussions slewed us about like peas in a rattle. Three woolly dogs, soggy boots, hats and sou-westers were cooking before the stove anchored in a corner. A wretched oil-lamp contributed smoke and a smell of burning tin to the general fetor. The rain sloshed against the windows. The light was too feeble to read by. All one could do was hang to the chair, with teeth clenched on a pipe-stem so as to protect the tongue. The lurching of the van induced low spirits, a feeling of nausea and a sense of futility that was not dispelled by the purposeful blasts of the whistle, which tried to reassure us that we were not going rackety-bump into chaos.

The other passengers were three elderly Mexicans wrapped in good Pullman blankets, dyed red and presumably stolen. They were eating canned sardines and crackers, and sipping an alcoholic fluid out of a stone bottle. After they had given a drink to the freight conductor, whom they addressed as Shack, they lighted corn-husk cigarettes and smoked stolidly. The shack, in dripping oil-skins, stood under the lamp and was absorbed in the study of a comics page. He kept his feet despite the awful cannonading of cars and banging of couplings, and moved his lips as he read the titles. At intervals he cursed dismally, grabbed a lantern and went out to climb over the roofs of the cars. The passengers were palpably nervous during his absences.

The last time he returned he locked the door, and as he bent over, the sling of a blackjack protruded from his pocket.

"Are you bothered with hoboes?" I asked. "Or aren't there any left—after the war?"

"Train's lousy with them," he grunted. "Stick your head outside and look at them. They're hanging to the steps. They're lying on the roof. They're riding on the rods and in the coal-bin. Old Eagle-eyes in the cab has to stand them off with a six-shooter so they won't steal his dinner-pail. Any hoboes left? Say, where you been all the time?"

"Interesting phenomenon," I ventured.

"Phenomenon, hell! It's worse than before the war. They're tougher than the Cooley gang in Montana after Gettysburg, and have got less respect for human life. I'd quit my job right now and turn parlor-car porter if I was a dinge. It ain't safe for a white guy on them roofs with all those 'boes watching him."

At midnight the Mexicans curled up in their blankets and slept on the floor. The conductor kept vigil before the stove and conned his precious comics page. More of the crew drifted in and out, slamming the door. The train bumped unceasingly until dawn streaked in, and unshaven and pallid inmates began to stir to life in the opaque air. The cars stopped at a cluster of adobes. The sole inhabitants visible were some goats and a sleepy telegrapher in the doorway of a shanty daubed a bilious yellow.

"United States!" bawled the conductor, taking up a sheaf of waybills. "All out, gents!"

We breakfasted, and none too well, at

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the Waldorf. This was a stuffy establishment that reeked of chili powder. We sat on high stools before a bar covered with oil-cloth, and were eyed dubiously by the boss, whose villainous nature was reflected in the abominable coffee he served. He wore his sombrero, seemed to be on the defensive, and began to thaw only when he got his money.

Then it occurred to me that another of those sporadic flights was on: every other man who passed this way was a refugee and destitute. And in a number of cases, so desperate were they, it seemed better to be alive in Texas, despite its lack of enticements, than dead in Mexico. The chili boss glared at the windows, and bared his teeth in a slow, tense smile. A half dozen hoboes were flattening their noses against the panes. A town marshal on a piebald cayuse rode up and down the street. He looked like a dwarf under a monstrous felt hat splotched with the gall-blood into which it had been sopped to keep it stiff in the rains. A stained bandage covered the sore about his nose, and underneath it drooped a corn-husk cigarette. He pranced along, bolt-upright, with an airy precision, his army revolver very much in view. He seemed to be looking straight ahead, but beneath the narrowed lids, the eyes slid automatically from side to side.

II

Here was a wretch to whom death would have been a blessing, but who manfully performed his task of policing this deplorable place. Small thanks he got for his job. There was not even romance in it. Higher up was a larger adobe, with a flag atop, and before this he descended and tied his steed to a veranda post. It was the Women's Exchange Building. In the window were some large, flabby pies, a set of hand-worked doilies, a pair of baby's shoes, embroidered towels, a plate of stale fudge, and a placard announcing a lecture on George Washington before the Baracca Class "next Saturday night."

But it was still Texas. A herd of cattle came plashing down the thoroughfare, followed by an elderly cowboy. He wore a greenish frock-coat, with buttons behind, a battered straw hat and horn-rim spectacles. The sight would not have pleased Remington very much.

The marshal accosted me with a wary jauntiness. "Fine bunch of cows, there, boy," he said. "He's taking 'em up to Deaf Smith county, where they's a bit more grass. And where are you bound for? We got to be careful here, that's why I'm asking. Freights split here for Fort Worth and N'Orleans. The sooner those fellows make up their minds which way to go, the better I'll like it."

At least thirty birds of passage were shambling about the street. Most of them walked with angular stiffness, as if the rain had affected their joints. They cadged for dimes, and then entered the chili parlor to buy a meal. That appearing to be the social center, I went there again.

The leading character was a large, porcine German who wore a yachtsman's cap, with a blue spotted kerchief about his neck. He ate noisily, drank several cups of the bad coffee, and uttered imprecations on Texas and the alleged boorishness of its inhabitants. He pattered smoothly in Spanish with the proprietor. His person gave out a frowzy, rancid odor, but he was a pleasant-spoken man and his manners were engaging. His name, he said, was Schoenherr, and he had been a lieutenant in the German navy, but had got cashiered for immorality.

"After that," he continued, "three years in Buenos Aires, teaching languages. Now I am going to do the United States because Mexico is too noisy. Meet my friend, will you? Here's Dr. Polychronopoulos."

Next moment I was shaking hands with a little bewhiskered man, who resembled nothing so much as a Skye terrier.

"We are travelling together," commented Schoenherr. "Things went on the bum for him in Greece, so he came to Mexico City, and took up the wrong poli-

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tics again. He's a professor of geology. We're going to look up things in Fort Worth."

He then unfolded a piece of newspaper with an advertisement calling for two hundred men for "public service." It was a notice placed by some fallacious employment agency, but to him it betokened golden hopes and a chance to make fairly easy money for a month or so.

The doctor commenced to bark unreasonably. He pounded the table and made the crockery jump. He had a harsh, positive voice, and wanted to argue about the geology of Fort Worth, about which none of us knew anything, and cared less.

"It's sandy loam and shale, gentlemen!" he thundered. "Chalk-like sedimentary rocks, an upland plateau, marine in the Paleozoic Age, and full of trilobite fossils."

He became more pestiferous. Schoenherr lapped up more coffee from his saucer, and whispered to me, "Probably all wrong. What do I know? If you're not headed for anywhere in particular, you might better come along with us. The freight North will be pulling out in ten minutes."

Not in dull Pullmans could one find such instructive company, so I agreed. We strolled down to the railroad siding, down which the cars were already in motion; swung up, and dropped into a gondola. The doctor was displeased because the car was preëmpted by twenty vagabonds who were especially low and unclean. Schoenherr turned his cap and coat inside out to preserve the exterior from coal dust, put on a new outfit in their place, and sat down to read a book.

The doctor, pacing to and fro, with his hands behind him, barked loudly on the intellectual dominance of the modern Greeks, and screamed out whole pages of Thucydides. He was a red-hot chauvinist. He shook his fists, his eyes glowed behind his thick glasses, and his whole body vibrated with spiritual force. He was rather a nuisance, and it was a pity so much energy was expended for nothing.

Two of the train crew jumped into the gondola, and shoulder to shoulder questioned each of the stowaways:

"What you ridin' on, 'bo? A dollar—a quarter—a nickel?"

Seasoned travellers, the hoboes made no reply, but averted their eyes with far-away looks. The pair gave sarcastic grunts, then retired. Late in the afternoon, when the train stopped, all hands rushed out to buy comestibles, or beg them. Night fell, and in the darkness a chilly wind arose that blew grit into our faces and ears. Someone climbed over the roofs and returned with a lantern around which they huddled on the floor, with hands outstretched. The train bumped on interminably in darkness, with an occasional stop at a water tower. The vagrants fastened their coat-collars with safety-pins, and, leaning against each other, fell asleep. The doctor yawped about economics and kept waking people up until somebody rapped him on the head with a chunk of coal. With a spasmodic jerk he toppled over, and was silent.

At dawn there were in the car, besides us three, a stranger who looked like a scarecrow and two railroad tramps with paper bundles under their arms.

"Where's the big mob?" asked Schoenherr.

"They glommed the N'Orleans freight at the last tower," answered one. "All box cars, easy grubbing and a roof all the way."

These tramps, inoffensive, quiet fellows, had been going for five months without a day's stop at any point. To keep moving, to avoid brutal switchmen and deputy sheriffs, to make the longest possible jumps with the minimum of suffering—that was their business in life. They had neither the stamina to work nor the fortitude to be criminal. They were as devoid of initiative as barnacles. They managed to keep their faces and blue cotton shirts well scrubbed, and had wits enough to calculate the headway of a train as closely as any train-despatcher. Their classification was jungle buzzards, for they subsisted on the scraps they gleaned in the jungles, or hobo camps.

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III

The stranger was a bird of prey, a jack-roller, who lived by robbing fellow vagrants. He had a loose, ugly mouth and a florid, predatory face, with a straggling moustache. He limped badly, and the tattered hem of his overcoat, though he was a tall man, dragged in the coal dust. Unaware of the disesteem in which he was held, he chortled in a rasping, venereal voice, slapped the tramps on the back, and felt their packages. Both contained whiskey, distressingly bad, but in the circumstances as good as nectar. It was drunk down. All that was drab and sordid vanished. The limping rook and the tramps roared a song that was as joyous as any bird's:

Oh, such a lot of devils,
  The like I never saw;
Robbers, thieves, and highwaymen,
  And breakers of the law.
They sang a song the whole night long,
  And the curses fell like hail,
I'll bless the day they take me away
  From the Portland County Jail.

Schoenherr, also lit up, sang quite tunefully in Spanish. The train was clattering through a country of black, clayey loam, gray with cotton stems. It was a land of plenteous buzzards. They were as big as turkeys, and, roosting on the telegraph lines, nearly bore the wires down to the ground with their weight. They croaked and danced grotesquely with flappings of their untidy wings. The limping rook, whose mind was already deranged by the fusel oil, waved his arms and hopped gawkily in imitation of the birds. The tramps laughed in glee.

"Ain't he the dizzy barstard, though!" marvelled one of them.

The doctor scowled. The drink had made him quarrelsome, and he rolled up his sleeves. "He's the one who hit me on the head last night," he whined, and smote him on the chest. The jack-roller hit out, and the doctor sprawled on his back. He then turned on Schoenherr, who stepped in and played a tattoo on his ribs. The rook, protected by his overcoat, doubled his arms, and from the elbows fanned out cuts and jabs that wrought grievous damage to Schoenherr's fat cheeks. His technique was bad, though it was obvious that he was a seasoned fighter. The German roared like an orang-outang, and, though a bloody mess, footed in and out and slugged every second. But there was no knocking down the rook. He was knock-kneed and boxed sideways, with one bent leg propping him up as firmly as a cathedral buttress. His nose was hammered flat, one eye was closed, he could hardly breathe through the swollen lips, and his black vest was sopping with claret. It was a fair stand-up fight, and for a whole hour they milled. Then the German landed him one between the eyes with a report like a slap on a wine-skin. For a moment it was doubtful whether the tottering rook would fall backward or forward. The tramps were awed, and the doctor began to whimper in terror. The car lurched around a curve, and bang on his face fell the game jack-roller.

He was a dangerous man to have aboard, so at the next stop for water we lowered him over the side, gave him a soaking that brought him to, and made him as comfortable as a marooned jack-roller had any right to be.

"He was a good singer," commented Schoenherr, as we scrambled back into the car.

The fight must have been witnessed by the train crew, for they peered over the edge at intervals to view the gladiator with respect. And they left us alone, which was just as well for us. The mounds along the railroad and the scrawled-on headboards or crosses fashioned of shovel handles, were a prompting to wary behavior. After an æon of time we reached Fort Worth, on a foggy morning, and the train glided through a maze of cars, switches and sheds.

"The bulls!" cried one of the tramps, who had been looking overboard. "There's two bad Micks in these yards. Just saw

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their glims, and they'll be heading this way."

He and his partner thereupon dropped over the side, and fled. Schoenherr followed, with all the dignity of Bismarck in the famous *Punch* cartoon; then the Greek and myself. The German knew the way to the Workingmen's Home, an unsanitary rookery of two stories in the Negro quarter. Jungles being under the ban of the police, such caravanseries as this had to do. Behind the counter in this hotel was an elderly derelict, who shook his head at us.

"Guys what hasn't got blankets has to pay in advance," he shouted. "This is a high class joint—the boss don't allow no bums here."

"'Zat ss-oo?" Schoenherr yelled on our behalf.

The derelict put a finger on a bell-button. It would have summoned a squad of the city's bashi-bazouks with loaded clubs and the Black Maria. We hadn't the prestige even of blanket-stiffs. Back of him were shelves laden with these social passports, cheap, flowered cotton quilts, tied with rope. They reeked of carbolic disinfectant, which he squirted at them from time to time with a syringe, in self defense, to kill vermin. The gentlemen owners came around to look. They were mostly in overalls, with faces that were weak, crafty, villainous or imbecilic.

"What, no blankets? . . . Must be a bunch of wimos. . . . Mebbe the poor guys is broke. . . . Guess they got frisked by a hi-jacker. . . . Look like bad eggs to me. . . . They hadn't orter allow them in here. . . . Somebody ring for the bulls."

The doctor tossed a dollar upon the counter; the derelict pounced upon it and reluctantly made change. The dinner treat was mine. We invaded the rear, where the air was foul and blue with smoke from flapjacks on the grid. We dined not too well, then sallied out to see about that "public service" job. The bureau was up a rickety flight of stairs. It was a dingy room in which, behind a roll-top desk, sat a huge-breasted female. Her eyes, behind rimless glasses, were like shiny black marbles. Schoenherr bowed and talked to her ingratiatingly.

"We would like that digging job, ma'am, that public service job on the dam, you know. Where there's some trilobites."

"Boys," she oozed, in words that dripped with honey, "what you should do is go over the road—nice car ride and free trip to sunny Calaforny. There's a public works job there, and fine boys like you can roll up a fat stake in no time. Only five dollars to pay."

She pointed to a beautiful colored poster on the wall, which depicted a horn of plenty, the Golden Gate, orange groves, Summer girls at San Diego and other allurements of the Coast. It was no go. The doctor was hell-bent on digging up trilobites. Schoenherr was of a mind to work until he had saved up five dollars for the procuresses' fee and "ship out." The door crashed open and in came a sullen youth. Violence was imminent.

"Not yet, boy," she said mechanically. "Next week, Friday morning."

"Come hell!" he shouted. "You signed me up five weeks ago, then stalled me off until I got broke, and then you stick me for a dish-washing job in a hash-house."

"Now, dearie," she breathed, "good jobs is awful scarce just now, and pearl-diving pays fifteen a week and board. It pays more than a railroad camp flunkey's job, and is so much more refined."

The youth dropped into a chair and blubbered. The three of us trooped outside. At the entrance, pasted on a board, was a replica of the lovely poster upstairs, and over it the sign:

Ten Dollars Reward for the Arrest of
Persons Destroying This Property

Schoenherr kicked it to pieces, and hurled them up the staircase, exploding the glass doors at the top. The lady inside stuck her head over the balustrade, and, unpacking her bosom of evil phrase, shrieked down all the commentary on our moral character that one of her kind

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could possibly invent. Krafft-Ebing or a police sergeant could have garnered rich knowledge from her flow of vituperation.

"No use to argue with a lady," sighed the Greek, breaking into a trot.

IV

The "job" was a four-hour walk out of town, past the slaughter-houses and railroad yards, and into a prairie, cut with gulleys, dreary with withered trees and the bark of phantom coyotes. Polychronopoulos trotted happily, like a dog going to find bones, and lagged behind to study the topography. Far below were a valley spanned with a towering concrete wall, and dinky elevators banging up and down in the midst of the scaffolding, with lacerating shrieks of steam whistles.

Two long rough sheds were the dormitories. Blackened marquees and army tents clustered about a general store and the office. Schoenherr, having put on my hat and the doctor's spectacles in a hopeless effort to give himself an air of respectability, accosted someone with full powers inside the office, and came back with brass checks for three.

"He was a Dutchman," he explained, "but not very polite. He lost a rake-off. You see, the employment shark downtown hires and he fires, and they split on the fee. Fifteen bucks a week, and nothing extra for board or lice. We start right away."

Two vicious army mules, attached to a scraper, were assigned to the doctor, whose efforts to control them were pitiable. Luckily, he was sent to do some excavating in a sand pit on the hillside. The beasts did some racing about of their own volition, and with his beard split in the wind, he resembled nothing so much as a demented Assyrian trying to recapture a chariot. But things brightened up for him rapidly. The next day he was an adept and fluent mule-skinner, and it was precisely in this pit that Providence had hidden fossils. Schoenherr was put to work with the concrete mixing gang, where he perspired with a choice lot of renegados under a Mexican boss. For no conceivable reason other than that my grammar was less faulty, I was made a foreman, and told off with two colored men to dismantle a formidable pile of boilers out on the prairie, where the wind outhowled the wild dogs.

We three gentlemen shunned the communal meal shack, and boarded luxuriously at the tent of the assistant boss carpenter. He was a spindling, malarial Georgian, with not much wit, and living with his wife and five children, her mother, and his grandmother—the latter a shrunken dwarf, blackened by smoke, who stirred things on a stove outside. We dined on sweet potato mush, with canned milk, astringent coffee, fried tripe, saleratus bread, and yam pies, cooked hard. We succumbed at once to grave gastric disorders, but never had I met so amiable a family. They were as hospitable, and as dirty, as Bedouins. Dining thus, at so exclusive a table, we acquired prestige, and were treated with deference throughout the camp. On New Year's Day the eldest boy became seven years old, so the Georgian made a pail of potent egg-nog. We all washed up and donned clean shirts to celebrate. Our host had on his Sunday clothes, and was most anxious to consult us.

"They's som'n I'd like you-all to do fer me," he said. "L'il Tad, he's steppin' along, and I'm askin' you-all to kindly take him to town, and get him phrenologized. They's some bumps on his haid. His maw thinks he's cut out fo' a parson. I ain't very eddicated, and maw and me, we was hopin' you'd speak to the perfesser for us. Any one of you will do."

Schoenherr primed himself with another beaker of the drink, clapped the boy upon his shoulders, and reeled off in the direction of Fort Worth, to get the bumps analyzed. Friends dropped in to make social calls. Even the saw-filer came, and we rushed to get a chair for him. Though a distinguished man, he was genial and democratic, and constraint soon gave way

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to jollity. The Georgian mixed a third pail of egg-nog when Schoenherr came back in the dusk with the l'il Tad and the augury that the child was destined to be a lawyer, no less. So it was written by the bumps. The Georgian plunked at a banjo, and the old grandmother sang a hymn in a cracked voice. Valiant drinkers bit the dust that night, and were hauled off paralyzed to their bunks. All hands were accounted for except the doctor. We found him in the bunk-house, sitting at the smoky lamp, sober and chipping at fossils. They looked like petrified lobsters.

The bunk-house gave out a strange compound of smells: resin from the pine boardings, the odor peculiar to migratory laborers and their wet boots, and the reek of creosote sprayed into the bunks in a losing fight against the swarms of fleas and grey, flattened, wingless insects of unparalleled ferocity. They incubated in the heat of the barrel-stove, which was kept a glowing red. Everybody, except the Mexicans, who preferred corn husk cigarettes, smoked a villainous tobacco in cob-pipes. The brain was embalmed in the fumes of acrid whiskey drunk as copiously as water. One stumbled over bottles wherever one trod. The windows were nailed down, so the inmates could sweat comfortably.

There was a steady din, punctuated by a harmless fist-fight, or a crash, when a bottle went sailing through a window. One cot was draped like a bridal palanquin with mosquito netting. This was the couch wherein lay the huge body of the saw-filer, the queen bee of workers, an aristocrat who drew as much as fifteen dollars a day. He retired early, first anointing himself with citronella to ward off bites. He kept aloof, talked but seldom, and did not join even in the cursing when some joker threw a pill of dynamite at the stove and blew off all the piping.

The first night, Schoenherr and the doctor got out a pack of cards and began to play penny-ante. The saw-filer bounded out, and bellowed, "Christ! What you doin', you bums? Don't you know you are in Texas and will be chased to hell for playin' cyards?"

This being the law, they thenceforth played dominoes, or else Schoenherr read in his book, while the doctor sandpapered fossils, of which he had now a sackfull. In the witching hours large rats pawed over them, under the delusion that they were bones, and made such an abominable racket that he was forced by general indignation to store his treasures in the woodshed.

V

Boredom was slain nightly by Shorty, the little father of the gang. He was a chunky, bullet-headed vagrant, with icy blue eyes, a clipped moustache, and a hearty manner that invited confessions. He was as courageous as a bull, and spoke in a voice that rattled the windows. He was born to hoboism, and had traveled from the Arctic Circle to Patagonia, and knew every sheriff in the United States. A master raconteur, he sat before the stove, sucked at his pipe, and held the crowd spellbound with the vitality of his stories. He cleaved the thick air with his cheery, ringing vocables, and filled his hearers with the wonderment of life. He told of ice breaking up on the Yukon, the Aurora Borealis, the audible flexure of grass and twigs bursting with sap, the ecstatic skipping of the silver fox when Spring breathed on the tundras, and his stirring battles with the railroad police.

"The trouble wit you guys is that you haven't got education," he said one night. "You don't know stars nor the wild flowers. I was up in Hudson Bay country, and I made a bar'l of mule's hoof whiskey and got a whole tribe of Injuns drunk. We built a big fire and painted ourselves, and went 'round and 'round in a war dance, hollering with the axes. Along came the mounted police, and threw me over a saddle, and stuck me into jail for two years. I was only doin' them Injuns a favor, but it seemed I had broke some dam' fool law. Well, every day I and two

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Eskimo killers, we had to listen four hours a day to lectures in the sergeant's office. Chalk-board lectures by officers that was gentlemen and scholars. I learned about astronomy, botany, figures, gun-carriages and Queen Victorier. If you bums had as much poured into your heads there wouldn't none of you be I. W. W.'s.

"I made money in my time, too. There was a crook sheriff down in San Bernardino, Calaforny, and he got ten dollars for every bum he arrested. I made a dicker with him and rounded up a hundred blanket stiffs, and they got paraded before the judge, and ordered to the coop. Well, when we got outside, I made them change hats and coats, and get pinched all over again. It was a good day for the sheriff, and he and us split on the money. After three days of free eats, we all got let out."

At eleven the time-keeper, armed with a staff, came in to growl and blow out the lamp, and the inmates turned in to do battle with the intrenched vermin, then fell asleep through sheer exhaustion. The redoubtable Shorty, his pipe glowing in the darkness, lay awake with ear attuned to the pattering of the rodent vanguard. Then, picking up a lance, fitted with a sharpened file, he made sallies on tip-toe, darting hither and yon like a will-o'-the-wisp. He lunged under cots, then hurled out through the door the spitted rats. It was solicitude for his sleeping mates that prompted these nocturnal forays.

At seven in the morning the caitiff time-keeper clumped through to see that everybody was out. He peered through the curtains, scolding like a parrot at the laggards, and threatening them with banishment. Schoenherr, who had overslept, swore back at him, and before noon was served with walking papers. The doctor quit at once. Shorty threw up his job likewise. The four of us tramped back to town, bearing our money and fossils, and, since we now had blankets, were admitted without question to the Workers' Hotel.

The next day was Sunday, so the place was full of Mexicans who came to Fort Worth to attend mass, bathe and cultivate the social amenities. They paid particular respects to the two chambermaids, gigantic Negro wenches, who giggled at the head of the stairs, and vanished and reappeared steadily, while the line of waiting gallants went slowly up step by step to yield, in turn, tribute to their charms.

Meanwhile, in the blue smoke downstairs, over coffee and flapjacks, Shorty, the doctor and Schoenherr drew diagrams with wet fingers on the counter. They planned a journey to Mexico.

"We've been here too long," Shorty announced to me. "They's some empty freights pulling out for the South t'night, and we reckon we'd sorter be happy in Guadalajara. We had enough of public service jobs for a while. Comin' along?"

I was not, and so I told them, and, further, I had had enough of the Workers' Hotel. The doctor went upstairs to his bunk, and returned with a paper bundle, remarked that it contained souvenirs, and gave it to me. Back of the partition, guests were furtively dealing out cards and poker chips, and he joined them.

My heavier baggage was waiting at the station, and I went to arrange its transport East. When I came back to collect my lighter belongings, the police were driving off in the patrol wagon with all the participants in the card game, which included my three friends.

"I can't have the law broke in this high-class joint," the clerk said to me plaintively. "After I called the cops in, I had to turn in the riot call, because the fight was awful. A dose of ball and chain will do that big Dutchman good."

An hour later a white-jacketed porter escorted me into a sleeper, and put my luggage on the rack. The train under way, I opened the window and cast out the fossils, and not without regret. They were worthless in themselves, but in their pursuit I had acquired merit.

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JUNGLE DUSK

BY EMILY CLARK

Along the twisted path of the outlying orchard Maria, with a basket of crab apples swinging from her arm, wound her way to the House. The dusk was pungent with the incomparable Autumn scent of apples, curing tobacco, smoking hams, wood-smoke and dead leaves peculiar to that special countryside. But Maria, who possessed a taste for crab apples and persimmons, was clearly not intoxicated by the season which produces those acrid joys. Of a leanness which was positively a distinction, this old black woman never failed to attract the attention of her neighbors, white and black. A figure of fascination and fear to all visitors, she held, also, even the accustomed eyes of the plantation.

Maria had never been seen without her turban bound closely about her forehead, but this covering was unvaryingly white, and her dress and apron unvaryingly nondescript. None of the tropic gaiety of Africa was incarnated in her grim, wiry shape, only its darkness, its terror, and the tortuous twistings of its jungle. Maria's face was of the deepest copper, with cheekbones entirely apparent and eyes incredibly sunken. Her livid knuckles stood out from fingers which created a startling effect of strength—fingers which, in kneading dough, once unaccountably to a watching child made a picture of how those same fingers might wreathe themselves around a human throat. Why this picture formed itself so suddenly but so truly in her brain the child never knew. As arresting as these hands were Maria's bony brown feet, always bare until very late Fall. Inhuman feet, they seemed, without sensation, carven from dark immemorial stone. When she sat at the top of the kitchen steps shelling peas from the pan in her lap, with her feet crossed on the step below, it was difficult to decide whether face, feet or hands were most disquieting to the observer.

Maria, until the last few years of her life, had been indefinitely cook at the House, partly because she had become a habit there and partly because she cooked superlatively well. As far as anyone knew, she was liked by no one in the surrounding country, white or black, animal or human, with the possible exception of the stringy yellow cur, Ring, who lived with her for lack of other shelter. Servants came and went in the House after extremely short periods, refraining, with the secrecy of Africa, from giving specific reasons. And the family kept, as far as possible, away from Maria's domain. There was an impression of potential danger there which was never completely justified. True, on more than one occasion she had been known to loose her wrath on some small quivering black child. Her voice then could be heard in the House, high and horrible. When interrupted by one of the Powers she would stop as suddenly as she began, with clenched, shaking, ropy fingers. But the expression of concentrated hate surprised on her face seemed never to have for its object merely the child victim of the moment. It was impersonal, abstract, almost universal in its direction.

Maria had been separated, before the War, from two husbands, but, as she was not an inheritance of her present family, details were lacking. It was also known

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that the former owner of her tribe had been an old lady, whose sternness, amounting to cruelty, had long after her death been a legend in the county—a sternness which had now and again culminated in slave-whipping, a punishment almost unknown to the amiably easy-going masters of that section of the South. Perhaps Maria, when young and plastic, had seen things, heard things . . . but no one knew, for no one cared, or dared, to ask her. There was a prevalent undercurrent of feeling that in an intimate conversation with her one might also hear things that, the world being what it is, one was better off without knowing. And she, it must be said, did not encourage intimate approaches from anyone. She had not even the intimacies of religion, available to others of her color. Maria was never seen at church, for either religious or social reasons. Whether or not she privately worshiped a God of her own was not open to question at that time. Certainly a gentle Christian God had no appeal for her.

II

She had never had daughters, appropriately enough, for she was utterly unimaginable as the source of anything feminine. She had, however, two sons, now elderly men themselves, one having been, while still a boy, body-servant to a long dead Civil War officer. One of them had moved to town, and the other, with his family, lived five miles away from Maria's house. They, it appeared, had no more affection for their mother than anyone else. The grandchildren, at long intervals, came to see her, but even they did not find in her the traditional grandmotherly attitude, and the intervals between visits became longer and longer. During their early childhood they, their parents and grandmother had all shared one cabin, and since their departure a small grey frame-house at the foot of the garden had been turned over to Maria.

This house had neither the picturesqueness nor the solid homeliness of the neighborhood log-cabins. Instead of the rock chimneys which even the tiniest cabins rejoice in, a dingy brick one rose from the sloping roof, and within Maria's fire seemed always to smoulder, never to blaze. The grey planks which formed the house were damp looking, dropping a horrid suggestion of mildew about the place. Its present occupant did not bother to grow even the hardiest flowers, the morning-glories, cosmos and petunias which are the inalienable property of cabins. Maria was notably detached from all alleviating circumstances. Flowers about her seemed trivial, lost their proper charm. Her every aspect denied the existence of circumstances possible to alleviate the stark horror which was human existence. Religion, children, plants, human affection, even a bright fire to sit by, were all irrelevant in her scheme of things, a framework of life so bleak that it could be neither decorated nor softened.

Contrary to the African temperament Maria was without fear. She had gone through life with an awful certainty that abolished fear. Of exactly what she was certain many wondered and no one knew. But nothing could be clearer than the fact that, knowing the worst, she dreaded nothing. Death itself, it appeared, reserved no further enlightenment for her, to whom life had shown all. Perhaps not simply her own life but the lives of her ancestors had contributed their share to her appalling store of knowledge. There were whips in Maria's known inheritance. What might there be in her unknown inheritance?

Unlike the rest of her race she never avoided the graveyard always visible from the upper terrace of the garden, whose tall white shafts and pedestaled slabs were the accumulation of two centuries. Her thin dark shape was seen as often after twilight gliding about in that vicinity as in any other. Maria, until her extreme old age, was given to evening flitting after the day's work was done. During her late years, withdrawn from the rule of the

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kitchen and retained as an odd-job woman, she spent her evenings, except for an occasional forage for apples or black walnuts, sitting on the low front step of her house, her skeleton feet crossed on the step below, a corncob pipe inserted in her slit of a mouth. Back of the house were two tall black cedars, rearing themselves raggedly against the red sunset sky.

So she sat with her basket of crab apples beside her and Ring, the yellow dog, at her feet, in the Autumn dusk after her return from the nearby orchard. A belated child, on her way back to the House, seeing her there experienced the sensation that the darkies said she would feel only when someone was walking carelessly across her future grave. She did not call out to Maria, or even wave her hand. The friendliest intentions were somehow thwarted here. In spite of the menace of the graveyard, carefully and consistently brought to the attention of the children at the House by numberless colored nurses and playmates, Maria's house, seldom mentioned by them, sent a more convincing dread to the hearts of white children. Perhaps also to black ones, who hesitated to mention this fear with the freedom with which they alluded to a ghostly one.

On this evening the belated child returned home with a lightness of spirit which even the brief glimpse of Maria could not darken. For the House for that night was clear of all grown people except genial brown ones who did not care whether anyone was late or not. And there was an added certainty of ham for supper, a certainty limited to those gloriously unhygienic occasions when the family was absent from home for the night, and Africa, with its cheerful nonchalance in regard to indigestion and bad dreams, was in charge. There was no static bedtime that evening, and from the back windows in the translucent Autumn darkness the light in Maria's grey house and the white shafts of the old graveyard a quarter of a mile distant were visible until very late.

In fact, when all of the lights in the House were extinguished, and white and black were asleep, the light in Maria's window still burned, keeping watch, with the tall white shafts, over the night-wrapped plantation. Maria's failure to appear at the House next morning attracted no attention from the children and servants who for another day were to monopolize the place, as her casual duties now were irregular in their hours. Toward noon, however, she had not yet appeared, and Ring, who had from time to time yelped disconsolately, trotted over to the House with the obvious intention of not returning home without an escort. He collected a retinue of three, a brown man and woman and a white child.

III

The light in Maria's window had not been put out, but had burned down to the wick, where a sickly blue flicker still survived. Through the shutterless, grimy glass a dark shape made a blur against the fireplace. It was clear that the deference of a rap on the door was unnecessary. The three entered the room. An empty kerosene can lay on the brick hearth, separated by scarcely a foot from an overturned water tub in which some clothes had been soaking. The threadbare carpet in front of the fire was partly burned away, and its blackened edges were still crumbling. Maria lay huddled, her head and one arm across the hearth, her body extended into the room. No trace of turban remained, and her face, stripped of its poor pretense of a covering of flesh, was literally the appalling skeleton face that had always been so nearly visible to the eye. The child hid her face from the convulsed smile which bared Maria's teeth, and the brown woman beside her gave her a gentle push through the half-open door and shut it firmly against her. A little later, with the man, she reappeared.

All day the plantation whispered, never spoke aloud, of what might have happened the night before. Maria was always chilly,

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and her habitual attitude before the fire was a half-sitting, half-crouching pose, skinny hands outstretched to the crawling flames. Perhaps the low fire was insufficient in the Fall night which held a promise of close-approaching Winter, and Maria had encouraged it with kerosene. It had leaped out to meet her with unexpected vigor and caught her there upon the hearth. The suddenly overturned tub of water had saved the house but not Maria. Perhaps, on the other hand, Maria had wanted not merely to be warmed by the flames but to be consumed by them. The chill of Winter might have saturated her spirit as well as her body, and the ancient exile from the jungle where she so surely belonged had determined to leave, through the hot heart of her fire, an existence which had been unceasingly hateful to her. If that were true the horror of such a removal had been more than her half-savage mind had conceived, and she had reached out in desperation for water. For the first time she had known fear, and met it too late.

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SYNDICATE STUFF

BY DEWEY M. OWENS

THE first successful newspaper syndicate in America was established by S. S. McClure in 1884. The innovation came at an opportune time. Improved printing machinery was making possible larger papers, and editors welcomed Mr. McClure's syndicate material as copy to fill the chinks between their mounting advertisements. But the eighties were comparatively innocent years, and it is unlikely that even Mr. McClure had any idea of the tremendous size to which the little idea he had planted was to grow. With the advent of sensational journalism and monstrous Sunday papers, the syndicates grew like mushrooms. The 1927 year book of the *Editor and Publisher* lists exactly one hundred. Estimating that each syndicate merchants ten features, which is very conservative, it appears that no less than a thousand separate effusions are offered to the editors of the nation today. And most of them are daily!

One would naturally think that in such an enormous field an editor would have no trouble in filling his columns with the best of contemporary literature, but immediately one scans the output of the syndicates one is struck by the appalling mass of chaff and the corresponding scarcity of grain. Ninety per cent of the syndicate material is the veriest drivel; it is addressed primarily to the same class of people that revel in the tabloids and confessions magazines.

So-called comic strips still constitute a large part of the stock in trade of the syndicates, and with very few exceptions these strips are all idiotic. They seem to be addressed to children under eight. The fiction distributed by the syndicates is even worse than the comic strips. It is soapy, sexy stuff, fashioned after the contents of the confessions magazines and frankly designed to give a synthetic thrill to shop girls and factory drudges.

The editors of the country are not unaware that most of the stuff they thus buy from the syndicates is rubbish, and recently there have been scattered demands for a clean-up. William Allen White, addressing the last meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, asked: "After all, why should editors hold themselves to high ethics, and then turn around and buy syndicate stuff addressed to morons?" Erie C. Hopwood, president of the A. S. N. E., solemnly gave warning at the same meeting that the newspapers could not point with pride to most of the features they were using. "It is not necessary," he said, "to throw a custard pie to be funny in the comics, and we should clean up some of these things so we won't be below the level of public taste."

However, the newspapers are quite as much to blame as the syndicates. Their editors are getting exactly the kind of drivel that they have found the public demands. There is thus no reason to expect any immediate improvement in the quality of syndicate stuff, despite the high words of Messrs. White and Hopwood, for every editor knows that the more silly and nonsensical a feature is, the more it is cherished by his average reader. Consider, for example, the continued vogue of the crossword puzzle. Several times the paper with which I am connected has discontinued this feature, but each time there has been

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an indignant howl that forced its reinstatement.

Of course, there are a few worthwhile features, but they are not the most popular. They are not the ones proudly featured in front-page advertisements; usually they are stuck away in some obscure corner of the paper. Why? Because bilge is what the average American newspaper reader wants.

II

The syndicates reach their lowest depths in the mass of trash sent out under the guise of serial stories. I have plumbed many of these masterpieces, and found nothing in them save a lot of vapid nonsense. Sex is their main theme, but here they promise much and deliver little. The authors strive earnestly to be wicked, and lure their readers along with intimations of seductions in installments to come. But taken as a whole, they aren't even naughty, but only ridiculous. Yet thousands of waitresses and soda-jerkers follow them daily.

Almost invariably the heroines are working girls of great beauty and indisputable chastity. In the end their virtue is usually somewhat under a cloud, for the favorite sport of these maidens is playing with fire. But they rarely get more than a pleasant singe, and by the last installment the mild villain becomes the hero and slips a wedding ring on a willing finger. Or occasionally the hero does his own seducing under the strain of manly passion, in which case he always does the right thing and hurries to a parson with the little girl.

The favorite themes of the current serials, in the order of their popularity, are: (*a*) the beautiful and unsophisticated girl who is seduced by her handsome boss, but comes out all right in the end because the boss suddenly finds that he loves her better than all the world; (*b*) the girl with too much sex appeal who flirts promiscuously, but unconsciously, with every male she meets, and is eventually forcibly betrayed, whereupon she marries her old childhood sweetheart and settles down; (*c*) the flapper wife who marries for a comfortable home, continues to trifle with male friends after the honeymoon and almost wrecks her love nest before she acquires a little sense and decides that after all hubby is the best man in the world.

Some of the favorite writers of this type of fiction are Elenore Meherin, author of "Chickie"; Beatrice Burton, author of such masterpieces as "The Flapper Wife," "The Petter," and "Her Man"; Mildred Barbour, author of "Heart's Haven," "The Thoughtless Wife," etc.; and Vida Hurst, author of "Sonia," widely advertised as the story of a girl with too much sex appeal.

"Sonia" is typical of the most popular syndicate fiction, and has enjoyed a tremendous vogue. It appeared first in the Scripps-Howard chain of papers, and since then has graced the pages of many more conservative journals. The heroine is of the innocently flirtatious type, with a penchant for getting herself into compromising positions. The narrative opens with her being kissed in a dark room, and from this flying start the story dashes merrily along from amour to amour. I quote a few typical paragraphs; they describe the maneuvers between this sweet girl and one of her lovers at a secluded hunting shack:

> Minutes flying wasted without kisses. Tomorrow she would be gone.
>
> As their lips met she knew the fight was finished. She had lost, but defeat was glorious.
>
> Her arms crept higher about his neck. Her eyes closed. . . .
>
> They kissed slowly, to the accompaniment of the rain. Long hours dream filled. An island in a storm tossed sea. Sonia rested as in an interlude. Eventually life must go on. But tonight—
>
> Morning brought no regret. Her heart sang. At last she had been brave enough to take fate into her own hands. Should there come barren days and empty nights, she had once known exquisite joy. Nothing could snatch the memory from her.

These paragraphs not only give an insight into the emotional structure of "Sonia"; they also furnish examples of the author's style, which is no better and no worse than that of the other newspaper fiction writers.

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Of course, not all the stories are so sexy. Some are merely idiotic. A few are innocent enough to appear in a Sunday-school quarterly. One syndicate puts out a mat page containing four short stories of about fifteen hundred words each. These are unbelievably puerile, yet this page is used by scores of small dailies. I quote the opening paragraphs of three stories, all appearing on the same day:

> The great detective hastily adjusted a fresh wig over his ears as he saw the tall figure of a woman approaching with slow and careful footsteps. She came sailing majestically toward him, distress written in every feature of her face. Her eyes were dilated with emotion. This looked like an interesting case. He straightened the wig a trifle.

Could anything be worse? But read this:

> The steam-roller man had cut Alan out with Rena. He had taken her to the Danbury movies in his flashing new car that reduced Alan's prudent flivver to the proportions of a tin toy. He grinned brazenly at the young farmer's bristling attitude. The steam-roller man had been sophisticated by philanderings in other towns where his itinerant occupation had taken him.

One more:

> "It is time to dress, Arletta, if you are going to the Mission Circle," Eunice Sprague reminded her sister-in-law coldly. She made her disapproval of Arletta felt at all times. "I'm not going today, Eunice," Arletta answered briefly. Eunice sniffed, but said nothing, and soon departed in a silence that said volumes.

III

The comic strips constitute the best known and most widely read productions of the syndicates. With only a few exceptions they seem designed wholly for half wits and children unable to read. The comic strip artist's idea of the ultimate in humor is to have one of his characters wham the other in the head with a brick, as witness the daily antics of Mutt and Jeff. It is also deemed excruciatingly funny for a wife to soak her husband with a rolling-pin, which fact accounts for the popularity of Jiggs. For years this stupid old Irishman has been thus beaten and browbeaten by his Maggie.

The antics of the poor working girl who imposes on her fellow employés and hoodwinks her boss also tickle the funny bone of the American public, which accounts for the vogue of "Tillie the Toiler" and "Winnie the Breadwinner." The American father playing the part of errand boy for his wife and offspring is also good for innumerable laughs. "That Son-in-law of Pa's" and "Polly and Her Pals" are excellent examples.

Sydney Smith, creator of "The Gumps," is the most civilized of all the comic strip artists. As such characters go, Andy Gump is quite presentable. He sedulously refrains from nearly all the actions that are supposed to be highly humorous in orthodox comic strip circles. Andy never bounces bricks off the crania of his friends. His good wife, Min, never sends him to hospital a battered wreck. No bullets ever strike his skull. His most violent exercise is an occasional tumble downstairs.

In short, Andy is an every-day fellow, in many ways exactly typical of the American who so earnestly admires him. He has a high opinion of himself; his vanity is forever leading him to risk his sustenance in some wildcat scheme. He is a boaster and an after-dinner orator. He has ambitions in politics, and gets into all the big campaigns. He kow-tows diligently before rich Uncle Bim. Yet he remains a highbrow among the principal comic strip characters—the only one who can supply humor in higher terms than physical violence.

There are a few other comic artists who have grown away from the brick-bat and custard-pie type of humor. Many of the grotesque cartoons of Clare Briggs and Rube Goldberg are really clever satires, as are the capital boy pictures of Gene Byrnes. Gluyas Williams and H. T. Webster also have clever series. W. E. Hill syndicates through the Chicago *Tribune* what is undoubtedly the best Sunday page of comic pictures in America. Hill has no set characters, but each Sunday he delicately satirizes specimens of boobs known to all. But the vast majority of American comic strips are idiotic, and tend to grow ever more so.

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The gentlemen who turn out these atrocities are the Crœsuses of the syndicate world. Bud Fisher draws $225,000 a year for Mutt and Jeff, which is three times what the Republic pays the incomparable Mr. Coolidge. Sydney Smith has grown rich from Andy Gump, which now appears in 450 daily papers. But, as Roy Howard, of the Scripps-Howard papers, recently remarked: "Some of these artists never draw anything half so funny as their salaries."

Only lately has the pen and ink strip been drafted as an educational medium. About three years ago an enterprising syndicate launched a history of the United States in the form of a strip of drawings with paragraph explanations underneath. This idea spread as all mighty thoughts do. Pretty soon the life of Christ was out in strip form and this was followed by the story of the Bible. Then the lives of the great heroes of history began to pour forth disguised as comic strips, and early in the cultural year of 1927 the Public Press Corporation released a pictorial presentation of Theodore Dreiser's ponderous two-volume novel, "An American Tragedy." This weighty work is now being presented in sugar-coated doses to the readers of such journals as the *Daily Mirror*, Hearst's New York tabloid. Dreiser's heavy sentences have been reduced to tabloid English, pictures have been drawn showing beautiful girls being lured from the straight and narrow path, and the installments have been carefully arranged so as to provide a thrill in every chapter. I quote a typical paragraph:

> In spite of her guarded upbringing, Esta was just a sensuous, weak girl, who did not know yet, by any means, what she thought. For some time she had been pursuing flirtations unknown to her parents. In a single week, then, at odd hours, morning, afternoon and night, this chemic witchery [ah! the Dreiserian touch!] was accomplished and Esta stole away from home with her lover, believing his promises of undying love. Away to a great city, to a real hotel, where he took her in his arms and loved her.

Imagine the cultural convenience of reading novels in this form! Need I say that the picture accompanying this blurb had to do with the last part of the concluding sentence?

Not to be outdone, the King Feature Service has started the publication of Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy" in pictorial form and primer language, for persons who are unable to comprehend words of more than two syllables. I will spare the reader an example of this.

IV

Then there are the lovelorn departments, devoted to advice to gawky boys and giggling girls suffering from the delectable pangs of the tender emotion. Dorothy Dix, of New Orleans, is probably the most famous specialist in this benevolent field, but she has dozens of imitators. Nearly all the papers that run such columns solicit letters from their readers, and these letters are forwarded to the love expert for diagnosis.

As such writers go, Mrs. Dix is quite liberal. She doesn't believe that divorce is an unpardonable sin; she can even conceive situations wherein it is desirable. She admits that many marriages are not made in Heaven, and cautions her customers to be extremely wary before entering upon the holy state. Far less intelligent are some of her colleagues. For instance, there is Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, under whose name a widely read heart column is distributed. She believes in astrology, and is apparently firmly convinced that all males are seducers and scoundrels. Here is one of her answers to correspondents, gleaned from the columns of a great Kentucky paper:

> *Answer to Mistletoe*—You will find pleasant companions and loyal friends among the people born between August 22 and September 23, December 21 and January 20. Your writing shows an affectionate nature. You did wrong in sending the man your picture; how could you do such a thing? I should think your self-respect would not let you. He probably has a number of photographs that he sticks up in his room and tells his men friends the girls just fall for him. Stop writing to him, and do not go to any city to meet him. Read the

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newspapers and you will see the fate of more than one young girl who goes out to meet strange men. When they are next heard of it is too late to do them any good on this earth.

Then there is the famed Beatrice Fairfax, who answers questions for Mr. Hearst's mobs of gum-chewing readers. Here is a specimen of her philosophy:

Fortunate is the girl who early in life falls in love with a congenial, understanding sweetheart, weds him and is kept too busy caring for home, husband and children to think overmuch about herself.

Linda is 22. She has three babies to look after in addition to all the housework of her little home. She and her husband are very poor. She never has any really attractive clothes.

And so on. Beatrice goes on through several paragraphs to convince her readers that this shabby Linda ought to be perfectly happy with her drab home, her stupid husband, her pathetic clothes and her mewling and fretful babies. Why? Because she is doing her duty to the human race, is helping to propagate magnificent man, the lord and center of the universe.

But enough of the heart specialists. On their heels come the theologians and moralists, led by the celebrated Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. Dr. Cadman's daily column of "Every Day Questions" is syndicated by the eminent New York *Herald-Tribune*. No question can stump him. He is equally oracular and authoritative, whether the query deals with religion, politics, flapper psychology or how to get rid of cockroaches. He disposes of ticklish international problems as glibly as he inveighs against the alarming decadence of the youth of today. Being a parson, Dr. Cadman is naturally called upon to answer many questions of a religious nature. Sometimes these questions are such that he is obliged to fall back upon the hoary platitudes of his craft, which feat he performs with a facile virtuosity. Here is his reply to a despairing reader who wonders why his faithful prayers that his wife recover from a hopeless disease go unanswered and apparently unheard:

Whatever may be the outcome of your wife's illness, the courage and faith you display are an untold good for her, yourself and your child.

Nor do I have to remind you that prayer is infinitely more than the offering of petitions, however intimately these express our dearest hopes. It is that act of felt fellowship with God which attains its highest reality when the supplicant can say and mean: "Thy will be done."

The Master's words which you quote must be read in the light of His other teachings, and especially of His own experience in prayer. In Gethsemane He asked that the bitter cup might pass. But when He knew that its contents must be drunk, He offered the noblest of all supplications: "Not my will but Thine be done."

You are now passing through your Gethsemane, in which one of life's most insoluble problems confronts you. You may not solve it, for there are some things never to be understood on this side of the grave. But you can have the presence and aid of your wife's Redeemer in an otherwise insupportable grief.

The medical advice column is another widely syndicated and much-esteemed feature. This tells the worried how to diagnose their own physical ailments, and thus survive in this vale of sorrow. Probably the most noted conductor of such a column is the Hon. Royal S. Copeland, M.D., LL.D., Senator from New York, and a presidential possibility. Another famous syndicate doctor is W. A. Evans, M.D., LL.D., D.P.H. A specimen of his work follows:

Mrs. B. writes: "Some time ago I noticed that my little girl had lice in her head. I used a fine comb every day and now the lice are all gone, but the nits remain. How can I destroy them?"

Reply: To remove nits or lice eggs wash the hair with warm vinegar; have it about as warm as is comfortable for the hand. Remove the excess of vinegar. Comb the hair with a fine-tooth comb. Warm vinegar loosens the nits from the hair. The comb removes them.

Frederic J. Haskin, of Washington, syndicates what is probably the best-known department of questions and answers. Mr. Haskin maintains a large staff, and it answers queries very intelligently. Naturally, he gets many idiotic questions, but he deals with them concisely and with a straight face. Below are a few queries from a single installment of his column:

How much does a new born elephant weigh?

How long would it take to travel to the sun by train?

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Is it true that the principality of Liechtenstein has no debt?

In colonial days did women ride cross-saddle?

How should vaseline be used to promote growth of eyelashes?

Now for the aristocracy of the syndicate world—those eminent dignitaries who interpret for us the news of the day and inspire us to higher and nobler things.

Arthur Brisbane stands head and shoulders above all comers in this exalted class. His daily editorial column is read by twenty million Americans. It appears in all the Hearst papers, and occupies a place of honor on the editorial page of many other newspapers. Alike in the streets of Manhattan and out in the hinterland, Brisbane has his admirers, each firmly convinced that he is a philosopher of the highest gifts.

He has several fixed beliefs, and at these he hammers with a monotonous stubbornness. In the approximate order of their importance, they are: (1) Japan will one day invade this home of the brave, carry off our women, and murder our men; (2) we ought to build airplanes and be ready; (3) any public bull of the Hon. William Randolph Hearst is irreproachable and should be respectfully received; (4) President Coolidge will be reëlected; (5) California has the greatest climate in the world; (6) it is great to be a mother; (7) God is just and won't send imperfect men to a blazing Hell.

Once Brisbane was highly esteemed by hundreds of Fundamentalist pastors because of his stalwart stand for mother love, divine justice, and the immortality of the soul. But he fell somewhat in disrepute at the time of the Scopes trial because of his championship of the Darwinian theory and his ridicule of the story of Adam and Eve. However, he has doubtless won back most of the rural Baptists by his lofty championship of the Right in many mooted issues. For instance, what could be better propaganda for the Eighteenth Amendment than this:

Those that drink bootleg whiskey of the variety now flooding the country would be interested in the effect of whiskey on the blood. Among other things it discourages the leucocytes, destroying the power of the blood to heal wounds. The bootleg drinker would do well to insure his life. If anything happens to him necessitating an operation, he is apt to go from the operating table to the undertaker.

And what moron could resist such pious and mellow meditations as the following:

The widows of two former Presidents, Roosevelt and Cleveland, plan an exploring trip together in South America. Mrs. Roosevelt knows the way and will lead Mrs. Preston, Cleveland's widow. Roosevelt and Cleveland, if they see each other above, as doubtless they do in some corner reserved for former American Presidents, will be much interested in the trip.

Or this:

A Swiss inventor has made a clock alleged to solve the problem of perpetual motion, which of course it doesn't. The thing is wound up by variations in temperature. It has run for a year without being touched. That, however, isn't perpetual motion. The earth will get cold, our atmosphere will vanish and at the ether's temperature, absolute zero, that clock won't run. Nothing is perpetual except divine justice.

And what woman could fail to be flattered by this:

Bernard Shaw says mothers should be paid for having children and adds: "I would not have a baby for less than $10,000." He underestimates it. If he were a woman with only a man's courage, and had had one baby, he wouldn't have another one for a million dollars.

Or this:

A woman must have twenty-five years of study and leisure, then twenty years to produce and bring up children. The rest of her life should include leisure to inspire men with ambitious energy. Women ought not to work, only create and inspire dull male workers.

V

Dr. Frank Crane is the epitome of syndicate culture. He is a high priest of right thinking. For a generation he has been herding his great mob of admirers along the dim and uncertain trail to Higher Things. No other man has furnished more platitudes for Rotary and Kiwanis. Thousands of pastors, rustic and urban, scan his blurbs for ideas. Read good literature, improve your mind, be nice to the boss, and some day you will be able to buy a Ford

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or even a Chevrolet: this sums up the creed of the philosopher of the syndicates.

George Matthew Adams is also a highly esteemed syndicate seer. Mr. Adams, who conducts a large syndicate, discovered Dr. Crane and made him so famous that another syndicate lured the good doctor away. Now Mr. Adams writes a daily sermon of his own. His stuff is much like Dr. Crane's. In a specimen I have before me, he solemnly urges the Golden Rule as a practical standard for human conduct. There are many other inspirational writers turning out bilge for the syndicates, including such notables as Bruce Barton. Some of these men are capable of better things, but when they sit down to write for the American boobery they all become imbued with the style and spirit of the late Dr. Orison Swett Marden.

Edgar A. Guest is the poet of the syndicates. Thousands of Americans to whom Shakespeare, Tennyson and even Longfellow are only names know and admire Eddie Guest. George Matthew Adams, who unearthed Crane, also brought Guest to light. That was several years ago, when the poet of the plain people was still employed in the business office of a great Detroit newspaper. For the stipend of $30 per week he contracted to turn out a poem every day. The American people were not slow to acclaim this new and dazzling genius, and soon he was able to sell his verse at his own price. What true American can resist a man who preaches the ultimate triumph of virtue, and is sure that no happiness can compare with the raptures of a home where little children prattle and the light shines from the window?

But Guest doesn't always write on the joys of family life. Occasionally his theme is such a natural object as a tree or perhaps the hollowness of worldly fame. Mark the appeal in this:

> A tree gets homesick when you move it.
> That is a fact, and I can prove it.
> I watched one all last year and know
> The struggle which it made to grow,
> I saw its last expiring breath;
> That maple grieved itself to death!

Guest sometimes does even worse than this, especially when he tries to be humorous. Here's a sample:

> I mark my tailor day by day
> Go proudly swinging down the way,
> In raiment wondrous fine,
> And wonder why the suits I buy
> Attract no glance from any eye
> As I pass down the line.
> I say what can the reason be
> He never makes such clothes for me?

The unparalleled success of Guest has encouraged other rhymesters to try the same game, but none has ever been able to approach him in popularity. On his last birthday he received 10,000 letters and telegrams. Berton Braley and James J. Montague are his nearest rivals. The three comprise the great poetical trio of the syndicates.

In New York City there have been lately established a number of syndicates which feed upon the gaudy scandals which forever rock the metropolis. They offer at a reasonable price the confessions of the current jail-bird hero, or the diary of the actress enmeshed in tabloid publicity. For instance, when Vera, Countess of Cathcart, was refused admission to this moral vineyard on the ground of her moral turpitude, one of these syndicates sent out the story of her life, explaining her delinquency in detail for the benefit of pure Americanos.

The bovine Peaches Browning and her publicity-seeking husband have contributed more than all others to the prosperity of these new syndicators of diluted pornography. When the precious pair married last Spring, Peaches immediately rushed into print with her honeymoon diary. Daddy also got in the limelight with a series of articles explaining why he loved Peaches and vowing that he would ever be her slave. Then, when Peaches left the old man and began her drive for alimony, she put out a highly moral series entitled: "Why I Left Browning, or, Peaches' Warning to Young Girls." When the case finally came up for trial, it was brought out that

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all these diaries and confessions were written by hack newspaper men, something that every sensible person already knew.

The rupture of poor Charlie Chaplin's marital bliss was made the occasion of several inspiring series. Charlie's ex-wife, Mildred Harris, told her experiences as the first consort of the comedian, and the *Graphic* Syndicate put out a rambling tale of his alleged amours and signed it "By Chaplin's Closest Woman Friend." When times are dull and no purple scandals taint the air, these scavengers of journalism worry along by the distribution of such illuminating biographical material as "The Confessions of Gilda Gray" and "Why I Left Texas," by Texas Guinan.

VI

Within the scope of this modest article it is impossible to cover the whole syndicate field. Even a bare mention of the different features now offered would occupy many magazine pages. I have attempted no discussion of the several worthwhile and valuable features which gleam like nuggets of gold amid the tons of dirt and trash. Neither have I touched upon some of the wholly idiotic syndicate productions, namely, the horoscope and daily astrology articles which many papers now solemnly publish.

No one can doubt the important place syndicate stuff occupies in American journalism today. Newspapers which once scorned features now publish whole pages of them. Even the New York *Times* has begun to succumb to their moronic appeal. For its first feature the *Times* chose the humor of the Hon. Will Rogers, mayor of Beverly Hills.

I have no suggestions for uplifting the quality of syndicate stuff. It will improve automatically when public taste revolts against its gush and piffle. On that same day all the readers of the tabloids will subscribe for the New York *Times*, and the circulation of *Harper's* and the *Nation* will outstrip that of *True Stories*.

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THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE FIDDLE

BY CHLOE ARNOLD

I THINK I really commenced to play in an amateur string quartette one May night in the Ozarks.

My father was singing me to sleep in the old spring rocker, but I kept my eyes open as long as I could, watching my mother as she washed the dishes and put them away. Thad was reading, as usual, with his head leaning on his hand. Deam was making a helve for his ax, and Joe, his old spotted hound dog, was asleep in the shavings. Even Thad looked up from his book to laugh, for Joe seemed to be dreaming of a coon hunt. My sister, Gertrude, was cutting out a new frock for Rosie.

Rosie was the cause of my troubles. She was a china doll upon whose black head I had smashed my blonde Norma's a few minutes before. I was faithful to Norma, though she now had no head, and she, too, was being rocked and sung to:

> Oh, the birds were singing in the morning,
> The myrtle and the ivy were in bloom;
> The sun o'er the hilltops was dawning,
> It was then they laid her in the tomb.

"What's that?" my mother whispered, and everyone listened.

It was the most lovely music we had ever heard. We all crept around the open door and stood there. We saw a dim figure in the starlight. I had never noticed stars much, but when you listened to that violin you could see and imagine things you had never thought of before. . . . I saw, too, the old yellow rose in bloom and smelt the fragrance of its flowers and of the Spring night. For the Ozarks are in the South and we had our roses in the gorgeous month of May.

When the music stopped, my father said to mother: "It is Louis." And they both ran laughing to greet him. Deam, who was fourteen and scorned sentimentality, joined them, and was presently carrying in the funny old German satchel.

The serenader was our young uncle, just back from four years in Germany. At twenty Louis was over six feet tall, but not much older than our brothers and ourselves. My mother, of course, knew that he was hungry, and while she got his supper, we sat on the floor and took turns nursing the violin. Louis said he had paid all his money in Paris for it. It was a Guarneri del Gesù, we afterwards learned, and my father was disappointed. He wished it had been a Stradivarius. Louis insisted that it had a better tone than most Strads. Many years afterwards, when I lived neighbor to Maud Powell in Gramercy Park, she supported this idea, for her own favorite was a Guarnerius.

Lack of money had never troubled my father. Summer was coming on, and there were always a few wills, deeds and the like to draw up, and a case or so to try. When that failed, he took a job digging stumps. The boys and Louis helped, and they had wonderful times. We lived four miles from a little mining-town. Our neighbors were mostly wood-cutters, and the wood was hauled to the lead and zinc mines.

Soon it got around that there was a good fiddler at our house, and people came to hear him play. Then he got jobs playing for dances in the village. My father accompanied him, and they always walked in, and came home carrying groceries. Mother

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would wait for them to come, and they told her what had happened, and we could hear them talking and laughing from our trundle bed.

For some reason or other, Louis picked me out to be the violinist of the family, though there was no money to get a fiddle small enough for me. Jim Beck, a man who lived somewhere across the lake, had heard Louis play and invited him to enter a contest. "I'll buy you a violin with the prize," he said to me as he left for the scene. He loved to tramp through the woods roads, wade the river, and eat watercress on his way to Beck's. Jim had promised $25 to the winner, but his luck failed, and instead of money Louis carried home only a ponderous book called "The Dream City." It had pictures of the Chicago World's Fair, then long over, but still quite new to us and endlessly entertaining.

Deam was clever now at fourteen, and he made a little fiddle and bow which he gave me on my fifth birthday. Soon I could play a piece called "A Story," and after awhile Louis and I played the Pleyel duets. I'd be called in to perform for the woodcutters and a few natives and they said I was a gee-nus.

Louis finally had to go away, amid tears from the whole family. My father told us he must make his career and the Ozarks wasn't the place. . . .

To make up for his loss, my mother took us all to visit the Douglass family. They had apples, a hay mow, and a large pond with persimmon trees thick around it. After a long time we came home and I went to look at my violin. It was a terrible sight. It had curled and writhed and split, for it had been made of unseasoned wood.

There was nobody to play for, anyway, now. Louis was gone. And as we had a grand funeral I was by no means inconsolable. Thad read the burial service, and my father sang "Sweet Kitty," and we buried all that was mortal of my fiddle under our old crab-apple tree.

II

We had gone to Kansas now, and my mother was a widow with six children. I had no violin, but Mrs. Kells taught me piano in return for a golden oak sideboard.

She was a pretty little blonde woman and sang the beats, "one-ie, two-ie," in a sweet voice. But I learned nothing. My heart was not in the piano, nor in Matthews' graded studies. I admired Mona Wolfe, who could play a cakewalk, and hoped to reach that agility, but never did. I had no talent and no ambition, Mrs. Kells told the neighbors.

Her oak piano had the queerest sound, anyway, and at the corner of my eye, from her parlor window, I could see the wheatfields billowing across the acres like an ocean about to inundate the old piano, my pretty teacher and all. I shouldn't have cared much, for I had to wash the dinner dishes when I got home—we had that meal at noon—and afterwards practice at the little, low, black Steinway.

Those mid-Summer afternoons in Kansas were very sultry. I toiled and sweated with the sharps and flats, and wished I could have practiced of a morning, when my sister was at her violin. As a reward for some forgotten merit, I was allowed to accompany her to the town fifteen miles away when she went there to take her lesson. And there I met Theodore Olsen Nelson Huuse, her teacher.

He lived in a tiny house in the Maddy's yard. A round coal-stove kept him warm in Winter, and though his rooms had neither carpets nor rugs, they were neat and clean, with bundles of music about. He was a Norwegian, with the bluish skin peculiar to some of that race. He had sparse brown hair, a goatee, and a pair of fine gray eyes. He understood children; he gave my sister money for ice cream in honor of my visit. And he said he regretted he could not go with us himself, because Joe Maddy had just come in to take his lesson. All of his pupils got acquainted with Kreutzer, Rode, Sevcik, and Fiorillo.

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Huuse had no friends in the town, and I never knew why he went there to live. Sometimes he used to come to our village, and after he'd finished his lessons he'd go to the back room of the confectionery store, and have sardines and beer with old Dowel Dodson. Drinking beer was a crime in Kansas then, and the two drank in secrecy, though the most sober of men. They had much to say to each other. Dodson was from Kentucky, and not like most.

I went to the opera-house, to hear a pupils' recital, and decided then that sometime or other I would play the violin. But not then. First I had to learn from Miss Price how to write themes, and all about the Gallic wars and Cicero and Vergil, and plotting by graphs, and the areas of cones.

When, at fifteen, I struck out for myself, I found I was too old ever to amount to anything as a violinist. But I kept right on, practicing and playing diligently for my own pleasure.

III

It was far from these scenes that I found out why I had persisted.

I had been sent to do a sort of literary portrait of the late Henry Holt, the publisher. Arthur Maurice, who sent me, had warned me beforehand that I would find him far more charming and gallant than most younger men. I found him adorable.

After we had finished our talk, he asked me how old I was.

"Fine," he said. "I have a son—"and he reached toward the buttons on his desk.

His secretary, who came in just then, persuaded him to give up that idea. But he insisted that our acquaintance should not end with that one meeting.

"Well, then," he said, "could you play second fiddle to Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven in my quartette next Winter?"

I said I didn't believe I could. For it was only the night before that I had been playing the Spring sonata of Beethoven, with what I thought remarkable effect, when Algy Crapsey came in.

"How long have you been playing the violin?" he asked. I told him. "Humph, and can't play a tune yet?"

He was carrying a white stone jug which he was lettering "In memory of —— Wallace, a saloonkeeper of the Bowery," and his critical faculties might have been dulled by too many farewell swigs.

But others, I recalled, had also listened, and afterwards talked a great deal about the violin being the most difficult instrument to learn.

"I could try," I finally told Mr. Holt.

"You needn't be afraid you won't play well enough," he said, laughing. "I learned the 'cello after I was forty, and of course my playing is damnable, but all I claim to do is to supply a little bass."

That Spring I returned to Westport, Conn., to turn author, but one fine evening in the following November I went to Mr. Holt's house in East Sixty-sixth street for the first meeting of the quartette.

His old green sitting-room was on the second floor and seemed quite remote from the rest of the house. The walls were almost covered with pictures; there was a fireplace and an immense green divan. His table had a double student's lamp upon it, and new books were never wanting.

The other players were already there: Robert Livingston Schuyler, professor of history in Columbia University; Emil Schenck, formerly first 'cellist of the Philharmonic, and Mr. Holt.

We started off on a Haydn quartette that I have never been able to find again. I "played badly enuf," as Mr. Holt always wrote of himself, "to make modesty becoming," but much better than I had expected I could do at sight.

Mr. Schuyler had a good fiddle, and played well, only occasionally meriting a scornful glance from Mr. Schenck, who ran the quartette from the viola, as they say in football. With most timid amateurs, the finale in a string quartette is their finish, especially if it is written *molto vivace*. An amateur can play the notes eventually, but never now. For my part, I have always longed to draw the

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bow across the strings and bring forth a shower of stars, as Kreisler does, but generally it's an avalanche of bent pennies and old shoe buttons, and with that I have to be content.

We could come whenever we liked, though the playing didn't begin until five o'clock in those days. Sometimes I'd go and read some in the new books. But the best luck would be when our beautiful old 'cellist would come in early and tell me all about the quartette, and other things.

I had been a member for a long time before I learned that the quartette was a very old one, one of the oldest musical organizations in New York, or almost anywhere else, for that matter. Mr. Holt told me that Richard Grant White had organized it in November, 1875. White was then music critic for the New York *Times*, and spent his leisure making music for himself.

He had an old friend, Meyer H. Meyer, a retired merchant of sixty, and they decided to organize a string quartette which would meet once a week during the Autumn and Winter, to read and study the string quartettes of the great composers. White and Meyer had had a quartette when they were boys in Brooklyn. But history doesn't say what White played, and he didn't learn the 'cello until after he was fifty. Mr. Schenck, who gave him some lessons, said he never played well. But Meyer was an excellent violinist (his daughter, Mrs. Jeanette Thurber, first introduced English opera at the old Academy of Music) and is to be remembered because he first found out that if you pin a towel around your violin you can practice without disturbing the most nervous member of your family. He regarded it as far superior to the mute.

(Only a moment ago, the maid came in and said that the man in the next room wanted to know "how much longer that fellow was going to fiddle." Well, Mme. Urso took Maud Powell from school, and advised that she practice from four to six hours a day, or she would never amount to anything. And here this man thinks two hours long! The violin is not the only practice that annoys the bystander. Maggie Teyte once told me that she once lived in Adelphi Terrace and her next neighbor was Bernard Shaw. He sent over a few strong phrases describing her work, and threw in the prediction that she'd never get anywhere with "that squawking.")

Mr. Holt took great pleasure in the quartette to his last day, and he was always on the lookout for congenial players. Each fiddler in a string quartette must play about like the rest. Any great creature is obnoxious, and has a bad time himself. Mr. Holt had been delighted to be asked to play at first, and his interest in the quartette was romantic, and more than that, for he kept it going for more than thirty years—which is harder to do than anyone may think.

While Mr. Holt was learning the 'cello, he had lessons from Emil Schenck. For twenty-seven years Mr. Schenck played in the quartette, one instrument and another; the viola in my day. He still lives across the park in Ninety-fifth street, and said of Mr. Holt the other day: "He was a great man and a good friend."

We didn't know him, of course, as a great man. He was very humble with music, and it used to be the loveliest thing in the world to see Mr. Schenck correct him at the 'cello. These two men were striking together—both taller than the average, and far more handsome, and always extremely well dressed. Mr. Holt was then over eighty; and Mr. Schenck perhaps sixty-five. He always looked like Prof. Bhaer in Miss Alcott's book.

In those pre-quartette conversations Mr. Holt once told me that as a publisher he was a failure! He said he had much rather have written his books, such as they were, than to have been the most successful publisher in the world. In fact he seemed to have but two regrets in his life. One was that he wasn't a great author, and the other that he hadn't more grandchildren. But he would say of authors, "They are

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such beggars," meaning that they never had anything a successful business man could call money. . . .

But that's how things go. John Galsworthy once told me that he regretted he couldn't play any musical instrument, and that he had lived too late to see Turgenieff. Mr. Holt not only played the 'cello, but he visited Turgenieff in Paris and Bourguval, and first published his books in America.

There have been continuous meetings of the quartette for fifty-two years. Not that of late we have been left in peace. You can pick up any newspaper and find that there are no more amateurs; everyone is supposed to be so rushed that if they do have a moment they prefer to listen to the radio. But we are not at all depressed by editorials like this one from the New York *Herald:*

> Scientific contributions to domestic entertainment, and especially the development of the radio, have been so great that it seems probable that the arts, as amateurs interpret them, can no longer be called to the service of the family.

We cannot say that the attitude of our several families is encouraging. Often they bear with our fiddling as with a fault, but that opposition only strengthens our determination. We go on meeting, and practicing, anyway. Once you have begun to play in a string quartette you never stop as long as you can muster four fiddles.

We do not meet just because there is nowhere else to go. We look forward to the hour and allow nothing to interfere. Mr. Holt left us a precedent in this matter. He had a house in New Rochelle he thought a great deal of, partly because Richard Grant White's son, Stanford, had designed it. One day he was in town playing quartettes when a telegram was brought in saying that the house had burned to the ground. He read it to the others and said: "I can do nothing about it now; we may as well go on with our music."

Mr. Holt told me that White used to write so well about musical instruments that owners would send their fiddles in to him to see what make they were, or what he thought of the tone. All the fiddle-shops were in the Bowery then, and White was always going there to discuss his favorite topic with Tubbs, Koenig, or August Gmünder. As he was always taking his own and his friends' fiddles to pieces and not being able to get them together again, he often had to call for professional help.

In the early history of the quartette there was a mild dissension. Amateurs have as much temperament, perhaps, as professionals. A Mr. Dabney was first invited to be the second fiddle and a Mr. Doughty played viola. For two years they appeared regularly at White's. Then without saying a word, they stole around to Joseph Drexel's, and started a new quartette. Drexel was a banker and played the 'cello, and of course the news got out, as New York was a small place then.

White wasn't dismayed at all. Instead, he invited Daniel T. Wade, a commission merchant, to play the viola, and found a new second fiddle in Chandler Weyland. Wade kept a diary which we have in our archives. "Weyland," he writes, "the new second fiddle, was a gentleman of leisure who had recently moved here from Connecticut." He was to all accounts a delightful person, contributing a hundred jokes to one sour note. Occasionally during those years he traveled abroad, when the others met and played trios.

They always rehearsed in White's dining room in St. Mark's Place, beginning at eight o'clock in the evening. They would play a Haydn or a Mozart quartette, and one of the first six of Beethoven. Mozart was White's favorite composer, as Beethoven was Holt's. We still have the quartette's original volume of Mozart, with which are bound letters from old members, and an article on White from the *Atlantic Monthly*. Some of White's music was given to the Metropolitan Museum, but Mr. Holt said he "reasoned them out of it." The Museum still has the Amati 'cello owned by him. He also had a Bergonri and a Galiano.

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He was not a sociable person, and had few acquaintances outside his own family. He didn't even know his contemporaries, Bryant, Bigelow, Dana, Bayard Taylor, Stedman and Poe. He is described, however, as "the best bred man America ever sent to England. He spoke like an Oxford man, and looked like a guardsman."

Wade's diary tells how he was once at White's when a maid brought in a note from Campanini, the great tenor, asking White to dine with him. Wade says that before White had finished reading it, he threw it on the floor in a rage. He said he had "nothing in common with these players and singers," and they had no right to presume upon his acquaintance. It turned out, however, that his friend, Professor Botta, had been responsible for the invitation. So White went, and was ashamed afterwards, apologizing to Wade for his temper and saying he had had a wonderful time.

Meetings of the original quartette continued until April, 1885, when White died. In Wade's diary I find this entry:

> February 2, Monday, 1885: At Mr. White's tonight. He was quite ill, yet able to play a little. He selected an easy quartette, Haydn No. 21. At the intermission we had hot toddy, and then Mr. White reclined in his easy chair while we played for him a Beethoven trio, first written for two oboes and a bass viol. He was delighted.

After White's death, the two quartettes were merged, and enough players left for one. They met at Drexel's. Meanwhile, Mr. Meyer had died and Mrs. de Coppet's brother played first violin, continuing in that post until he was well over eighty. Even then, Mr. Holt said, he played Beethoven remarkably well.

Drexel then asked Holt to play, and for awhile there were two 'cellos. At Drexel's death, Holt became first 'cellist and host, and he kept the quartette together until about a year before his death. Congeniality, he used to say, was almost more important in amateur musical ventures than technique. During those years there were many players, but more in the post of second fiddle than in any other.

IV

All during the Winter of 1924, Mr. Holt had been ill. Often he sent members of the quartette bulletins of his progress. He had moved to East Seventy-second street, and hoped we would all "meet harmoniously" in his much larger sitting-room there, but we never did. Under the date of December 3, 1923, he wrote to me:

> *My dear Little Second Fiddle:*
> How are yu? Do yu feel like playing this Winter if I can muster enuf strength to make it worth while?

But on December 29, this is the way he finally gave up his 'cello:

> *My darling little second fiddle:*
> I have just ritn Mr. Schenck: "I am driven to the conclusion that my 'cello days are over. I do not hear over half the strength of the notes, and I get tired pretty easily. But I had more than my share while it lasted."

"One of my joys," he took time to say to me, "was playing with you and having you around."

In all that fifty years, there had been but three 'cellists!

On March 28, 1924, Mr. Holt who had been very ill, had his secretary telephone, would I come up? I found him fragile, but as fine and gallant as ever. Now, he said, he thought I had the same regard for the idea of the quartette as he had always had. How did I feel about keeping it going after he wasn't around any longer? I told him that he would be around a long time yet.

"No," he said, "I won't. I'm too old to make much headway against illness. But don't think I am complaining. I look forward to better things."

But it was not until nearly two years after his death that I managed to reorganize the Richard Grant White quartette, still minus the right first violinist. A neighbor of mine, Ossip Linde, told me that Charles W. Hawthorne, the distinguished painter, played 'cello, and often had quartettes in Provincetown, where he lives of Summers. I was there on a motor trip, but afraid to call and invite him, for the amateur, while not shy, never welcomes re-

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buffs, so I returned home and wrote instead.

"I am afraid I am not quite of the calibre of your quartette," he wrote, showing that he had just the right qualities. "However, if you find no one else, we might take up the matter when I come to town November 1."

And then someone else said that Konrad Bercovici played the violin and owned a fine Amati. I had met Mr. Bercovici when I was a little creature on the *Sun*. He was coming in and out with some remarkable articles on Rumanian gypsies, Loren Palmer, my editor, said. But, of course, he could hardly be expected to remember me. . . .

"I am leaving for Paris December 3," he wrote. "It would otherwise have been a great pleasure to join the illustrious company. I was never a violinist. I played violin as a boy, but somehow never practiced enough to amount to anything. I played 'cello a little better, but that also didn't amount to much. I prided myself once on being a very good organist, but the other day I sat down in front of the keyboard and was very much ashamed. Once one has begun to write, there seems little room for an avocation."

Bercovici had to be spoken of, in the first place to clear up what he thinks of himself as a musician, but for the greater reason that he gave us Arthur Wynne, our viola. "Mr. Wynne is a fine fellow," he wrote. "I worked with him on the New York *World* and knew him well. He has been playing in amateur string quartettes for years."

There had been times when I thought there would never be a 'cello and a viola like Holt and Schenck. But when Hawthorne and Wynne have aged and mellowed, what a combination it will be!

Hawthorne is gentle and modest. Sometimes he muffs a passage and calls for another chance. He is always ready to play, and you can see him hanging over the footlights when the artists give encores at concerts in town in Winter.

We meet each Wednesday night at eight o'clock in his studio at 280 West Fourth street, and play indefinitely. Wynne has to go out to Mountain Lakes, N. J., where he lives, but he doesn't mind that if the substitute violinist is an artist, and our little band sounds heavenly (to us). He is an Englishman from Liverpool, an editor and an engineer, and devoted to music, though always as an amateur.

Once we thought of hiring a first violinist in place of Bercovici (though we hope he'll soon come home and do things really worth while).

"I'm against it," Wynne said. "Then every time we turned over a page, we'd have to say, 'Well, another saxpunce gone'."

Our first meeting after Mr. Holt's death was on the evening of January 3, his birthday. Julius Haas, who answers the rude demands of business during the day, was on hand with his Amati fiddle. We played steadily from 8 until 11:30.

White used to say that all the annoyances that came to them during the week were forgotten when they had commenced to play. And so we feel in the peace of Hawthorne's studio. A single eye in a portrait just started may look at us curiously, and the guest first-fiddle urge us to greater speed in the finale, but no one else can come. And we disturb no one, remote at the top of the house.

Around us are paintings, and in the cabinets back of us the works of the great composers, where we can, like Sairy Gamp and her bottles, "lay a hand on them if we feels dispodged." We expect to meet so as long as we can. We hope that there will never be a time when the Richard Grant White quartette will not meet to read and study the masters, and in the fellowship of the fiddle.

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SANDWICHES AND SEX APPEAL

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

FINDING ourselves about half hungry, the three of us had wandered into one of those bright little eating-places that dot the main streets of our principal cities as the war poets would have us believe poppies dot Flanders fields. Everybody knows them. Painted and toshed and wicker-bottomed like an oldtime Greenwich village gabhouse, they cater to the American on the flying hoof. Just sandwiches, cake, pie and coffee—with a poached egg on toast if you insist. But really they would rather you did not. No money in poached eggs.

We were served excellent if insufficient sandwiches made of toast with a thin slither of cheese and a thinner slither of ham stuck in their middles—and cups of coffee. Thirty-five cents for a sandwich and ten cents for the coffee. Seconds on the drinks free—if you cared for them.

Waiting on us was a girl whose features would have intrigued Gibson, and whose figure, easily discernible through her short white smock, would have warmed the cockles of Ziegfeld's heart.

"Some babies they got in here," remarked one of my companions with his mouth full of toast. And as I gazed around I noticed that our particular waitress had no monopoly of the beauty in this sandwich-shop. They were all that way—and very young.

"Yes, God keeps sending them and I'm getting older," continued my friend as he gazed around. "This is the prettiest bunch of kid hash-hounds I ever saw gathered together in one spot. The boss must be some picker."

A stout, rather more than middle-aged gentleman seated on my immediate left was staring at half a sandwich on his plate. He had finished his coffee. The beauty whose duty it was to wait on him and on us was filling up his cup, at the same time bestowing upon him a smile so radiant in its warmth that a little of it spilled over and stirred me.

"A piece of cake, Mr. Blatz?" she cooed. And as she spoke she leaned over the low counter and gazed soulfully into Mr. Blatz's eyes. Big blue orbs were hers, staring into faded but still ambitious greys. A warm, soft white bosom was half covered and half revealed by the inadequate white smock. I watched the old grey eyes travelling over the contours.

"I can't eat cake, Myrtle," croaked Mr. Blatz. "The doctor won't let me. But I'll have another sandwich."

"All-righty, Mr. Blatz," she said, smiling as charmingly as if he had bought her a wrist watch. Turning, she called to the sheik who was slicing bread and toasting it on the dais above her.

"One Bachelor's Delight."

"Bachelor's Delight," echoed the sheik. One hand grabbed a slice of toast from the burner. A motion of the other, holding a knife, sprayed it with butter. Right and left hands went forward to respective heaps, coming away with a slither of cheese and a slither of ham. Back to the burner. Another piece of toast, butter sprayed, and slapped on top. The crust trimmed with four lightning slashes. "Bachelor's Delight, Myrtle," yelped the sheik.

The beauty picked it up and laid it before Mr. Blatz as if it were an offering of in-

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cense and myrrh. He gazed at it wearily, it seemed to me. She moved away the plate which had stood before him, still holding half a sandwich with one bite taken out. She scribbled on his check and laid it beside his hand, her fingers just brushing his worn old paw as she did so.

"Thank you, Mr. Blatz," she murmured, giving him her full eye battery.

"Thank *you*, Myrtle," mumbled Mr. Blatz.

I glanced at his check. This was his fourth Bachelor's Delight at this sitting. At thirty-five cents apiece!

Now it was our turn.

Myrtle swept the three of us with those big blue eyes and divided up the smile among us. I fancied she looked a little longer at me, and so I was flattered. In the light of future events I realize now that if she did so it was because I was somewhat nearer to the years—and therefore the easy impressions—of Mr. Blatz than were my two companions.

"Have a piece of cake?"

The soft voice, the blue eyes and the bewitching smile all coaxed us. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. We had lunched effectively at one.

"No, thanks," I managed to say.

"Full up," said one of my friends.

"Don't want any cake," spoke the other.

"Aw, have a piece of cake," persisted Myrtle. Her hand went out and picked up my empty plate. Her fingers brushed the back of my hand. Slowly. I didn't imagine it. She reached for a coffee-pot and filled our three cups.

"Why so anxious to sell the cake?" I asked.

She leaned over between us. Spreading her charms was what she was doing. Deliberately and with malice aforethought.

"You see, it's this way." She had the air of imparting something delightfully confidential. Just we three and her. Let the rest of the world go hang. "We have a cake contest on this week in all our shops. It ends this evening and I'm neck and neck with the leader in our Number Two shop. One of us is going to win. I hope it's me.

"I know you all hope it's me," she continued. This was as much a statement as a question and we hastened to confirm.

"Well then, have a piece of cake," she persisted.

I became aware of a disturbance on my left. The portly Mr. Blatz was endeavoring to squirm out of his little wicker-bottomed chair and was having a deal of trouble easing his tummy past the counter edge. At last he made it.

"Good-bye, Myrtle," he croaked. There seemed an injured, jealous tone to his voice. The fourth Bachelor's Delight lay on his plate, untouched.

"Oh, good-bye, Mr. Blatz," sang Myrtle, turning the smile full upon him. "See you tomorrow, won't I, Mr. Blatz?"

He went down like a torpedoed ship.

"Sure, Myrtle. See you tomorrow." And he waddled off to the cash register.

"I *do* wish I could have sold him a piece of cake," murmured Myrtle, more to herself than to us.

"I think you did mighty well, myself," said I, thinking of the food Mr. Blatz had passed up, though paid for.

She was back to business and did not trouble to answer me. "You boys going to take a piece of cake?" she asked. "I simply *got* to win that prize."

It goes without saying that every one of us bought a piece of cake, though not one of the three was able to manage more than a couple of bites.

II

Roaming the lobby of the city's best hotel that evening I became aware of a familiar face. The little white cap had been changed for a smart straw helmet concealing all but two side whiskers of blond bobbed hair. The revealing white smock had given place to an even franker blue frock over blue silk stockings and blue leather shoes. Not playing second to any woman in that expensively clothed throng was my little sandwich peddler.

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"Have a piece of cake?" I asked, stopping in front of her.

She recognized me and gave me the full glory of her smile.

"I'm sick of cake," she answered, "but I *will* take a chocolate sundæ." And so we went to the fountain.

"I've got to attend a sales talk tonight," she informed me. "I was just passing time away in the lobby." And so, as we sat at a little table, I was initiated into some of the mysteries of the new high pressure salesmanship in the sandwich business.

"Our sales manager's awful smart," said Myrtle. "They don't pay us much salary, considering tips are barred. But that's mostly beloney. We take them when they're there and nobody says anything. But jumping quotas and grabbing bonuses and special prizes make this sandwich business as good a thing as a girl can find these days."

With a face like hers, I informed her, she should be able to set Hollywood afire. I let it be known that I was grieved to see her peddling Bachelor's Delight and angel cake to Mr. Blatz and his tribe.

"You're coo-coo," she told me simply. "I know because I've had some. I had that picture bug in me once. Had to walk back here from Los Angeles."

"Walk back?"

"Practically," she answered. "Short jumps, bumming rides, working in hash-houses. That's how I became a waitress. Or saleslady, as the boss makes us call ourselves. When I landed in here broke, and the sandwich shops offered me eighteen a week, I took it, though tips were out. Classy girls we've got, ain't they?"

I agreed.

"It's all in the system," she explained. "Like that Mr. Blatz you saw in there today. He's one of my best customers. But I've got a bunch like him. They fill themselves full of sandwiches and then in an hour or so they come back for more. Sandwiches are teasers, you know."

I didn't—and requested enlightenment.

"They're light and frothy and a man can put away more than a dozen a day if he tries. Make meals off them. That's what lots of the men do that come in our place. That's where the snappy looking girls come in. Keep the men out of the regular restaurants, where they'd fill up on three squares a day, and make them bob in and out of our places through the twenty-four hours. Yes, there's lots of money in sandwiches. And no mess or cleaning up."

She looked at her wrist-watch.

"Time I was getting over to the sales talk," she said. "They announce the winner of the cake contest tonight. I think it's me, too."

I wanted very much to listen to that sandwich selling conference. I told Myrtle I would take her to the movies later and would like to wait somewhere close by, so as not to lose her. Could I not listen to the sales talk?

"You can't come in there," she told me, "but you could wait in the hall. The transoms are all open and you can't help hearing the boss. He's got a voice like a foghorn."

III

As I lounged in the corridor on the seventh floor of an office building, smartly dressed, pretty girls to the tune of more than thirty passed me and entered the executive offices of the sandwich company. Lastly came an aggressive looking red-haired man in his middle thirties. A typical go-getter from Gettersville. And the sales conference was on.

As Myrtle had told me, there was no difficulty in following the course of the meeting. As the sales manager's high-pitched voice echoed through the corridors I gathered that there were some new recruits present. He was doing the honors like a Methodist parson at a church supper. Seeing nothing, I could still vision it all.

"Now let me see if I can remember the names," he was saying. And I knew he was standing in front of the new girls. From the old hands came a buzz of conversation.

"Florence Shields and Margaret Hender-

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son," the go-getter was saying. "Can't fool me. Now I'll get between you and march you around. Give me an arm apiece and I'll show you off. *Some* beauty contest our girls could stage. And neither of you are lowering the standard any."

He was pushing through the groups, introducing his protégées with quip and jest.

"Florence will be in Number One. Better watch out, Myrtle, or she'll steal your high average," I heard him say.

"Margaret's coming to you in Number Six, Miss Eustace"—this apparently to the head waitress. "Be good to her and she'll help you pin another leg on the annual trophy."

And more of the same and so forth.

Five minutes later he called the meeting to order.

"The first and pleasantest thing I have to do tonight," he bellowed, "is to announce the winner of the cake-selling contest. This has been the closest and most interesting battle ever fought out between our salesladies. All today it has been a neck-and-neck race between representatives of shop Number One and shop Number Two. The winner nosed out in a splendid finish by a lead of two pieces of cake. The first prize goes to Miss Myrtle Straus, of Number One, with a total of three-hundred-and-ninety-four individual sales."

Loud, sustained applause from the salesladies.

Outside in the corridor I figured happily that the purchases of myself and my two friends had pushed Myrtle over the tape. The sales manager read off the name of the runner-up and amid more handclaps and squeaks of pleasure my little friend and her co-worker advanced to the platform, there to receive a ten and five dollar gold piece respectively.

"And now," called the chairman, when order had been restored, "I want this midday shift of the United Sandwich Shops to step out next week and show the management what they can really do in sales when they are actually trying. Under our munificent bonus system there isn't a girl here worth her salt who can't make forty dollars a week with us. And I ask you, what food saleslady under any conditions can do that anywhere else?"

More handclaps.

"Here's the big proposition," he cried. "An inter-shop contest for a cash prize of seventy-five dollars to be divided *pro rata* among the members of the winning team. In addition to that, all the regular bonuses for sales above the quota will be increased fifty per cent during the week. Use your Personality, girls. Remember my lecture of last week emphasizing the Psychology of the Free Second Cup of Coffee, *poured out* before pushing the fresh sale. Lean on it, girls! *Lean on it!*

"Now I'll repeat the quotas on sandwiches. Those of you who have forgotten please make notes. You'll be notified of daily standings. All sales over the quotas count for the grand prize and the individual bonuses of fifteen per cent. Saturdays and Sundays are half quota days. Here they are. Number One, five hundred sandwiches per day. Number Two, four hundred and seventy-five. Number Three, five hundred and twenty. Number Four, six hundred. Number Five, four hundred and eighty. Number Six, five hundred."

By the sound of his voice I knew that he was off the platform now and moving from group to group of salesladies. The representatives of each shop, it seemed, were gathered in exclusive clumps like two-bit insurance peddlers at the weekly meeting. He was exhorting, encouraging, uplifting.

"Now I want pledges on this great big free-for-all," I heard him cry. "Here we are at Number One, the best little bunch of hard-working, soft-soaping sandwich sellers in this man's town, according to the present record. Whether they're going to hang on to their standing or not this week will prove. Now what's the pledge, Number One, over your regular quota of five hundred sandwiches per day? Come on now, be soldiers."

"Two hundred over. Seven hundred in

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all," squeaked a shrill feminine voice.

"Two hundred! Why, that's great! Come on, girls, give 'em a hand," and he led in the thunder of applause. And so he went from group to group, notching them up to greater totals, keying them up to a higher sandwich-sales enthusiasm.

He was back on the platform now. The thought apparently passed through his mind that he had laid too much stress on one form of goods, so he spoke a few words on behalf of other things.

"Now, girls, don't forget your pie and cake. *Don't forget your pie and cake!* No prizes this week on that, but the cash total goes to swell the individual bonus. If he absolutely *won't* eat a sandwich, try him on pie or cake. But sandwiches *first* this week."

He had still another prize to announce. Miss Gladys Donovan was called and presented with five dollars for writing the largest number of sandwiches on an individual check.

"Little Gladys Donovan, the super-sales-lady," cried the sales manager. "She sold five sandwiches to the same gentleman at one sitting. Applause for Gladys, please." They gave it in generous measure.

The meeting was breaking up and I sneaked down the stairs to await Myrtle. I was afraid, if I got in the elevator with that pepped-up bevy of beauty, that they would all make me buy a sandwich.

My cake peddler seemed thoughtful. Her little forehead was crinkled into a frown.

"What's the trouble?" I asked. "You won the prize, didn't you?"

"Yeh, the cake prize, I did," she answered. "But that single check winning was not fair on Gladys's part. That was her sweetie bought those five sandwiches at one crack, and she knows the honor rules bar sweeties."

"Make a complaint," I suggested.

"It isn't worth it," answered Myrtle, "and she'd deny it anyhow. What I've got to do next week is push Mr. Blatz up to six sandwiches. I'd have done it today if I hadn't been trying so hard to sell you and your friends some cake. I think he got kind of sore."

"He'll get over that," I said.

"Oh, sure," she smiled. "I bet he's over it now."

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HANDS

BY MARY J. ELMENDORF

On winter nights
Old Lena sits in the kitchen
Of the stone farm-house
Alone with Lottie, her middle-aged daughter.

Old Lena is thin. Her scant hair is wispy.
Her beak is eczematous like a turkey's wattles.
Her hands are cold and bony.
They open and shut like cat-paws
As she crouches over the hot range,
Mumbling to herself.

The shades are drawn,
Shutting out the loneliness of the muddy lane
And the dying of the fields,
But not the occasional "Whoo-o-o!" of an owl
In the spruce tree back of the house
Hard by the well,
Boarded up since Amos Grubb fell in.

On the covered stairway there is a small window
Giving on the back corner-lot.
It has no shade.
Old Lena hates that window.
Even on the thickest night
As she stumbles past it upstairs to bed
She sees the well.

(Strange how Lottie misses Amos!
If she had a dog
It might help her to forget.)

Sometimes when the wind fumbles at the door
With sleety claws, or a wet bough
Crunches against the window-pane,
Old Lena cackles toothlessly:
"Dirt's awful crumbly . . .
He was too old for you, Lottie girl—
Meaner'n a weasel.
The devil's got good company now."
And her hands open and shut like cat-paws.

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It wouldn't be so hard for her to undress
If it were not for her hands.
What stiff things they are—
How undetachable—
As clinging and clumsy as thoughts mired in idiocy.

When old Lena closes her eyes on her pillow
Amos peeps under the lids.
(He was always a prying old fool.
What a hairy chest he had!
How hard he worked that last day—long after dusk—
Hurrying to finish the well!
How tired his back looked as he bent over the edge!)

It is then she feels most
The aliveness of her hands . . .
Stealthily, deliberately, the fingers curling like snakes,
They lift and creep forward . . . farther . . . still farther . . .
Then suddenly they push hard . . .
And Amos is gone.

Shuddering, gibbering, old Lena pulls the bedclothes
Up over her head.

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LOWELL

BY KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

LOWELL, in Massachusetts, is the best example of what has happened to New England. Its history is the history of American industrialism. Ugly red-brick buildings line the long miles of its dreary and characterless streets. The shambling wooden houses of its Greek quarter, through the doors and windows of which dark men may be seen drinking and playing cards, spread a foreign odor over the depressing town, though it bears the name of one of the Bay State's proudest families. A statue of William Henry, Cardinal O'Connell, casts its gaze down upon an Irish section which is as tough as South Boston or Charlestown. There are plenty of Poles, too, and Lithuanians are not hard to find. But one looks in vain for a New England face, a face with the stern qualities of Mr. Coolidge's, or the upright virtue of Attorney General John Garibaldi Sargent's, or the benign reserve of Ex-Senator William M. Butler's—faces that all go well with the name of Lowell. Perhaps at Page's, the only half-way decent eating-house in the place, they may be observed; if so, they are the faces of stray bankers, merchants, textile managers, or newspaper editors. You will never see an actual Lowell there, or a Lawrence, or an Appleton, or a Cabot. God, the other member of this circle of New England deities, you will not find there either. He is having lunch in Boston at the Union Club, with His associates and friends, the Lowells, the Lawrences, the Appletons and the Cabots.

If you should be admitted by the fussy little doorman to the sacred and stupid rooms of that stuffy club half-way up Park street at the hour when these Brahmins are gazing in well-fed contentment across the melancholy wastes of Boston Common, you would hear but little talk of Lowell, though undoubtedly a third of the men sitting around, puffing pipes, and trying to look—and talk—very English, would cherish in their breasts a great respect for that dirty town upon the Merrimac. If the money which gains for such men the obeisance of the club doorman did not really come from Lowell, they probably wish that it had, and they all mention with considerate deference anyone who is in any monetary way connected with it. They love Lowell—for it has made money for their kind, and enabled many worthy Bostonians to live in Beacon street or the correct part of Commonwealth avenue. Many a name respected in State street and mentioned with reverence by the *Transcript* is the name of an absentee landlord of that stronghold which is the living picture of what has happened to New England.

Lowell, today, is not an interesting place. It is respectable, foreign, and dull. It is able to support a newspaper which, editorially at least, continues to believe that the late war is still going on, and sees German spies behind every telegraph pole. There are some nice houses in the "right" part of the city, away from the mills. There is one church of grey stone which doesn't give one eye-strain. The business section is still the overgrown country town of a century ago, with its stores looking comfortable and commonplace and its movie palaces not too garish. The spy-fearing newspaper is very prosperous and

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shows only one mark of independence—its hatred of Prohibition. This hatred it nurses despite the concerted hopes of the best business men of the town that Mr. Volstead's curse will long continue upon us "for the sake of prosperity." Politically, the town is run by the Irish, but except in very rare instances the City Hall takes its tip from the mill-owners and behaves itself. There are plenty of churches and the people love their homes. When business is good they make excellent wages; when it isn't, the foreigners alone seem to worry. Most of the inhabitants of today are prouder of the fact that Lowell is the birthplace of Cardinal O'Connell than they are of the fact that it is also the birthplace of James MacNeil Whistler. They have at least heard of the former. Rotary meets every Wednesday at 12.30.

This ugly little city, over-run (when the mills let out in the evening) with Irish, Poles, Greeks and Canucks, was not always like this. Two hundred years ago it was wasteland. A century ago it began its triumphant march of progress (a term loved by its editors and executives), and now, like many another New England city, it points the finger of pride toward its past. Local historians dwell lingeringly upon the days when the Indians gathered "at what is now Lowell" to catch fish where the Merrimac and the Concord rivers meet. They dwell, also lingeringly and somewhat wistfully, on the days when the neighboring countryside was farmland and pastorally quiet. The true New Englander, (the one, I mean, who sticks to that region because he loves it) dreams so much of the past, I think, because he is a little ashamed of himself for letting industrialism run away with his present. He may not read Thoreau any more, but his father did, and in his blood is a latent desire for rest and quiet and communion with his soul. He dreams of Walden Pond, but he has a Twentieth Century Lowell in front of him.

The evolution of Lowell from an Indian fishing-ground was a steady one, and might be the history of a dozen other cities which have evolved in the same way. One thinks naturally of Manchester, N. H., Lawrence, Fall River and New Bedford. Newburyport is typical of another part of New England because it grew rapidly and then declined. It depended upon shipping for its wealth, and it did not prosper for long. Lowell, on the other hand,—a product of the same economic system which left Newburyport to rot and remember Lord Timothy Dexter, —grew and grew, and the Brahmins in Boston looked on and smiled. The wealth which gave the city its start came from Boston and went back there. Lowell is—and always has been—a city of absentee ownership. In Boston, now an ash-heap of decaying culture, but once the Athens of America, the great men kept their homes. Lowell, not far away, was created that they might live like English lords (or at least like well-bred Galsworthian men of property) while their managers ran things for them North of Boston. It was sufficient for them to sit in their Boston offices, read their reports, and send their money to a safe bank. The water-power of the Merrimac was cheaper than the steam of Boston, and the genius of men like Kirk Boott was at their command.

II

Lowell was thought of, although not in name and not very definitely, before the advent of the railroads. In the late seventeen hundreds the building of canals was a popular pastime, and one of the earliest was built at Lowell. That one, I believe, was dug for the purpose of transporting logs around Pawtucket Falls, in 1792. Two years before, Moses Hale, whose father had been operating a small mill at Dracut, built a carding-mill on River Meadow brook. This was operated by an Englishman named Joshua Mather, who came from the same town in England in which Richard Arkwright, inventor and developer of cotton-manufacturing machinery, was born. It was the first mill in Lowell, then a part of the town of Chelms-

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ford, and had it not been for the War of 1812, it might have been the last. But with the coming of war, Americans found they must wear clothes just the same, and since they couldn't be got from abroad, they had to be made at home. Many a New England fortune grew out of that fact, for a good part of New England's capital in those days was invested in this infant industry.

In 1813 Phineas Whiting and Josiah Fletcher put three thousand dollars into a mill which was soon successful. It was sold five years later to a Thomas Hurd and under his guiding hand it grew so that the Middlesex canal was built to convey water from the Pawtucket canal to it. About 1818 Winthrop Howe launched other mills at Wamesit Falls, but all these were hand mills and were therefore capable of turning out but a limited supply of goods. When power machinery was invented the Boston business men pricked up their ears and reached for their pocketbooks. Their time had come.

It was not in Lowell, however, that the power loom had its introduction to this country. It was in Waltham. The man most responsible for its appearance there was Francis Cabot Lowell—how the name suggests the very soul of New England!—, an astute Boston business man, for whom the largest of New England textile cities was later to be named. Paul Moody, Patrick Tracy Jackson, and Nathan Appleton were his partners, and the four may be called without fear of contradiction the founders of the textile industry in America. They were business men to the core, and Francis Cabot Lowell had more core than the rest.

Like many early New England men of business, he was a traveler and a man of culture. He was in Europe during 1810, for he who would be civilized in the early Nineteenth Century must know his Europe at first hand. While there he met Nathan Appleton, who interested him in Waltham's new industry, and told him that a great deal more money could be made there if the government could be induced to give some aid. So Francis Cabot Lowell went to Washington and there met a Southern gentleman by the name of John C. Calhoun. Into his courtly ear the cultured man of business poured his tale, probably with a British accent, and not forgetting to add how much the Southern cotton planters would profit if his proposals were followed. Evidently Mr. Calhoun saw the point, for the outcome of Francis Cabot Lowell's year at the capital was a protective tariff which quickly became a great help to the infant industry. Many a Boston and Cambridge family today blesses the name of John C. Calhoun. His statue should be placed in Harvard Yard.

Lowell, the man and not the city, had been dead for four years when his two partners, Jackson and Moody, decided to enlarge their business. Moody went to Chelmsford and looked over the Pawtucket canal, which had been there since around 1792, and made up his mind that here was a favorable site for the establishment of new and bigger mills. He told Jackson, who immediately set to work obtaining control of the Pawtucket Canal Company. Nathan Appleton and a gentleman by the romantic name of Kirk Boott joined him in this enterprise. They acquired the Pawtucket canal and also title to certain adjoining land, on which it was proposed to build their mills. In 1822 the Merrimac Manufacturing Company was duly incorporated, and from then on Lowell grew apace. The Merrimac Manufacturing Company was the first of many great Lowell corporations. A man named Warren Dutton was its first president. Its original capital was $600,000. Two of those who were later to profit by it were Miss Amy Lowell and the present president of Harvard.

The next fifteen or twenty years were the most interesting in Lowell's history, for it was during this time that the eccentric and domineering Kirk Boott ran the town. His official title was agent and treasurer, but there must have been many a Lowellite who thought it was Czar. His word was

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law: indeed, one historian of the city wrote that for fifteen years the history of Lowell was little more than the biography of Kirk Boott. He was New England's greatest autocrat.

With the coming of Mr. Boott, Lowell entered upon its golden day. It was shortly after the Merrimac Corporation commenced activities that he was sent up from Boston by the incorporators to be their agent. One couldn't go then within an hour, as one can do now despite the Boston and Maine, for Patrick Tracy Jackson did not build his railroad between the two cities until 1835. So it was necessary for the Bostonians, cut off from easy access to their new principality, to have some one there to look after their interests and run things. No employer ever had a more faithful employé than Jackson, Moody *et al.* had in Mr. Boott. A veteran of the Napoleonic wars, he had learned the British trick of playing the lord and master. Only twice is it on record that his desires were overruled. Once was when, shortly after his going to take charge of the mills, it was deemed necessary to give the newly incorporated town a name. Mr. Boott insisted that it be called Derby in honor of his ancestral home in England; but Nathan Appleton had a different idea. He remembered the services of the lately deceased Francis Cabot Lowell in Washington a few years before, and determined that the father of the protective tariff should be honored. He would listen to no name save Lowell, and even Mr. Boott dared not object.

Mr. Boott's first job on his arrival was to lay out the village. The result was as compact and as attractive a little town as New England had ever boasted. In late years Naumkeag Village in New Hampshire and Shawsheen Village, near Lawrence, Mass., have been modelled after his plan, but the people of the Twentieth Century are not so well adapted to living in a corporation-owned town as were the slaves who came beneath Mr. Boott's determined thumb. Under him the Lowell mill-owners, mostly immigrants who had worked in the textile plants of the old country, or young men and women with good Anglo-Saxon names who had come from the small towns and farms of the countryside, lived in corporation-owned houses, obeyed corporation-made rules, worked corporation-ordered hours, and breathed corporation-distilled air. If it wasn't slavery it was the next thing to it. But they were contented, nevertheless, for the long hours of the mills were easier than the longer hours of the farm. In those days people bore heavy burdens with less complaint than they do to-day.

The houses in which they lived were boarding-houses built by Irish laborers for the Merrimac Corporation. They were, as a rule, square or oblong structures of red brick, sometimes three stories high, smacking in their construction of the righteousness which was supposed to accompany them. None but employés of the corporation might live in them, and all these must be good, wholesome, upright Christians if they did not wish to be expelled unceremoniously from the bare rooms. The buildings were ordered to be kept clean and in good order, both inside and out, and if by chance the fences were damaged —say by a tipsy mill-worker—or any other hurt were done to the property, the charges for repairs were taken from the offender's wages.

III

The mill-workers were of both sexes. It was at Lowell, under Mr. Boott, that the system of checking up the morals of the females among them had its inception. There were other mills, as we know, in Waltham, and they were beginning to spring up elsewhere in New England. Well, if a girl working for any of these mills so far forgot herself as to stray from the straight and narrow path—as, alas, one occasionally did—her name was placed upon a black-list, along with a description of her, and this record was sent to the managers of all the other mills. Should the

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erring one then apply for a job in another town she found that the story of her sin had preceded her. The early historians tell us that this list was not a short one, but that it was very effective in keeping the "moral tone of the weaving communities on a fairly high level." Mr. Boott would tolerate no wrong-doing in his tight little village. Indeed, the working hours which he foisted upon his serfs seem to have allowed them no time for indulging in the pastimes usually associated more or less with idleness. A reverend gentleman by the name of Miles, who in 1845 published one of the first histories of Lowell, gave the following specimens of the rules in force under Mr. Boott's administration:

Regulations to be observed by persons occupying the boarding-houses belonging to the Merrimac Manufacturing Company.

They must not board any persons not employed by the company, unless by special permission.

No disorderly or improper conduct must be allowed in the houses.

The doors must be closed at ten o'clock in the evening, and no person admitted after that time unless a sufficient excuse can be given.

Those who keep the houses, when required, must give an account of the number, names and employment of their boarders; also, with regard to their general conduct, and whether they are in the habit of attending public worship.

The buildings, both inside and out, and the yards about them, must be kept clean and in good order. If the buildings or fences are injured they will be repaired and charged to the occupant.

No one will be allowed to keep swine.

"The hours of taking meals," said Pastor Miles, "are uniform throughout all the corporations in the city and are as follows: Dinner—always at half past twelve o'clock. Breakfast—from November 1 to February 28, before going to work, and so early as to begin work as soon as it is light; through March, at half past seven o'clock; from April 1 to September 19, at seven o'clock; and from September 20 to October 31, at half past seven o'clock. Supper—always after work at night, that is, after seven o'clock. . . . The time allowed for each meal is thirty minutes for breakfast, when that meal is taken after beginning work; for dinner, thirty minutes, from Sept. 1 to April 30; and forty-five minutes from May 1 to August 31. That this time is too short for a due regard to health must be obvious to all. And yet it is probably as long as most business men allow themselves. . . . For the sake of the operatives we wish that time for meals was lengthened, but we do not see the propriety of calling in this quarter for a reform in those habits of hasty eating which pervade the whole country, and characterize our nation."

From the same source I garner this table of "average hours per day for the running of the mills in all the corporations of Lowell":

	Hours	Ms.		Hours	Ms.
January	11	24	July	12	45
February	12	..	August	12	45
March	11	52	September	12	23
April	13	31	October	12	10
May	12	45	November	11	56
June	12	45	December	11	24

Kirk Boott certainly knew how to get the work out of his men—and women! But he was not only a slave driver. He was also something of a pietist. Shortly after his arrival, Saint Anne's Episcopal Church was built in the village, partly through his efforts, for he was a staunch supporter of the Anglican faith, and Theodore Edson was brought in as rector. Mr. Boott became a regular worshipper at Saint Anne's. He even went so far as to tax all his workers to help maintain and support the church. In fact Saint Anne's became the official sacred arm of the corporation. But eventually the workers rebelled against the tax and insisted upon establishing churches of their own. One of the first was a Unitarian edifice. Mr. Boott was eventually forced to give up his taxation, which hurt him greatly.

When the new canals were built (and even before, with the building of the mills themselves) many Irish came to Lowell. By 1831 they were already numerous, and most of them were squatters in what later became known as Paddy's Camp Lands. When the titles were contested in the United States Supreme Court, Mr. Boott

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gave a parcel of land to Bishop Fenwick of Boston for the establishment of a Catholic church and parish in Lowell. It was said that he did this at the suggestion of a Catholic woman in the employ of his family. The Irish have been there ever since.

Mr. Boott eventually had a row with his rector, the Rev. Mr. Edson, over the school question. He insisted there was no need for a grade school; Edson declared there was. "Good God, man!" Boott said, "this place will never last. It will soon be levelled to the dust, a fit study for the archaeologist!" To which the reverend man replied that it was better for the excavations to show signs of a grade school than those of a primitive country school. The Rev. Mr. Edson won, and thus incurred the hatred of Mr. Boott, who thereupon left the Anglican church, and began to worship in, of all places, the Unitarian chapel. But legend has it that he came back to the ecclesiastical arms of the man who dared defy him in his own bailiwick and died therein one day while the two were out driving a coach-and-four.

IV

During and after Boott's regime the mills grew and prospered. Lowell became a city in 1836, years after it had been made a town. Up to the Civil War the majority of the workers continued to be of English ancestry. The greater part of them were from the nearby farms and country towns, but some, the experts, had been brought over from England. But with the Civil War a change came over the place. The hold which Mr. Boott and his successors had upon the workers was shaken by the conflict between the Union and the seceding States. After hostilities were over, Lowell never got a grip upon itself again, at least not morally or spiritually. This was due to a great extent to the actions of the Boston owners during the war.

Before 1861 Lowell had been practically undefiled by any foreign blood except that of the Irish, and they had not strayed far beyond the ill-defined outlines of Paddy's Camp Lands. They had not worked inside the mills, but as outside laborers, draymen, and hod-carriers. Their labor was cheap and more or less unskilled. When the war came the Brahmins in Boston figured that less damage would be done to their coffers if their mills were closed down until a sure supply of cotton could be obtained again from the South. Thus thousands of workers were suddenly without jobs. Ten thousand, the records have it, were turned upon the streets with no warning. Many of them went to the war; others turned back to their farms and to the better security of the smaller towns. They went wherever they could find work. Most of them eventually found it outside of Lowell. Other mill centers, whose corporation owners did not see fit to close entirely, absorbed them. Lowell was left deserted by her skilled labor and her looms were idle, but the Brahmins in Boston confidently bided their time.

After Lee surrendered, cotton was once more available, and the Brahmins threw open the doors of their mills. They smiled expectantly, but presently their smiles turned to dour New England frowns. Instead of the expected rush of natives back to Lowell they were disconcerted to find that the call to come back was unanswered. The Protestant, white, Nordic, hard-working, little-complaining workers of Kirk Boott's day were no more to be found. Thus the bars were let down, and the Irish were invited in. But the Irish alone were not sufficient to keep the wheels turning, nor were they content to work for the small pay and long hours for which Lowell was famous. Where to find labor cheaply? The Brahmins turned to the French Canadians. Thus it was that after the Irish came the Canucks, and in like manner after the Canucks came the Poles, and after the Poles the Greeks and the Lithuanians. With them came labor troubles—but that is a chapter in itself. In a hundred years Lowell changed from a town inhabited by

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native New England stock to a city that was cosmopolis, with slums and dingy streets. From a quaint village of neat, red buildings it was turned into a grimy city, still of red-brick buildings, it is true, but full of dirt and scars. Big, bustling and prosperous—that is, as prosperous as any city in New England,—Lowell now plods on.

It is the epitome of New England's progress, a living picture of what has happened to all of industrial New England. When one steps from the dreary railway station and rides the jerky car to the heterogeneous center of the city, one cannot help sighing for the old days. There was peace and cleanliness and a feeling of the ancient guilds of Europe among the men and women who worked for Kirk Boott, puritanical and despotic as he was. It was a woman of the type of those who worked for him who, after her death, had these words inscribed upon her headstone:

> Out of the fiber of her daily task
> She wrought the fabric of a useful life.

Can you imagine such an epitaph on the tomb, say, of Alexis Alexopolis?

It was such a woman who started the celebrated Lowell *Offering*. Lucy Larcom lived in Lowell and toiled in its mills. A poetess of meagre ability, she yet struck chords of response in the lonely heart of more than one New Englander. Many a mill girl poured the longings of her half-starved soul into the pages of the *Offering*. Whittier praised Lucy; her fame spread. I have no doubt that today Lowell ranks her as one of the great names of New England. It has named a park for her,—but it has neglected to mark the birthplace of James Abbott MacNeil Whistler. That is because Lowell is typically New England, and has always resented Whistler's half-facetious denial of the town as his birth-place.

If Boston was once the Athens of America, Lowell was at least its Liverpool or Leeds. It has never been a bright town. The third city incorporated in Massachusetts, it soon became one of the most prosperous. Fortunes have been invested there, to be brought back, greatly increased, to the more cultured air of Boston. It laid the foundation of Massachusetts' latter-day aristocracy. The Lowells, the Lawrences, the Cabots and the others have taken much from it. It is a city greatly honored on the shores of the Bay, for is it not a monument to the business acumen and wisdom of the forebears of the men who are called Brahmins on Beacon Hill?

Lowell is also the home of Father John's Medicine and of Ayer's Remedy for Man or Beast.

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CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Study in Reviewing.—The reaction of four out of every five American book reviewers to Sinclair Lewis's admirable "Elmer Gantry" offers not only meat to the student of native critical phenomena, but a whole butcher shop. It is the contention of these reviewers that Lewis has made Gantry too complete a charlatan and knave, that even in the worst charlatan and knave there are streaks, albeit often hidden, of the purest gold, and that the failure to indicate the latter in his central character makes Lewis's novel an overly prejudiced and essentially dubious job.

A meditation of the reviewers' mental processes brings forth an idiosyncrasy of judgment that seems to me to be unmistakable. That judgment of Gantry is based, surely, not upon an appreciation and understanding of human beings as we unfortunately find them in this world, but rather upon human beings as we encounter them in literature. There was a time, and not so long ago as the clock ticks, when the scoundrels of popular literature were generally cut from a single slice of cloth —and very black it was—, when a hero was a hero and a villain was a villain, and when that was all there was to it. In those days, there were customarily, whether in novels or in plays, no shadings: a character was, so to speak, either a Rudolph Rassendyl or a Sir Francis Levison, either blond or brunet, either soft-shirted and hence a compendium of all the virtues or clad in sinister evening clothes and hence a side-kick of the red boy. Rebellion against this order of things presently set in, and there followed a period, lasting until the present day, when it was arbitrarily demanded of practitioners of the art of letters and drama that they make their heroes less utterly heroic and their villains less utterly villainous. The old apothegm to the effect that there is some good in even the worst of us and some bad in even the best of us was lifted over bodily into the critical creed by all such reviewers as were wont to put faith in a wall-motto philosophy and who were given to a profound belief in the grandpa's-knee school of metaphysics, including as it did—in addition to the phylactery mentioned—such controvertible items as (*a*), it is always darkest just before dawn; (*b*), it never rains but it pours; and (*c*), an apple a day keeps the doctor away.

Following the injunction of these reviewers, susceptible authors began arbitrarily to leaven their characters. Heroes began to drink and swear, to have thoughts upon certain subjects that were not entirely noble, and even occasionally to forget their mothers' birthdays. And villains, in turn, began to drop pennies into blind beggars' cups on their way to bank robberies and, in the grand finale, just before the cops arrived on the scene, to hold out their hands to the heroines and assure them contritely that if ever in the future they needed help they, the villains, would be waiting out there in the West to come to them. It was all less honest and deeply plumbed human nature than superficial literary and theatrical hocus-pocus, designed cheaply to capture the sympathetic attention of the authors' customers, of a piece with the cunning of so many highwaymen who politely inquire the time of day of a pedestrian before blackjacking him and stealing his watch. For one author who understood the mystery of

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human nature and was able beautifully to get its deviousness on to paper, there were a hundred who understood it not at all, but who simply faked it and tried to get reality and persuasion into their characters by following the demanded chameleon ritual and cuckooing feebly at a distance the comprehension of their superiors. For one author who anatomized human nature shrewdly and truthfully, there were many more who merely substituted what may be called literary and theatrical human nature and who contrived not characters that would be recognized as real by their Maker so much as characters who would be accepted as real by a herd of dolts, whose minds followed horse-car tracks.

As I have said, this attitude persists to the present day. The reviewers, their minds saturated with fiction, remain thoroughly convinced that a man who murders his family, burns down the house and then goes into the back-yard and sabres his grandmother is nevertheless a virtuoso of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" on the accordion and unquestionably recites the Sixth Commandment to himself a dozen or more times every night at bedtime. True to the modern copy-book view of mortals, they remain positive that, over a definite and given point of time, no man may be absolutely good or absolutely bad, as Uncle Tom was or as Simon Legree was. The Uncle Toms of present-day literature must, in their sapient contemplation of the world, have elements of Legree, and the Legrees elements of Uncle Tom. They believe that Jack-the-Ripper used the paper-knife with which he opened his worshipped mother's daily letters, and that Dr. Crippen was at moments indistinguishable from the Rollo boys.

Railroad Travel.—Returning a short time ago from a trip back and forth across the continent, and after having whiled away the journey perusing the *de luxe* literature got out by the various railroad companies eulogizing their own great gifts in making rail travel lovely and comfortable beyond words, I bring myself to wonder why the companies do not leave off trying to impress their customers with fresh mountain trout, pants-pressers, manicure girls and bound copies of the latest *Saturday Evening Post*, and hire a capable construction engineer (or whatever he elects to call himself) to figure out a way to lessen the infernal racket made by the car wheels. Railway travel in America is indistinguishable from riding in a perambulating boiler factory. There may be a measure of comfort in American train wash-rooms, compartments, dining cars and even barber shops, but it all disappears from the consciousness because of the accompaniment of terrific rumble and din. In Europe, one may ride in a railway train with one's ears at peace. Here, it is like having swallowed an orchestra playing "Feuersnot."

Although an amateur at mechanics and barely able to tell the difference between a turbine engine and an electric fan, I am yet of the opinion that railroad travel might be made a somewhat quieter phenomenon than it presently is. All the superficial comforts installed by the companies cannot make up for the torture suffered from the noise that currently batters the human tympanum. Might not the floors of the cars be made sound-proof? Or wouldn't it be possible for someone who knows about such things so to set the wheels against the cars, and in turn against the rails, that much of the present racket would disappear? If the report of an exploding revolver can be silenced, why can't a car-wheel? We are told that American railway cars are necessarily overly heavy because of the distances and topographical difficulties they are called upon to surmount. Yet the distance and the nature of the road-bed between, say, New York and Philadelphia are not so greatly different from those between Southampton and London and still the American trains make twenty times more uproar than the English. A railway coach climbing up and down the Western mountain country may justifiably make all the hubbub it wants

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to, but I can see no reason for one moving between Newark and Elizabeth, New Jersey, making an equal one. If engines are changed, why can't coaches be changed and lighter ones be substituted for rides across the plains and flat-lands? It would not take more than a few minutes to make such changes, and the tremendous addition of peace and comfort would amply repay the traveler—and the company—for the trouble and inconvenience. Better still, I repeat the suggestion that the railroad companies save the money they are presently wasting on handsome brochures boasting of the "gentlemen's club" nature of their special trains, and spend it on some fellow who may be able to devise a way to make them sound rather more like a gentleman's club and less like the Battle of Bull Run.

Words of Comfort.—The talented and highly estimable Prof. Dr. Robert Clark, B.S., who, before the advent of Prohibition, owned and operated one of the largest and most proficient distilleries in the country, informs me that the bulk of whiskey and gin sold before Volsteadism was no better than that which the bootleggers are dispensing today. There were then, he says, any number of distilleries that had no more concern for the democratic kidney than a present-day coon speak-easy, and the goods they put out were fully as green and raw as any currently imported from Macdougal street or Easthampton, Long Island. There were four or five whiskies in those days and three or four gins that were completely honest and above-board; there were many more that were so carelessly distilled that bellyache was the least price of valor. Today, the proportion is no worse.

The Prohibition forces have slyly made the American public believe that, because barriers have been put in the way of liquor importation, what remains to be bought here is consequently not only very poor but even very dangerous stuff. Yet since Americans in the mass always guzzled liquor made in America, the implication should make little impression upon them. Among the bootlegging fraternity, there are many men who formerly worked in the distilleries and who know their simple science—I am assured by authorities that it is a very simple one—as well as they ever knew it, and who are pursuing it with all their old ardor and proficiency. Therefore, let us all take heart and go about the day's labor with renewed faith and confidence.

Deceptio Visūs.—Various erudite editorial writers, carefully misreading certain animadversions of mine in these pages on the subject of censorship, have subtly contrived to make it appear that, because I implied that among the hundred-odd nonsensical articles in the censors' canon there was conceivably one that had a modicum of sense and justification in it, I was therefore in favor of moral regulation of the arts. This logic is lamentably typical of controversial procedure as it obtains amongst us: the fence, however high and impregnable, is summed up in terms of its single knot-hole. To believe that a man is in favor of censorship simply because he says that there may be certain occasions when censorship may be intelligently defended by the censors themselves is to believe that a man is in favor of murder simply because he says that there may be certain occasions when capital punishment may be intelligently defended by its supporters.

The plain trouble lies not with censorship, but with censors. There isn't one of us, once his loud talk has died down, but believes in censorship in one degree or another. I should like to inquire of the stoutest foe of all censorship just what his attitude would be were a French peepshow, to which minors were freely admitted, to be opened on either side of his home. I should, further, like to make a similar inquiry of the staunchest opponent of theatrical censorship in the event that, let us say, the curtain to the dramatization of

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Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" were at one point kept aloft a few moments longer and the seduction episode in which Clyde and Roberta figure pursued with a Zola-esque realism. And I should like to continue the inquiry in the case of the loudest howler against literary censorship in the event that copies of John Cleland's immortal tome were published at a nickel each and sold freely to school-children. The way to beat censorship is not to deny all sense to it and all justification, but to give ground where ground must be given and then, when the enemy oversteps its bounds, to let fly at it with the full artillery of calm intelligence. The last way in the world in which to win a battle is to try to convince one's self that the enemy has no guns. To contend that the cause of art is in danger because the censors edit or condemn and suppress a lot of dirty post-cards, pornographic pamphlets, cheap moving pictures and equally cheap plays, to say nothing of a second-rate novel or so, is to make one's self and one's convictions ridiculous. Now and again, of course, a good piece of work suffers along with the contemptible ones because of the ignorance of the censors, but art is a poor and pitiable thing if it cannot survive such an occasional calamity. It has stood it in the past, and often enough. A relatively few years pass, the suppressed work duly comes into its own again, and all is as tranquil as it was before. True art simply can't be suppressed for long; history proves that much. If it can be suppressed and stay suppressed, you may rest assured that it isn't art. In all the centuries, not one genuinely fine piece of work has been suppressed by censorship for more than a little while. Art crushed to earth soon rises again. Only the spurious in art remains lying in the dirt.

I am against censorship not because it is censorship, but because it is generally ignorant. I am against censors because, all the time, they disgrace the theory of censorship in its soundest sense and make it objectionable even to men who may be willing to grant its periodic integrity. I have before me two documents in illustration. One is a copy of an address, made recently on the floor of the House of Representatives by a Congressman from a Southern State, advocating a general censorship of magazines. After denouncing a certain magazine as immoral and corruptive, this would-be censor quoted at length, in chief and eloquent support of his case, an article which I myself had written, carefully omitting the name of the magazine in which it had appeared. Who among his hearers was to know that the article was published in the very magazine that he was denouncing? What is one to say of such open-and-shut hypocrisy and double-dealing? A second illustration is to be had in a letter lying on my desk as I write this. It comes to me from a gentleman of God and one of the two leading champions of censorship in New York State. This holy gentleman, mistaking my attitude toward censors and censorship, observes that it is his opinion that the stage of New York City is unutterably filthy, that the law should be promptly and forcibly brought down upon it, and then asks me to supply him with the names of any plays that are dirty, confessing that he hasn't seen any of them himself! In other words, what we engage here is a censor who is certain that censorship is called for but who doesn't know what it is that should be censored. It is men like these—and they are typical of the tong—who bring censorship into vile disrepute and who cause all fair-minded and upright men and women to hold their noses. But let us get on our knees and thank God for them. It is they who are ruining irrevocably the cause of censorship amongst even censorship's more rational proponents.

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THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Audience Emotion

THE world may grow more civilized as the centuries pass, but I doubt that the emotion of the theatre audience in any period or over any stretch of time, however great, shares in the proportionate increase of civilization. The nature of that emotion and of its reactions may alter in detail, usually negligible, but I have a feeling that it is, in sum, pretty much today what it was in the beginning, and that its fundamental innocence will remain inviolate until the world returns to dust. This, of course, is like saying in different words that human nature does not change and that, in the mass, it responds always in much the same way to the various phenomena of life with which it is brought into contact. But there is a difference, and this is it. A theatre audience enters a theatre with the deliberate intention either of forgetting itself for a couple of hours or of being reminded of half-remembered phases of itself, of its life and of its dreams and despairs. In the matter of the former of these two psychological businesses it tacitly and volitionally requests of the dramatist that he render it other than it actually is, that, as the phrase goes, he take it out of itself—in short, that he treat it not as it really is, whether in habitual thought or feeling, but as it would like to be. In the direction of thought, it urges the dramatist to rid it of its stereotyped mental processes and, in the direction of feeling, of its conventional emotions and substitute for them new and more soothingly desirable ones. It comes to the theatre ready and willing and eager to be made, for the nonce, other than it is. At home or in the street it is in its divers elements content to be conventional, average, normal. In its reaction to the various affairs of the world it is even insistent upon this conventionality and this normalcy. But in the theatre, on the occasions I allude to, it pays out its money with the deliberate motive of constituting itself other than in its heart and mind it is. It wants a momentary spree, a night off. And yet, try as a dramatist will to give it what it wants, try itself as it will to make itself other than it is, it cannot. The so-called crowd psychology has nothing to do with the matter. The truth of the contention would hold were the theatre to be occupied by only two or four such persons. For the fact is that what is true of a thousand boobs is true of two boobs, and that what is true of two is equally true of the thousand.

Matthew Arnold may have been right about the world, but he was wrong about that part of it that is the theatre. The theatre, in so far as the emotional quality of its audiences is concerned, does not move. It stands still. The audience emotion follows always an absolutely cut-and-dried routine, varied only superficially, and any fine attempt to change its course must, by the very nature of God's magnificent images, come to grief. Across the centuries, the signal fires in Æschylus's "Agamemnon" evoke the same emotional response as those in Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah"; the audience's tears for Sophocles's Antigone when she seeks to follow her unfortunate sister are the same tears that are spilled over the girl in "The Two Orphans" who would do likewise; the laughter that was vouchsafed the drunk Dikaiopolis twenty-three hundred years ago is the same as that which is today vouchsafed the drunk Old Soak. We are asked by gentlemen who write books to believe that, where Sixteenth and early

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Seventeenth Century audiences viewed insanity as a comic affliction, modern audiences view it as a tragic one, but the gentlemen who write books have evidently never been members of the audiences who have roared over a score of shows beginning with "The Belle of New York" and ending with "The Misleading Lady" and "Chicago." And they certainly are not vaudevillegoers or they would know about the laughing success that has followed the Sam Mann sketch for years. We are also asked to believe that physical deformity, once regarded as extremely jocose, is no longer so regarded, and that, as a consequence, Mr. Glass's One-Eye Feigenbaum and Miss Loos's Spoffard *père* are instruments of profound grief, and that it is all that a modern sideshow audience can do to keep from crying out loud over the fat woman, the living skeleton and the bearded lady.

These general reflections occur to me in specific connection with the play called "Spread Eagle," by the Messrs. Brooks and Lister. It was the intention of these novices in the business of playwriting to persuade their audiences to gag at jingoism and the wars it periodically leads the nation into by playing upon the emotions of those audiences with the various instruments of jingoism and then to make the audiences humorously self-critical, skeptical and ashamed of their own facile reaction. And what did these novices discover? They discovered that the aforesaid instruments for the furtherance of jingoism were so much more powerful in the audience's case than the latter's talent for self-criticism and skepticism that, far from making it catch onto its evergreen credulousness and susceptibility, they actually convinced it all over again. Though they suggested forcibly to the audience that they were playing "The Star Spangled Banner" with their tongues in their cheeks, and were showing it rousing movies of Our Boys going off to the front with their fingers crossed, and were making Liberty Loan speeches with a wink of the eye, the audience would have none of the derision and accepted the whole thing literally, and at one gulp. And what success their play has had or may have, accordingly, was and will be due not to what they put into it but what they tried and hoped and yet failed to keep out of it. What they endeavored to do was to show a theatre audience, in terms of sardonic melodrama, the chicanery, mountebankery and nonsense of unthinking and blind patriotism; what they succeeded in doing was only to make their boob customers' hearts beat with the same old boob emotion when the drums got busy and the orators began orating and the flag was let loose. Their play, from any critical point of view, is a very bad play, but its badness has nothing to do with its failure to move an audience in the way they desired to move it. The same basic theme and the same central theatrical device are present in a good play by Galsworthy called "The Mob," and "The Mob" fails with an audience quite as "Spread Eagle" fails. Genius and hack alike inevitably fall before a mere brass band.

The one thing that a dramatist, however gifted, apparently cannot monkey with is the fixed and changeless emotional credo of the masses of the people. It is for this reason that satire is so seldom financially prosperous at the popular box-office. Now and again, to be sure, a freak play that assails the popular heart-beat achieves a moderate, freak success, but as a rule the play that wins the public is the play that in some relatively novel manner merely restates the ancient and time-honored emotional principles of the public. From the time of Aristophanes and his "Knights" to that of "Spread Eagle"—there are points of similarity in the former's Cleon, promoter of war, and the latter's Martin Henderson, ditto,—the public of the moment has been found to react left-handedly to the intention of dramatists who would whip its emotions in a direction that tradition opposes. A dramatist may play with superficially new ideas, new philosophies

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and new points of view, but down under them he must invariably cause to flow in a steady stream the old and tried emotions. Shaw is an excellent example of a dramatist who sagaciously appreciates the truth of this. Even a superficial glance at his plays from beginning to end reveals his wise timidity in offering his audiences any thing unusual or new in the way of emotional values. The Shaw dramatic canon is grounded upon a bedrock of grandma emotions tricked out, for the pleasurable deception of his customers, in the latest styles of philosophical and controversial haberdashery. Shaw simply asks his audience to feel the old feelings lightly instead of gravely; he never on a single occasion has asked it to alter the intrinsic nature of those feelings. There isn't an emotional note in any one of his plays that the lowliest boob cannot respond to safely and very comfortably, however much the boob may be horrified by the ironic counterpoint that Shaw synchronously plays.

II

Theatricalized Theatre

About a year ago, I observed in these pages that one of the things wrong with the theatre from a commercial point of view was that it was not sufficiently theatrical, and that this was one of the reasons why so many of its former customers, largely the moron element, had been won away by the movies. I took the liberty at that time to point out that the average playhouse today, whatever the nature of its stage exhibit, was little more in feel and aspect than a mausoleum with a candy stand in the rear aisle, and I took the further liberty of urging upon its managers the preservation of its life by devising ways and means to give it back some of its old bounce and spirit. For this remarkable piece of cogitation I did not assume the rôle of parent; it was given birth some time before in "Le Futurisme," by Marinetti, of Milan, whose light has since been snuffed out, my Italian correspondents inform me, by His Eminence, Mussolini. It was the shrewd Marinetti's contention that what the theatre needed was less of a show on the stage and more of a show in the auditorium, in other words, that the theatre of today is actually only one-fourth theatre (that part of it that is the stage) and three-fourths (or the rest of it) cold, hard, uninviting chairs surrounded by bleak walls that make it indistinguishable from an undertaking parlor, minus only the latter's cheerful flowers, stimulating organ and humorously solemn gumshoers. What was advocated was the injection into this other three-fourths of some gala turpentine. The nature of this turpentine, as my Italian friend pictured it, I supplemented with additional pharmacopœial suggestions, covering the problem of every kind of playhouse from the vaudeville hall to the classical theatre. It is a pleasure to report that certain of our managers show signs of adopting these suggestions and that success has rewarded their high acumen. Let the good work keep up and it will not be many years before the Messrs. Zukor, Lasky, Katz & Company will be mortgaging their Hispano-Suizas and first editions of Michael Arlen.

A round of the New York theatres discloses the first faint beginnings of the new era. At the Music Box, where "Chicago," a lampoon of criminal conditions in the Western metropolis is being shown, the management not only tabloids the audience with sensational gazettes retailing the latest Chicago murders and blackjackings, but further gets it into the mood of the evening by covertly distributing amongst it various tough-looking customers who periodically expectorate profusely upon the floor and express themselves audibly in the language of the gashouse districts and the evangelical clergy. So cleverly is this done that few members of the audience suspect the dodge, imagining their neighbors to be simply regulation first-nighters who missed the opening. At the Times Square, where "Crime" is on

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exhibition, radios are distributed about the house to entertain the audience between the acts with exciting accounts of holdups. In addition, all ticket-buyers who appear at the box-office window showing signs of not having shaved for two days and possessing beetle brows are placed in conspicuous seats in order to give the house the proper *ton*. At the Lyceum, where "Set A Thief" is playing as I write, the audience is bombarded between the acts with yellow journals that carry on the mystery with which the play busies itself, and at the Provincetown Playhouse, during the recent run of "Rapid Transit," which dealt fantastically with man's short span of life, the management kept the front doors open throughout the evening and impressed the audience vividly with the brevity of its days on earth by giving all its members cold draughts in the back of the neck, rheumatism, lumbago and influenza.

But the most thorough and satisfactory negotiation of the principles set down by our Italian friend and elaborated by his American disciple is to be found in the case of "The Spider," on view in the Chanins's Forty-sixth street theatre. What we get here is something that might easily and honestly be played as a twenty-minute vaudeville sketch, so far as the actual written manuscript goes, but that has artfully been tricked into a full evening's entertainment by taking over the audience as part of the show and making it work harder, and more self-satisfactorily, than the actors on the stage work, or than the authors doubtless worked in the preparation of the play proper. As a play, "The Spider," by the Messrs. Oursler and Brentano, is about as poor as they come, but as a show it is excellent. At bottom a conventional mystery melodrama, it converts itself into amusing theatrical stuff by lifting itself off the stage and playing itself in the auditorium. The Chanin Theatre is, for the purposes of the beanfeast, turned into a vaudeville hall called the Tivoli. One hears the usual miserable vaudeville theatre orchestra grind out its usual miserable overture. One sees the conventional news reel with its stereotyped views of such important and world-shaking events as Northampton, Mass., Normal School girls playing basketball, an Iowa cow that has given birth to ten calves, and Cal Coolidge shaking hands with Marcus Loew. One sees a couple of trick roller-skaters, a colored song and dance team, and the usual "master magician" in what is designated on the dummy programme as "the greatest performance of illusions and mind-reading in the history of the theatre." Then, just after the usual bowl of goldfish and the usual calling out of the numbers in the watch held up by Mr. Abe Costbaum, of Montgomery, Mich., a man rushes up to the stage from the audience, the lights suddenly go out, and there is a revolver shot. When the lights presently are turned on again, the theatre is full of cops with pistols pressed against the persons sitting in the aisle seats and with the announcement shouted that no one will be allowed to leave—even for lavatory purposes—until the murderer of the man seen lying dead this side of the footlights is detected.

The fun now begins. The woman seated just in front of you lets out a yell, faints and has to be restored with a half-pint of pre-Prohibition Kümmel. The man seated three chairs away proclaims that he is a personal friend of Al Smith's and that, if the cops don't let him out in time to keep his date with a sweet one at the Casa Lopez, he'll see that Al hears of it. A fat woman not far away rises to her feet and demands that she be allowed to go to the wash-room, and repeats the demand at intervals throughout the rest of the session. Meanwhile, the show is bounding around the stage proper, with the vaudeville magician employing all the resources of his art to find out who did the killing. At the intermissions, the police guard the entrances and exits with drawn clubs, thrusting back members of the audience who would go further than the lobby. When the curtain is due to rise on the magician's

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pursuit of clues, the cops herd the gang back into the playhouse, and again hell breaks loose in the auditorium with women screaming, men trying to crawl up the aisles on their bellies and babies bawling in the balcony for a drink of water. Nonsense, to be sure, but admirable nonsense. And just the sort of amiable foolery the theatre so often needs to make it boozy and mirthful.

The success of the movie houses rests, as everyone knows, much less upon the movies themselves than upon the opportunity the darkened auditoriums afford those men and women in the house who know each other to go in for esoteric necking and those who don't to go in for an equal amount of esoteric kneeing. It is, indeed, in the movie companies' financial statistical records that the narrower the arms of the chairs in a movie house, and hence the greater proximity of one sitter to another, the better the business is invariably found to be. In addition to the other excitements it provides, "The Spider" provides also protracted periods of darkness at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes during which the audience may love itself, and so is playing to crowds that formerly had to go to the movie parlors to gratify their amorous natures or be arrested. "The Spider" thus points out the way to recapture the old-time theatre customers who have been weaned away by the screen houses. Let other impresarios who currently put on mere stage plays, forget the all-important auditorium play and bewail the inroads that the cinema is making upon their bank accounts take heed. Let them hang gay colors on their theatre walls, and put back orchestras instead of the present dinner gongs and mechanical pianos, and get their ushers—as the Messrs. Chanin have got theirs—to salute every incoming customer as if he were a very superior sort of General von Hindenburg, and send free box seats to Mr. Goldfish, Mr. Silvervogel, Mr. Rhinestone and all the other great Hollywood magnates that they may enchant the audience with their diamonds, and soon they will see the crowds coming back from Roxy's, the Capitol, the Paramount and the other film theatres, even though what their stages show may be just as pitiable as the movies. And let them remember, if they believe that I am given to deplorable levity, that the auditorium show, in the broadest and best sense of the word, was not above the Greeks in their heyday nor above the playwriting and managerial genius of a fellow named Shakespeare.

III

An American Comedy

THE Theatre Guild's production of S. N. Behrman's intelligent and very amusing light comedy, "The Second Man," was met with the critical rejoinder that, while the piece was admittedly all right in its way, plays of the sort were too trivial for the organization to devote its efforts to. The Guild, it was contended, was committed by its promises to drama of a more serious nature and should not dissipate its time upon such comedy, however diverting. What we observed at work here was, once again, the label union, that critical fraternity which laboriously catalogues the drama in its various phases and is given to a belief that because one play is called a comedy and another a drama the former must inevitably be less profound than the latter and less—to use one of the biggest fool words in the reviewers' lexicon—dignified.

The theory that there is something a bit recreant and even imputable about comedy still casts its shadow over much of American critical writing. Nail down the native critic as to which, given his choice, he would write a leading essay about for the *Yale Review*—Brieux's "Maternité" or Brieux's "Les Hannetons"—and he will pick the former without fail. Or at least some drama as opposed to some comedy, however superior the latter may actually be. There is that about comedy that seems

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relatively petty to him; he cannot persuade himself to believe that, even at its best, it is quite so important as what he calls drama. What men laugh at—even very intelligent men—he imagines cannot be so worthy of his attention as what men—even very sentimental and lack-wit men—cry over. A serious dramatist, in their eyes, is one who treats gravely a theme that a really more profound dramatist might treat lightly. The attitude takes them to even greater and more idiotic lengths. When a Hauptmann turns from a "Weavers" to a "Beaver Coat" or a Björnson from a "Beyond Human Power" to a "Geography and Love," they cannot rid themselves of the impression that the dramatist is merely taking a fling, a day off from seriousness, and is hence for the nonce to be treated with a degree of condescension. They decline to accept the dramatist's wisdom of temporarily altered point of view, made necessary and desirable by the nature of his materials, and oppose him with the ignorance of their persistent and inflexible point of view.

In comedy, as such critics would appreciate were they to trouble to investigate, we find most of the true, deep, biting intelligence that has come down to us throughout the history of the drama. Comedy has made the human race wise, where drama has made it but merciful. It is comedy that has purged men of their delusions, where drama has only furthered and supported the latter. Aristophanes made his fellow-countrymen healthfully cognizant of their affectations, shams and hypocrisies; so Molière made his; so Shaw makes his today. The Greeks profited vastly more from the purgative humor of their comic writers than from the blood and agony of their tragic. It would take a highly imaginative historian, and one gifted in the art of sleight-of-hand, to convince any of us that actual Greek civilization was not benefited immensely more by "Lysistrata," the "Clouds," the "Wasps," the "Frogs," "Peace" and similar exhibits than by all the mock Orestes, Electras, Agamemnons and Clytemnestras who strutted its stages. It was Shakespeare's lofty verse that made men dream dreams, but it was his comic wit and irony that make them undream them to their own greater advantage. Take hold of the parachute and drop ten thousand miles. Which is the profounder: the dramatic canon of Pinero or the comedy canon of Lennox Robinson?

The play called "The Second Man"—to get back to cases—reveals in Behrman a young man possessed of a considerable potentiality in the direction of light comedy. With Vincent Lawrence he strikes me as being as likely a comedy writer as has crossed the American scene in some years. Like Lawrence, he shows no roundness as yet—his writing gets out of breath and periodically has to sit down while he devises ways and means to give it theatrical wind—but, like Lawrence, he shows a lively and seeing mind, a good sense of character, and no little genuine wit. There is first-rate worldly experience behind "The Second Man," and a very good brand of viewpoint, and a talent for whipping the English language into a sparkle. At two or three points, a sour grease-paint banality insinuates itself into the play and for the moment threatens the whole structure —notably at the curtain of the second act when the flapper, intent upon snaring the hero, proclaims him to be the father of her unborn child—but the author's humor is soon thereafter ready with a life-line that swings the comedy safely back to shore. The Moeller direction is once again admirable; the presenting company made up of the Messrs. Lunt and Larrimore and the Misses Fontanne and Gillmore is equally admirable; and the Guild is to be congratulated for at last having picked for production an American play that has some merit.

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

Old Ludwig and His Ways

THE UNCONSCIOUS BEETHOVEN, by Ernest Newman. $2.50. 1¼ x 5⅜; 154 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

THIS immensely interesting little book is in two halves: the first deals with the peculiarities of Beethoven the man and the second discusses his method of making his masterpieces. The former is the less original, though it is surely not without its moments. What Mr. Newman says is mainly what has been said before: that Beethoven's notorious imbecilities as a private citizen were due to the fact that the real world was always more or less vague and puzzling to him, and that his only genuine realities were found in music. That sort of detachment (or maybe it would be better to call it obsession) is anything but unfamiliar. Edgar Allan Poe plainly showed it, and so, on a far different plane, did Herbert Spencer. It is very common among musicians. To Wagner music was everything and all other varieties of human endeavor nothing; he would lie cheerfully in order to further his professional schemes, and everyone knows how he exploited and manhandled his best friends.

In Mr. Newman's judgment Beethoven's natural tendency thus to turn his back upon the world was promoted by a physical infirmity—the syphilis that prevented his marriage, and was the cause of his deafness and death. How he became infected we don't know: probably as an incident of some otherwise harmless youthful folly. But the fact of his infection seems to be quite plain, despite the effort of certain sentimental German pathologists to talk it into improbability. Mr. Newman makes short shrift of these filial sophists. Beethoven unquestionably suffered from the malady of kings, messiahs and philosophers, and it was chiefly responsible for his life-long unhappiness and his intense and almost murderous misanthropy. In particular it made him a misogynist, especially when he had to deal with ladies known to be of excessive amiability. That is why, according to Mr. Newman, he hated the wives of his two brothers, and wasted so much of his time and energy trying to do them injury. He believed that they were loose, and that their looseness was dangerous. Maintaining this thesis, he often permitted his indignation to carry him beyond the letter of the record, but there is every reason to believe that the thesis itself was quite sound.

Beethoven, though certainly not a courtier, was nevertheless a man of honor: no bounder could have written his incomparable music. The average musician of his time, finding himself luetic by God's will, would have swallowed a few pounds of mercury, and then affianced himself cheerfully to the first woman willing to marry him. But old Ludwig was strangely modern and scientific, beside having a tender conscience, and so he refrained from connubial bliss. His course did him honor, but made him very unhappy. For there was probably never another man in the world who needed the ministrations of an efficient German wife as much as he did. He had absolutely no capacity for the round of petty but invaluable tricks that make up the business of housekeeping. He always forgot to have the windows washed. He never remembered to change his shirt. He had the fire roaring on hot days, and let it go out on cold days. He managed servants by alternately overpaying them and heaving crockery at them. So he lived like a pig

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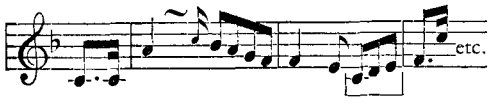
all his days, in the utmost mental and physical discomfort. His household was so forbidding that his nephew preferred suicide to living in it. Worse, the poor fellow was always falling in love. His heart went pitter-pat every time he saw a pretty girl, which, in Vienna, was very often. Thus he became a Freudian case, and led a life of almost unmitigated misery. To that misery we must lay his sterile years, when he could not write at all, and the lamentable fact that he wrote but nine symphonies, to Mozart's thirty and Haydn's sixty. But to it, also, we must lay much of the splendor of what he actually got upon paper. No healthy and happy man could have matched it, for the gods are jealous of happiness, and punish it with dullness. When, in the years to come, some second Beethoven writes a piece of music as stupendous as the first movement of the Eroica, it will be found, on inquiry, that he has lost his girl to a handsomer man, and the chances are at least even that his Wassermann will turn out to be positive.

The second part of Mr. Newman's book is devoted to a detailed and highly instructive analysis of Beethoven's music. He believes that all composers have what may be called trade-marks—for example, Gounod's banal sequences and Brahms' cross rhythms—, and that Beethoven's was a habit of using a little figure of three ascending notes, usually at the beginning of the second line of his melody. Here is an example from the first piano sonata, opus 2, No. 1:



Mr. Newman, with colossal diligence, tracks this little figure through the whole of the Beethoven canon, and now and then he has to sharpen his eyes with a rather obvious whetstone to find it. He regards it as "the culminating point in the expression of a musical idea that had associations of uplift, of tension, of yearning toward a height, of soaring resolution." All this, I regret to report, strikes me as musical cabbalism, and scarcely worthy of the most learned and accomplished music critic now living. If it be granted that Beethoven frequently yearned toward the heights in the three notes, it must be obvious that he yearned likewise in many other figures. His slow movements, in fact, are of that yearning all compact: take every triplet out of them, and they would still show the same soaring mood. Mr. Newman announces that he is engaged upon a search for similar trade-marks in the works of other composers. I only hope that he finds more significant ones. I believe he could do it even in Beethoven: for example, the thirds set against each other in contrary motion, the tendency to approach the cadence down the diatonic scale, and the great liking for violent repetitions of the tonic chord, *e.g.*, at the end of the "Egmont" overture and on the last page of the C minor symphony.

Far more persuasive is Mr. Newman's study of the way in which Beethoven designed his movements in the sonata form. The common plan of composers, in this enterprise, is first to invent their themes, and then to sit down at their desks, spit on their hands, and confect those themes into an organic structure. But Mr. Newman's examination of the Beethoven note-books convinces him that old Ludwig did nothing of the kind. Instead, he first boldly sketched his movement *as a whole*, with the principal rhythmic and harmonic features indicated, and then went in search of melodies to clothe the skeleton. It seems, at first blush, hard to believe: it seems improbable that even so vast a genius could perform so appallingly difficult a feat. Nevertheless, Mr. Newman offers such evidence of it that few musicians will seriously doubt, I think, that Beethoven actually did it. In his first sketches for the first movement of the Eroica there are complete blanks. He knew precisely where he was heading, but he had not yet devised the melodic bridges. In other places he simply indi-

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cated the rhythms, sometimes by meaningless repetitions of the same note. And in yet other places he indicated modulations with bald chords. Later on, he fished up the necessary melodies—often only after hard striving—and so completed the work. As I say, it is staggering to think of a man creating all the essentials of so delicate and complicated a structure at one stroke, but Beethoven appears to have done it. He could blaze his way through difficulties that other men could conquer only by a process of long and laborious sapping and mining. He had a genuinely first-rate mind—one of the finest, perhaps, ever resident under a human skull. Dead a hundred years, he seems to grow in stature as he recedes into space. No book published in honor of his centennial does nobler or more judicious homage to him than this small one of Mr. Newman's. It is the work of a man who knows Beethoven completely.

The Decline of Man

MAN: AN INDICTMENT, by Anthony M. Ludovici. 14s. 8¾ x 5½; 374 pp. London: *Constable & Company.*

Mr. Ludovici has been denied the gift of humor, and at one place in his book (pp. 213–4) he argues stoutly that its possession is a sign of inferiority, but he has plenty of knowledge and plenty of indignation, and in consequence he has put together a very interesting and instructive volume. His thesis is that the modern Englishman (whom he accepts without much argument as the pattern and paragon of *Homo sapiens*) is rapidly degenerating, and that if something is not done to arrest his decay civilization will presently go to pot. One of the chief signs of that decay he finds in the growing emancipation of women. It is not natural for women, he believes, to want to run the world, as they now undertake to do. Their highest happiness lies in the shadow of noble and heroic bucks, competent to work for them and fight for them. If they come forward today it is only because, being highly intelligent, they begin to see that their erstwhile lords and masters are no longer fit for this business. They fly to arms as, in times of invasion, the *Landwehr* flies to arms—because the first line of defense has crumbled. If, by any miracle, the males of the race become thoroughly he again, the ladies will go back to their knitting and their patent medicines, and humanity will take a fresh start. Mr. Ludovici supports all this with copious citations from history. The emancipation of women—who became politicians, philosophers, and even seducers—in the Roman Empire, he says, was the signal for its decay. It was, again, petticoat rule that brought France to disaster at the end of the Eighteenth Century, and the complete destruction of the country was averted only by the appearance of "a genius who was a stranger to the nation" and inaugurated "a fresh manly era." No such genius seems likely to come to the rescue of England. If the country is conquered it will probably be by Mr. George F. Babbitt, of Zenith City, U.S.A.—and Mr. Babbitt, by Mr. Ludovici's standards, is quite as degenerate as the English themselves.

But Mr. Ludovici's fears are a great deal less interesting than his discussion of some of the more objective problems that flow out of them. For example, there is the problem of the intrinsic difference between the sexes. He believes that this difference is very real, on both the physical and the psychic planes, and that nothing women can do, either with or without the help of God, will ever obliterate it. The notion that they are infantile in body and mind because men have oppressed them and held them down he rejects as palpable nonsense. It is as impossible to hold down a genuinely clever woman, he argues, as it is to hold down a genuinely clever man. Not strength of muscle, but nimbleness of wit makes for success in this world, and he shows that this has been true since the earliest times. The first tribal chiefs were not Gene Tunneys, nor were they Kitch-

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eners; they were such cunning fellows as Pope Gregory the Great, Napoleon, Bismarck and Coolidge. If women had been just as cunning they would have risen to the same heights. But they simply couldn't make the grade. Mr. Ludovici scoffs at the notion that the first human government was a matriarchy. Here, he says, the theorists have read their anthropology badly. It is true that, in many primitive societies, descent is by the female line, but that is only because primitive men are often unaware that there is any necessary connection between sexual relations and maternity. They observe that the woman has the child, not the man, and so they count it as wholly hers. But these same savages are nevertheless ruled by chiefs, not by chieftainesses. So were our own remote ancestors. Among them, as among the nations of modern times, the rise of women was a sign of decay and a warning of extinction. We are the descendants of more virile strains. But we are going fast.

The causes of this decay Mr. Ludovici seeks in many directions: they are, in fact, extraordinarily complex. As a faithful Nietzschean he puts part of the blame on Christianity and more of it upon democracy, but both are probably quite as much symptoms as causes. The healthy male is never a democrat, any more than the healthy female. Democracy is a disease of nations beginning to wobble; that it is usually combined with a habit of braggadocio will certainly not surprise the customers of Drs. Freud and Adler. Mr. Ludovici, despite his belief to the contrary, is himself something of a democrat. He has one of the most alarming of all the symptoms: a naïve confidence in education. The basic trouble with the modern Englishman, he argues, is that his instincts are no longer reliable guides to his safe conduct. Modern life has grown too complex for them. Well, what is to be done about it? Mr. Ludovici proposes a "reëducation" scheme devised by one F. M. Alexander. All instinctive reactions to stimuli, whether internal or external, are to be displaced by carefully thought-out artificial reactions. In other words, the decaying Englishman is to pull himself up to health and vigor by his boot-straps. It is astounding what lack of humor can do to a philosopher!

The Hound of Hell

COLONEL BOB INGERSOLL, by Cameron Rogers. $3. 9 x 5¾; 293 pp. Garden City, L. I.: *Doubleday, Page & Company.*

BOB INGERSOLL, viewed through the mists of twenty-eight years, seems pretty light stuff. There is little in his most celebrated speeches save the facile rhetoric of his era; with a few words changed they might have been discharged from the sacred desk by Henry Ward Beecher, or even by Dwight L. Moody. Sinclair Lewis, in "Elmer Gantry," makes his hero borrow and use one of them without detection; the same thing, I believe, was once done by a real ambassador of Christ, the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday; no doubt it has been done over and over again by others. Ingersoll, indeed, was anything but irreligious, despite his rejection of the Christian demonology. His somewhat vague pantheism was almost as mystical, in its way, as a romantic Catholic's devotion to the Virgin Mary, or even to the Little Flower. There was no hint in his make-up of the hard, snappy, unimaginative scientific attitude. To him a primrose by the river's brim was surely not that, and nothing more. He read into it a quite complicated teleology, in which there was little to outrage a sound Presbyterian. The Omnipotent Unknown was irresponsible, but benevolent; it was part of the Divine Plan that little children should get over the measles, and slaves should be set free, and husbands should observe the hymeneal oath, and good jury lawyers should be paid whacking fees. In 1884 it was also part of that Plan, it appeared, that Blaine should beat Cleveland, but the wires got themselves crossed somehow. Bob was devoid of the bitterness that marks the true atheist, who is always damning the God he doesn't believe

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in. He was a fat, optimistic and rather oily fellow, a natural booster and joiner. He would have made an excellent Catholic bishop for a poor diocese, full of warring Poles, Italians, Bavarians and Irishmen. He had the bald head for the office, and the ready laugh, and the blarney.

But though he was thus anything but a profound man, it is probable that he had as much influence upon public thinking in the Republic as any other leader of his time, and that this influence, in the main, was for the good. In the face of Fundamentalism, the Klan, the Anti-Saloon League, the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and other such agencies of organized imbecility, we are all apt to assume lightly that the theological tyranny of today is the worst ever heard of. But that is surely not so. It is actually very feeble, and it would be feebler still if the great majority of Americans were not such dreadful cowards. They are not really in favor of it, for they no longer believe in the superstitions upon which it is based; they are simply afraid to provoke its lightnings. But there was a time when they swallowed its ideas as docilely as they now tolerate its pretensions—and that time ran down into the lives of men still living. Even so late as the 70's, the thinking of the country was still largely done by clergymen. Henry Ward Beecher was as eminent a man then as Babe Ruth, Andy Mellon or Henry Ford is today, and such theologians as Bishop Manning, Dr. John Roach Straton and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, had they been in practice, would have been immensely influential. It seems to me that Bob Ingersoll did more to put an end to this Golden Age of the Bible boys than any other. He tackled them with their own weapons—gaudy words, loud noises, glittering blather—and he knocked them quite out of the ring. When he began his tours of the country it was still dangerous, in most communities, to doubt even the typographical errors in Holy Writ; when he retired from the road there was an atheist in every village, and the whole body of the faithful, at least on the Protestant side of the fence, had begun to feel a bit sick and far away. The old-time religion was driven into the backwoods. There it holds out, and thence it continues to send forth its poisons, but it no longer flourishes where there are movies and sewers. Moody, in the middle 70's, went through the big cities of the Atlantic seaboard like a pestilence, leaving hordes of roaring idiots behind him. Sunday, a generation later, was simply laughed at. I believe that Ingersoll had a great deal to do with that. His purple eloquence, no doubt, gave pain to the judicious, but it certainly left brilliant marks upon the general.

Mr. Rogers' account of him is a great deal less satisfactory than it might be. The earlier parts of it are often so laden with imaginative padding that their credibility is damaged, and in the later parts there are some serious gaps. For example, the matter of Ingersoll's resignation from the Federal army, in 1863, is very inadequately treated. If he was a prisoner-of-war at St. Louis, how did he manage his visit home? The natural question is not answered. But the book, nevertheless, is the best biography of the great agnostic yet done, and so it deserves to be read.

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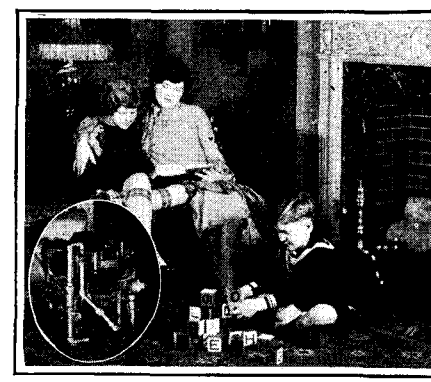

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Editorial NOTES

THE AMERICAN MERCURY has in contemplation the publication of a style-book for the use of its contributors, printers and editors, and will welcome suggestions from experts in spelling, punctuation, capitalization and the allied arts and mysteries. There are, in this field, many puzzles and moot points. Should a great family magazine, consecrated to the nurture of civilization, drop the final *-te* from such words as *quartette* and *cigarette*, or should it cling to tradition? The tendency in America is to shorten all such words whenever possible, but THE AMERICAN MERCURY has hitherto kept to a more conservative course. What of *programme*, which is commonly converted into *program*, and *chloride*, which has become *chlorid*? Should the names of the seasons be capitalized? Obviously, the title of the chief magistrate of the Republic should be capitalized, and so should the title of the chief executive of every sovereign State, but what of titles lower down the scale? Is *mayor* to be capitalized or kept in lower case? And what of *judge*, *constable*, *county clerk* and *secretary of state*? "The President says" seems decorous and proper, but "the Mayor says" begins to be strutting, and "the Alderman says" is plainly absurd. The question of foreign words presents other difficulties. THE AMERICAN MERCURY has tried to give them their proper accents, but it has wobbled on the question of italization. Should the accents be retained after a word has been taken into English, *e.g.*, *matinée*, *début* and *employé*? Here are problems that plague every editor. There is no certain standard of usage. THE AMER-

Continued on page xxxvi

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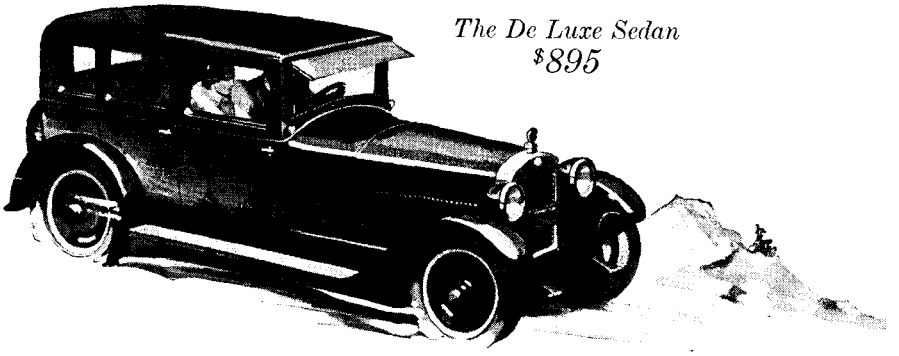

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

ICAN MERCURY, in the main, has followed the English usage, though retaining American spellings and putting such words as *government*, *university* and *press* into lower case, but it is willing to hear argument against its somewhat vague rules, and to adopt better ones.

A few hundred copies of Mr. William Woollcott's clarion patriotic song, "I Am a 100% American," first printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for November, 1924, remain in hand, and will be sent to reliable 100% Americans free of charge on application to the editorial office. Two cents postage for one copy and six cents for ten. Rotary clubs and other organizations desiring larger quantities will kindly make their wishes known. As many as eighty-five applications have been received in one day, some of them for a dozen or more copies. Poets desiring to adorn the song with additional stanzas may send them to Mr. Woollcott in care of this office.

In Americana for April, under the name of the great State of Texas, appeared the following:

> The Hon. Edmund Vance Cooke, "poet and philosopher," speaking before the Dallas Open Forum:
>
> God Himself is a Democrat.

To this Mr. Cooke now enters the following polite protest:

> In the first place, I was not announced, or (as far as I know) reported as Honorable, as I'm not a justice of the peace, a dry agent, a member of the Legislature, or a patent medicine vendor. Secondly, I never said or wrote Himself with an upper case H. Thirdly, I did not say Democrat, but democrat, which is all the difference in the known world, at this writing. Your twisted and (probably unwittingly) falsified item implies that some Texas Fundamentalist is claiming the Almighty as a member of the Democratic party. On the contrary, mine

Continued on page xxxviii

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The 88% reduction in starting load, due to friction elimination, only begins to express the value of Timken-equipped railroad car journals.

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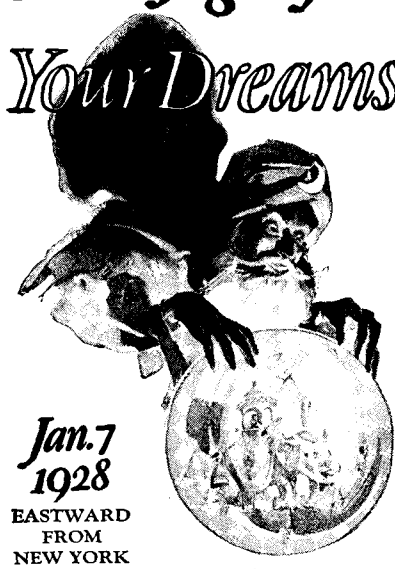

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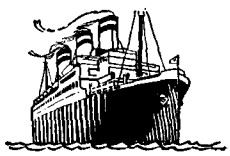

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxvi

was what I consider a rather ingenious, if not convincing, argument to show that the Creator is as dependent upon his Creation as Creation is dependent upon him, allowing for the sake of argument that they are not identical.

As in duty bound, THE AMERICAN MERCURY offers its apologies to Mr. Cooke, with every assurance of high respect, but also with several mental reservations. His theory that he is not an Honorable is certainly not shared by his amiable Texas hosts: they give every distinguished stranger that handle, and surely none deserves it more than a poet. His second objection raises a question of literary prudery. If the loud roars and sinister belches of the Methodist hierarchy count for anything, THE AMERICAN MERCURY will go to Hell when it dies, but so long as it remains on this earth it cannot bring itself to the mortal discourtesy of putting Deity into lower case. No doubt Mr. Cooke will recall Mark Twain's Nicodemus Dodge, who held that no man (and, by an easy inference, no magazine) could be wholly damned who refrained from "spelling the Saviour's name with a little g." The same fond hope prevails in this office, despite the expert opinion of the bishops. As for Mr. Cooke's final objection, all it shows is a lamentable ignorance of Holy Writ, the foundation of all sound government and decent family life. Let him turn to the first chapter of Nahum and see if he can find any signs of divine democracy there. And then let him turn to the first six verses of Exodus xx, and to the fourteenth verse of the thirty-fourth chapter of the same great Book, and to Deuteronomy IV, 24, and V, 7, and VI, 15, and to Joshua XXIV, 19. All these passages may be very well taken as describing a Democrat. In fact, they describe a lamented Democrat of high tone, the late Dr. Wilson, very precisely. But they no more describe a democrat than they describe a Christian.

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This is not an uncommon case. Many investors, sound believers in the principle of diversification in *kinds* of securities, as well as different issues, often let personal prejudice, or the advice of a friend, lead them astray. It is for such investors, men who have holdings of $25,000 or more, that the Compton Investment Guide was invented.

This book will enable any investor to list his securities, and show, almost at a glance, their diversification, balance as to character, maturities and market values, and all the details of his holdings that may affect their desirability. There is just one thing that this book cannot do for you. That is to tell you the market values or relative merits of specific issues.

That is the pleasure and the business of this company. Your own investment knowledge will permit you to list your bonds, analyze your list, and determine whether or not it is fitted to your needs for diversification, marketability and yield. This company, with its thirty-nine-year-old reputation for soundness in securities, can give you all the service, all the advice that you will need to make your list as sound, as suited to your needs as it should be.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section page xxviii

THE DIARY OF ELBRIDGE GERRY, JR.

Brentano's

$2.50 8¾ x 5½; 220 pp. *New York*

Mr. Gerry, a handsome young buck of the Hartford of the early part of the last century, started out for Washington early in 1813, and covered nine States in his journey, all the important happenings in which he scribbled down in a diary. He was the son of the Vice-President of the time, but he was very sensible and knew a handsome girl when he saw one. As a result, his diary is something of an exception for those days: it is always readable and in parts, in fact, quite racy. There is an introduction by Claude G. Bowers.

FIRE UNDER THE ANDES.

By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. *Alfred A. Knopf*

$4 8⅛ x 5⅜; 331 pp. *New York*

Miss Sergeant's faculty for apprehending and analyzing character is well-known to readers of the *New Republic*, wherein many of her studies of contemporaries have appeared. Here she reprints ten of them, along with four contributed to other magazines. Her subjects include Mr. Justice Holmes, the late Amy Lowell, Eugene O'Neill, William Allen White, Dr. Alice Hamilton and Willa Cather. There are portraits of all of them.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

By Himself. *The American-Scandinavian Foundation*

$2.50 7½ x 5¼; 313 pp. *New York*

This is the story of the cobbler's son of Odense, who was bitterly laughed at in his boyhood and youth because of his belief that he would become a great actor or a poet. His parents were failures, socially, and he was left an orphan when quite young. Though his struggles were many, in the end he won international fame. As he says, "my own life is the most wonderful fairy tale of all." The translation of his story, which was originally written for the German edition of the author's works in 1846, is by Mary Howitt.

FICTION

ANDY BRANDT'S ARK.

By Edna Bryner. *E. P. Dutton & Company*

$2.50 7½ x 5; 504 pp. *New York*

Another story of a so-called enlightened woman's harrowing struggles with her impossible and uncongenial family, written with no unusual skill or eloquence. The heroine's ideal is to be found upon page 20: "She would do anything, she determined, rather than live the way her mother had, slaving away without happiness, bringing forth children without love."

Continued on page xlii

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Don't give him ordinary good food. Take him to a place that offers the unusual in food and drink. Give him something worth rolling on the tongue to get the full measure of its delicate exciting flavor. Never mind whether it's as easily digestible as it might be. Delicacies that make people expand and grow mellow are somehow not always "health foods."

But before you leave him be sure to tell him the Gourmet's secret—Eno.

Tell him to take a sparkling dash of it in water before he goes to bed, another when he gets up. It will help to clear his system, rid him of many of the poisons that often follow overindulgence in food and drink, and thus help to keep his spirits high next day so that nothing will intervene to dim the genial memory of the night before.

For Eno is one of the greatest of all laxative cleansers—mild, efficient, sparkling, delightful. It has become world famous because of that. And because there is nothing about it to suggest the ordinary, harsh, nauseating salt laxative. Eno's taste is *good* even after its effervescence has subsided. And although its action is mild, it is very thorough. For years the smart world both here and abroad has depended on this bubbly saline in part to keep keen for social duties. Business men declare it does wonders in keeping them alert. Mothers everywhere depend upon it as a laxative corrective for their families.

Have a bottle in your own house, always. For the health of your family and as a courtesy to guests.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xl

THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE.
By Hanns Heinz Ewers. *The John Day Company*
$5 9⅜ x 6¼; 337 pp. *New York*

An excellent translation of Hanns Heinz Ewers' well-known novel, beautifully printed, with illustrations and decorations by Mahlon Blaine. The story of the progress of religious hysteria among a group of peasants in a mountain hamlet in the north of Italy, it is the first of his novels to be translated into English, and is admirably chosen to represent his very special talents. The translation is by Ludwig Lewisohn.

THE LONGEST SHADOW.
By Jeffery R. Jeffery. *Little, Brown & Company*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 325 pp. *Boston*

For generations the Questes have been known in the Indian Service, and the romantic Philip Queste is expected to follow the family tradition. But the War comes and goes and Philip returns to London and enters his uncle Geoffrey's accounting business. After leading him a lively chase, Judith, a typical modern, jilts him. At about this time Philip meets his half-brother Nigel Swales, who tells him something of their romantic mother, whom Philip remembers only vaguely. Finally, breaking away from his old life, Philip goes to chasing rainbows.

THE ADMIRAL AND OTHERS.
By Peggy Temple. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1.50 7¾ x 5¼; 138 pp. *New York*

Here is the first novel of a twelve-year-old English girl. She relates the doings over a week-end at the Summer cottage of the Podds, and the farcical complications that develop when the boy of the house is laid up with chickenpox. Her portrait of the ever-serious Admiral is delightful.

THE BAND PLAYS DIXIE.
By Morris Markey. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2 7 x 4¾; 375 pp. *New York*

This, the author's first novel, records the adventures of Kirk and Anthony Hale, of New England ancestry, who come down from Canada and join the Yankee army. They are wounded in their first encounter at Fredericksburg and are carried to a prison hospital in Richmond. There they spy Camilla Dame, daughter of Colonel Dame of General Lee's staff, dancing in the jail courtyard, and both fall in love with her. The cousins escape and journey in Confederate uniform to Deep Run, near Savannah, where their lady love now is. They are accidentally discovered and fly back to Richmond and en route are drafted into the Confederate ranks. Kirk meets his end gloriously on the battlefield and leaves Anthony to claim Camilla.

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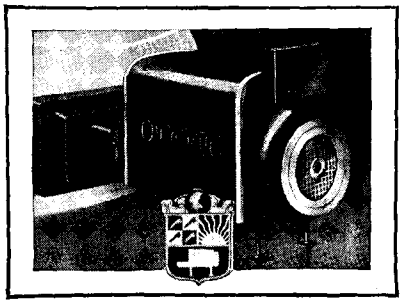
All the advantages that have led more people to select Oil-O-Matic than any other oil burner, may be yours. They are explained in our newest booklet, profusely illustrated in colors. Send for it today. Your local oilomatician, trained in oil heating, will gladly arrange terms to suit your convenience.



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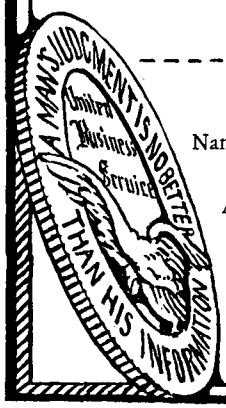

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Thoughts of Treason

One of the great contributions to *menschengeschlecht*—meaning particularly Goethe's application of the word—is the antiseptic, Listerine. The surgeon attained the *herrschaft* of his problems and the entelechy of his dreams when it was created.

All of which means absolutely nothing.

But even so, we were prompted to write it because, after reading some of Mr. Mencken's Irritorials, we have a growing suspicion that he builds them around a few words of obscure character, and of recent acquisition.

We even dare think that he reviews the completed masterpieces and for a moment, becoming his own charming self, mumbles, "I guess that will knock them for a loop."

Somehow the pet vanities of a Babbitt likewise seem only human to us.

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AND

An eminent degree of sheer writing ability that makes his paragraphs as lively and vital as anything in contemporary prose

His unchallenged position in the musical world was given a fitting recognition on this continent when, for the Beethoven centenary, he was called to America for the sole purpose of speaking one hour to the public in Symphony Hall, Boston.

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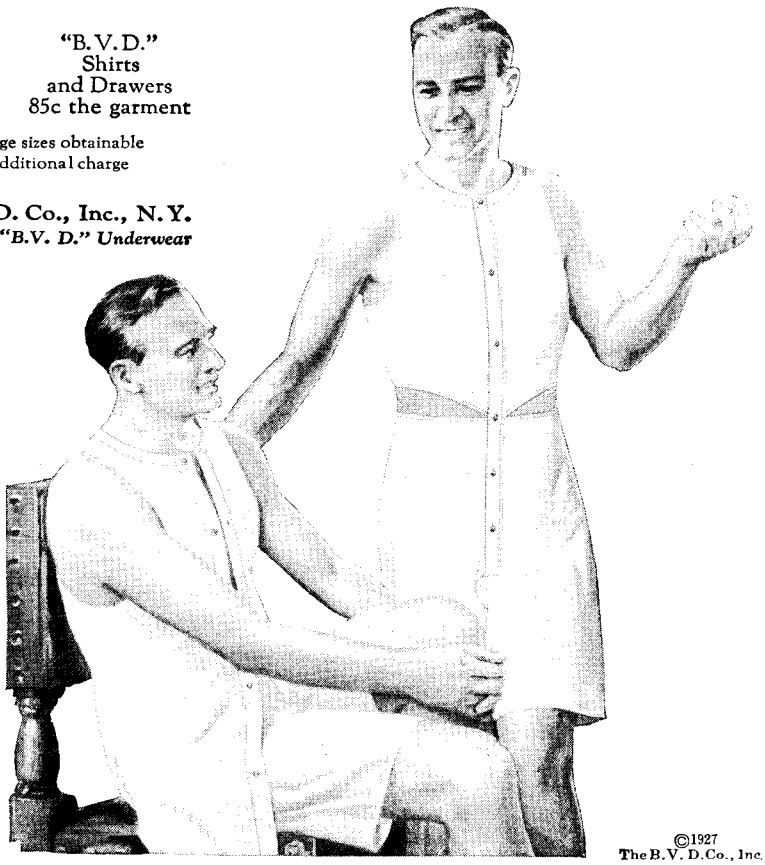

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY
FOR JULY

(Out June 25th)

The fifth of the series of articles on the heroic doings of the home patriots during the late war to end war will appear in this issue.

Other features:

FOOD FADS AND NUTRITION NONSENSE
By Arthur J. Cramp

A comprehensive and authoritative study of contemporary diet quackery, by the chief of the American Medical Association's department for the investigation of medical frauds.

ELIJAH THE THIRD
By James L. Dwyer

A mellow, sympathetic essay commemorating the twentieth anniversary of the death of John Alexander Dowie, Messenger of the Covenant, First Apostle of the Lord and founder of the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion.

THE ITALIAN THEATRE IN NEW YORK
By Giuseppe Cautela

The picturesque, hearty thing it used to be, and is no more. Mr. Cautela knew it in its glory, and writes of it with relish.

PINK
By Leonard Hess

The story of a Negro who fought all his life in defense of a name —and lost.

Some of the things which will appear in forthcoming issues are the following:

"Sam Houston," by Sam Acheson

"A Cure for Authors," by Louis Sherwin

"The Old-Time Gangs of New York," by Herbert Asbury

"Advocatus Diaboli," by Adolph E. Meyer

"Historical Science and the War Guilt," by Clarence Walworth Alvord

"The Wolf-Pack," by Vilhjalmur Stefansson

"Good Pals," by Ruth Suckow

"Alabama April," by Sara Haardt

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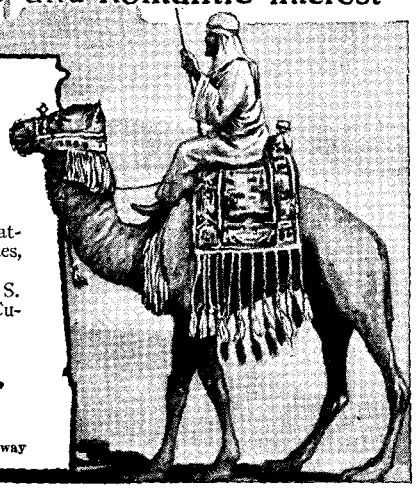

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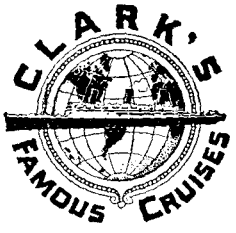

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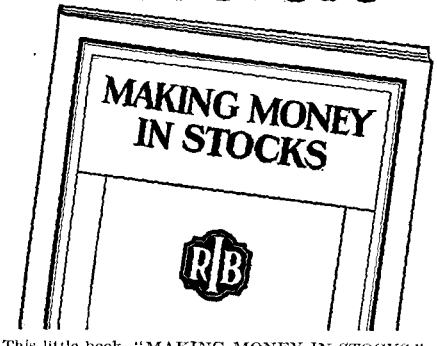

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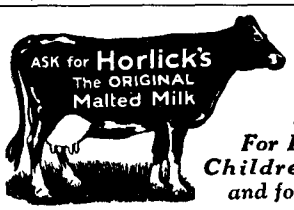

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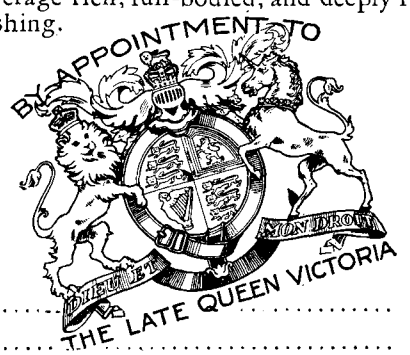

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of THE AMERICAN MERCURY

published monthly *at* Camden, N. J., *for* April, 1927

State of New York
County of New York } *ss.*

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Samuel Knopf, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The American Mercury and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Editor, Henry L. Mencken	730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Business Manager, Samuel Knopf	730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

2. That the owner is: The American Mercury, Inc. (Owner)
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more or total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

SAMUEL KNOPF,
(Business Manager)

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VOL. IX, No. 6 JUNE, 1927

The Borzoi Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFR[illegible] AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE SHOWMAN AND THE SHOW

"THE performance is about to begin. See the Big Show—the *Big Show*—the BIG SHOW! Lay-dees and Gentil-mun: I take great pleasure in introducing to you the Only Original Phineas Taylor Barnum, who will now personally instruct and amuse you in his own inimitable manner.

"[*The circus band, with calliope under full head of steam, swings into a Grand March.*]"

Thus *George S. Bryan*, the editor of the new definitive edition of Barnum's Autobiography, at the end of a 15,000-word introduction which amounts in itself to a fresh and independent portrait of the Emperor of Humbug. Barnum's life-story as told by himself is indeed the Big Show. Barnum first published it in 1855; the next edition, much expanded and changed, came in 1869; from then until 1889 he issued a new version practically every year, the maximum lapse between editions being two years. What *Mr. Bryan* has given us, as the result of prolonged and painstaking collation, is a composite text which includes the matter of each of the versions published during the author's lifetime, with all narrative material arranged in proper chronological order.

Barnum's story as Barnum told it is of course the main tent of the great show. The story is already passably well known to cognoscenti; and it has received within recent years the tribute of a successful biography, Mr. Werner's BARNUM, which is primarily a retelling of the narrative that Barnum set down. As a matter of sheer utility the present edition is measured by the fact that it alone tells the entire story, omitting nothing that at

(*Continued on page lxi*)

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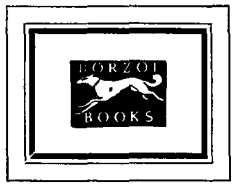

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All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

Crane and His Biographer: A Shop-talk

IT IS obvious, even to the general reading public, that a series of paragraphs about those Borzoi books which retain a special significance long after publication will have to take account of THE MAUVE DECADE, *Thomas Beer's* inimitable account of how pink tried to be purple in the literary and social America of the 1890's.

What the general reader does not so readily descry is the place which *Mr. Beer's* STEPHEN CRANE: A STUDY IN AMERICAN LETTERS has quietly made for itself. A good many months after its publication the author was occasionally heard to utter wry comments on the rewards of authorship. Nevertheless, it seems that this book had, and has, a life of its own, and would not consent to be written down on the red-ink side of the ledger. Today, with no concerted public outcry to help it, without even the advantage of a popularly accessible edition of the works of the strange genius who is its subject, it is in its fourth printing. It is manifestly no more than a question of time when this brilliant portrait and re-creation of the least-known American writer of top rank will force itself, by its innate and vivid power of life, into a final edition incorporating the miscellaneous beguiling odds and ends of information about Crane which have come to *Mr. Beer's* notice since October, 1923. In *Thomas Beer's* pages the actual Crane is made to live again the twenty-nine years of his chaotic and mysterious life. Here is biography with the vividness of fiction—of, say, THE FAIR REWARDS and SANDOVAL—in addition to the strict truth which is its own: for this narrative portrait has none of the factual looseness and guess-work of the newer modes in "fictional biography," and *Mr. Beer* has made Crane live in terms of valid documents and sources, not produced him from a novelist's inner consciousness.

If there is any one purely American achievement of recent years for which this house can fairly claim the grateful recognition of students of the national letters, that achievement is the rescue of the whole body of Stephen Crane's work from the status of a collector's item, its presentation anew in a twelve-volume collected edition worthy of its intrinsic greatness and of the lasting major importance of its author. Toward ensuring the dignity and serviceableness of this fine memorial, no single person has done so much as *Thomas Beer.*

Bouquet

TO THE fellow countrymen of Volstead, this chronicle may make thirsty reading; but it is safe to assure the victim of prohibition that he will never find it dry. It is the record of a motor journey made by *Miss Stern* and her husband, at the invitation of two friends, through the wine country of France, from south to north and back again. So far as appears in the narrative, they did not reach a definitive settlement of the long-standing dispute about the relative merits of Bordeaux and Burgundy—despite the consumption in quantity of both Exhibit A and Exhibit B. But for five glorious weeks the pilgrims drank—and ate—of the best that France can provide, rolling from one famous vineyard to another in province after province on their quest, not for a grail, but for its contents.

Other excellent treatises exist about the wines of France; but none comes to mind that has the same gusto, the same *gourmandise*, the same wise delight in the bounty of the grape. *Miss Stern* has more than repaid her debt to the French wine-growers. Besides being a delight to read, the chronicle will serve as an admirable handbook of vintages for those happy mortals who are going to be in a position to use the knowledge.

BOUQUET. *By* G. B. STERN, *author of "The Matriarch," "A Deputy Was King," "The Dark Gentleman," etc. Illustrated.* $3.50 *net.*

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Under the Skull-and-Bones

JACKY JACKA lived to sail the Seven Seas; but it was his first voyage that he remembered, always. He used to tell the story of it to his son, Johnnie Jacka, as it is set down in the book MOONRAKER for all the world to read. The *Moonraker* was a pirate brig.—"She looked a real lady when she was all dressed up in her best, clad in snowy muslin from head to heel. Her bowsprit, with the jibboom and flying-jibboom, was the hell of a length, and it was steeved right up so that the tip of the flying-jibboom looked to be above her foreyard. She was painted black with a white band and square black gunports, and she flew the Jolly Roger from her spanker-gaff when in action, just like the pirates in the storybooks. Her lines were as sweet and her heart as sound as any vessel's afloat. Poor Billy Constant couldn't have loved the *Piskie* better than Captain Lovel loved his illgotten *Moonraker*."

This Captain Lovel was the last successful pirate on the seas. He was "a handsome young man, with a long lean brown face and a high nose, and deep wrinkles around his eyes, which were bright blue and innocent as a babe's. He looked as little like a bloody murderer as anyone you could think of." But a bloody murderer he was. He sank the *Piskie*, and of all her people saved only Jacky Jacka, for a cabin-boy. Then there was adventure.

The *Moonraker* sailed for San Domingo, where Jacky met Toussaint l'Ouverture, the little black, ugly, and very great Governor-general of the island, who would not be saved from the plots of Napoleon, and whose face, in the end, grew too sad to be borne. Jacky followed Toussaint's dwindling army against France; he saw the voodoo worshippers, and battles in the wilderness between white men and black. He saw Christophe, afterwards the cruel black emperor, and beautiful Pauline Bonaparte, who feasted in a pest-ridden city. At last he came back again to the *Moonraker* and to the strangest part of all the strange story. On that northbound voyage Jacky saw Captain Lovel's lean, reddened face above the white shoulders of a figure in billowing silk, holding mutiny off at a pistol's point.

Long after, when Jacky was married and settled, "he would see again, in the bowl of troubled water which was his memory, a black face and a white one that was sun-reddened; and they were the faces of the two most real people he had ever known." They were the faces of Toussaint and of Captain Lovel of the *Moonraker*.

MOONRAKER: OR THE FEMALE PIRATE AND HER FRIENDS. *By* F. TENNYSON JESSE, *author of "Tom Fool" and "Murder and Its Motives."* $2.50 *net.*

Another "Voyage to India"

IN A period when the Anglo-Indian question is inveterately to the fore, AN INDIAN DAY has the merit of timeliness in addition to its intrinsic effectiveness as a picture of life and character. Vincent Hamer, a civil servant, is demoted for taking the side of the native population in an important case. His new station, "a vile little hole" called Vishnugram, shows him such a cross-section of Indian life as few occidentals have ever seen at close range. Much of the burden of the book is suggested in one utterance of the Sadhu Jayananda, educated as a well-bred Englishman but now an ash-smeared Sannyasi:

(*Continued on page lxii*)

Denied a Country

THE Danish *Herman Bang* (d. 1912) is undoubtedly among the greatest of modern novelists, and it is to be expected that with the publication here of DENIED A COUNTRY he will be recognized as such by the English-speaking world. Center of a turbulent, a half-disappointed life, connoisseur of men, he gave his books the imprint of his personality; and his characters reflect their author. Not the least of these is Joán Ujhazy, protagonist of DENIED A COUNTRY, which is generally conceded to be the peak of *Bang's* work.

This Joán, last of the Counts Ujhazy, is born

(*Continued on page lxii*)

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A Novel of Modern Marriage

A SHADOWY THIRD is obviously a novel of modern youth, but the story of Evan and Virginia is told with such a delicate clarity that it becomes, rather, a modern comment on a universal dilemma. Two young persons, deeply in love, are separated through force of circumstance not long after their marriage. Evan is sent to Stockholm by his firm. Virginia stays in England, waiting for her child to be born. Without each other, they unconsciously grow apart. Evan, in spite of missing his wife sincerely, is happy in the new society which he finds in Stockholm; Virginia, wretched at first, adapts herself almost without awareness to changed conditions. When they meet again, full of eager anticipation, they fail to find in each other the old frail magic. Nor does it return. Their frank, friendly acceptance of the *impasse*, their sanity in dealing with it, closes the book on its highest note.

A SHADOWY THIRD. *By* ELIZABETH SPRIGGE. $2.50 *net.*

Giraudoux's Novel of French Politics

JEAN GIRAUDOUX was graduated from a school where the humanities are esteemed and the classics taken gracefully. His first mentors were Fontenelle, Diderot, and Voltaire. A lyric perception urged his pen; a supple humor guided it. His infrequent novels have come from a reticent desk in the Foreign Office. Acute judges have ranked him with Proust and Gide.

BELLA, his most recent novel, caused a sensation in France, for the two statesmen whose antagonism gives movement to the piece are rather commonly assumed to be Berthelot and Poincaré in thin disguise. The son of one, Philippe, is loved by Bella, the daughter-in-law of the other; and the story leads Bella up to a heroic moment in which, because of her love, she tries "despairingly to clasp together the two different types of honor, courage, and generosity in the French character." The novel is extraordinarily subtle in its definition of these types; and for that reason it is important to all who have a generalized interest in the French temper, as well as to those who follow the intricacies of French politics.

BELLA. *By* JEAN GIRAUDOUX. *Translated by* J. F. SCANLAN. $2.50 *net.*

"Come Hither!" in Prose

"WITH so much to read, and so little time and opportunity in which to read it, the simplest and wisest thing to do is to choose the best book we can. But just as with food and drink, what is good and pleasant reading for one man is not always good and pleasant for another. We cannot all of us care for the same book; nor can every book please everybody. So in books we have gradually to discover what really interests *us*, what helps to make us happier and wiser; what, too, may help to make us better company for ourselves when we are alone and for others when we are not."

Thus *Mr. de la Mare*, in an introduction written specially for the American edition of READINGS. And if anyone is not made wiser and happier and far better company by reading in this book, he is not worth the having it. Old loved things are in it, and many that have gone uncherished only for lack of knowing them. Here for a child is treasure, whetting his taste for the best; here for the grown is greater treasure, sharpening a palate dulled by sophistries. Here you have Eliza Bennett and the flowers of Bacon's Garden, Rosemary and Sweet Marjoram, Wild Thyme and Gillyflower; here are Fionn the King of Ireland, and Prince Silvio the rabbit. Although nominally for young readers, this prose counterpart of COME HITHER! is something which, acquired in childhood, will always be "a good book . . . the next best thing in life to a true friend."

READINGS. *Selected by* WALTER DE LA MARE *and* THOMAS QUAYLE, D.LITT. *With Woodcut Illustrations by* C. T. NIGHTINGALE. $5.00 *net.*

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The Showman and the Show

(*Continued from page lvii*)

any time Barnum himself had a fancy for including.

Nevertheless, what makes this two-volume reprint a perpetual delight is the number and variety of the sideshows. *Mr. Bryan* has unearthed a wealth of illustrational material and made it occupy over fifty pages. He has annotated personal and other allusions in the original text in a style the vivacity of which does not suffer by comparison with Barnum's own. He has found and authenticated many an anecdote about Barnum and his associates, and spread them upon the minutes. His introduction has a section on Barnum as the irrepressible practical joker; it has another on Barnum's friendships with Edward Everett, Dion Boucicault, Charles Kean, Thackeray, Mark Twain, Horace Greeley, and other notables. It rehearses Barnum's newspaper career. (Incidentally, the edition contains a facsimile of an issue of *The Herald of Freedom*, copies of which are well-nigh unprocurable.) It quotes *in extenso* a long article which Alexander Hertzen, the revolutionist, wrote in Russian about Barnum as a type of public success as early as 1856, Hertzen having evidently fallen foul of the first edition of the Autobiography. *Mr. Bryan* completes his task of editing by seeing to it that an appendix carries the essential documents relating to Barnum, other than those which are a proper part of the main text; and among these the chief is without doubt a narrative, entitled "The Last Chapter," written by Mrs. Barnum the year after her husband's death and never made really accessible to the ordinary reader.

"I got over the licken' in course of time, but I've ben enjoyin' that cirkis fer forty year," says David Harum. (*Mr. Bryan* quotes him on a flyleaf.) These two volumes have been put together by a conscientious and skilful editor for all readers who have had David's boyhood experience, and for all who sigh because they never had it—and likewise for those of us who are old and saddened enough to consider that (as Kenneth Grahame remarks on another flyleaf) ". . . the showman walks between Spoof and Illusion, hand in hand with both."

STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS; OR, THE LIFE OF P. T. BARNUM, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. *Edited, with an Introduction, by* GEORGE S. BRYAN, *author of "Edison: The Man and His Work," "The Ghost in the Attic and Other Verses," etc. Illustrated from old prints. Two volumes, boxed,* $10.00 *net.*

The Borzoi Barometer

On June 4 the HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION SERIES receives three accretions: ANCIENT PERSIA AND IRANIAN CIVILIZATION, by *Clément Huart*, Member of the Institute of France, etc. ($7.50 net); ANCIENT ROME AT WORK: *An Economic History of Rome from the Origins to the Empire*, by *Paul-Louis*, translated by *E. B. F. Wareing* (probable price $7.50 net); and THE GEOGRAPHY OF WITCHCRAFT, by *Montague Summers*, the companion volume and completion of *The History of Witchcraft and Demonology* ($7.50 net).

★

June 4, in addition to bringing out several important new publications, is one of the outstanding days in Borzoi annals in respect to books which have already made their share of history. Not only will the Pocket Books receive an addition, THE WORLD IN FALSEFACE, by *George Jean Nathan*, first published 1923 ($1.25 net), but there will also appear three duodecimo reprints of extraordinarily important European works of the imagination, as follows:

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE. *By* J. ANKER LARSEN. *Translated from the Danish by* ARTHUR G. CHATER. *Talisman edition.* $2.00 *net.*

THE PEASANTS. *By* LADISLAS REYMONT. *Translated from the Polish.* 4 volumes ("Autumn," "Winter," "Spring," "Summer") in one. *Cracow edition.* $4.00 *net.*

GROWTH OF THE SOIL. *By* KNUT HAMSUN. *Translated from the Norwegian by* W. W. WORSTER. *Lofoten edition.* $2.50 *net.*

★

And, finally, the same date sees the postponed publication of THE WAR ON MODERN SCIENCE, by *Maynard Shipley* (see the Broadside for April), containing among other divertissements an account of how a great state tried to decree by statute that the value of *Pi* is *not* 3.14159+, but exactly 4.

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Denied a Country

(*Continued from page lix*)

and passes his boyhood on the hereditary estate of his outlaw forefathers, an island on the Danube precisely at the frontiers of Serbia, Roumania, and Hungary. Thus, surrounded by various nationalities, speaking all and none of their tongues, owing allegiance to no flag, the growing boy is made pitifully conscious, through cruel childish taunting, that he is *le Sans-patrie*, the Prince of No Country. (There is an interesting analogy in *Herman Bang's* own life: he was born a Schleswig Dane—one of that people whose territory was invaded by Germany in 1864 and which thereafter was forced to withhold its allegiance from Denmark, yet without being willing to give it to the conqueror.)

The scene of DENIED A COUNTRY finally turns to Denmark, where, after all, *Bang's* interest centered. Joán, become a great violinist, never includes Denmark in his tours—Denmark, his mother's country and therefore perhaps half his own. Once he says, "I'm keeping it—for the last of all." Finally he goes there and plays in a small frontier town, to these people who might so easily be his. The novelist's subtle skill reaches its utmost extension in this last third of the book; all the threads that have been followed before are gathered together; the mood is pointed into the bitterest and saddest arraignment of patriotism imaginable; and Joán Ujhazy, still *le Sans-patrie*, returns alone to his island.

DENIED A COUNTRY. *By* HERMAN BANG. *Translated from the Danish by* A. G. CHATER. $2.50 *net.*

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Another "Voyage to India"

(*Continued from page lix*)

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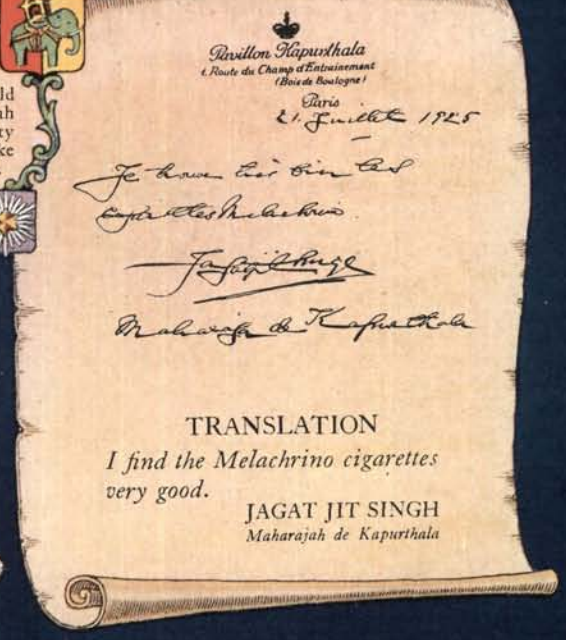
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(Route du Champ d'Entraînement
(Bois de Boulogne)
Paris
21 Juillet 1925
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Jagat Singh
Maharajah de Kapurthala

TRANSLATION

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